THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

OCTOBER 1968

60¢

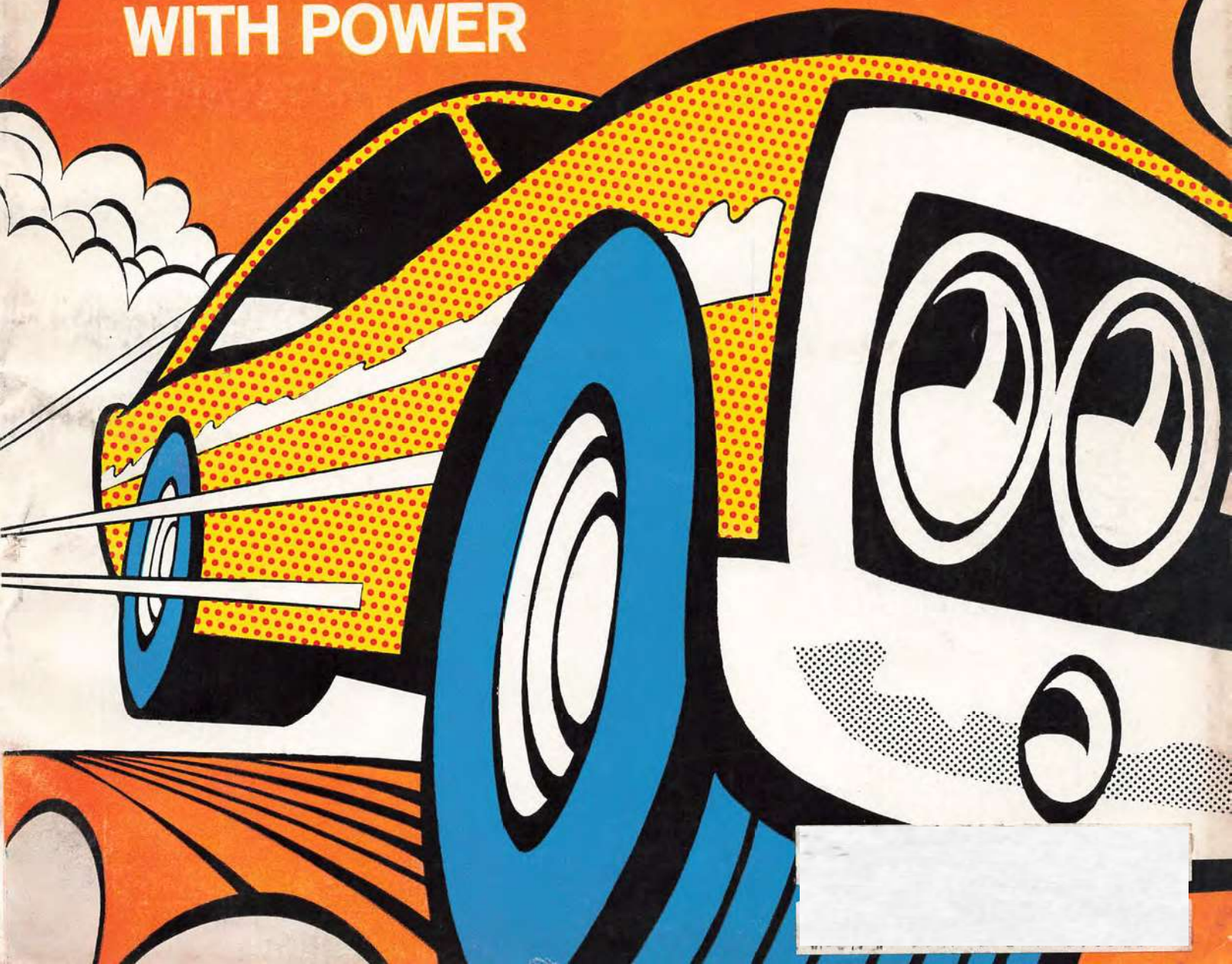
TRUE

Murder and Torture in Arkansas Prisons

Struggle for Freedom by The "Born Free" Lions

Does Job Hopping Pay Off in Dollars?

DETROIT'S NEW CARS GO POW WITH POWER



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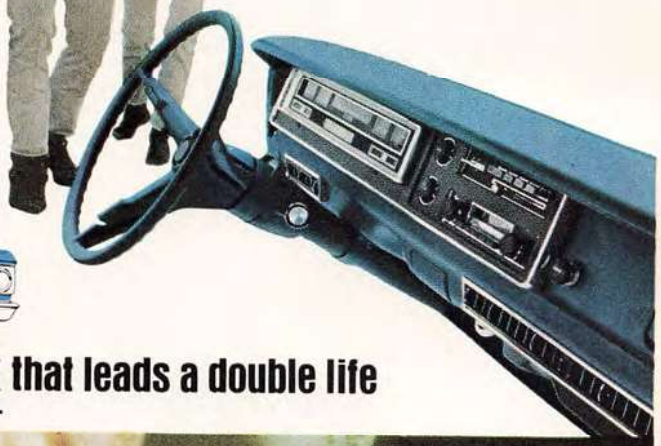

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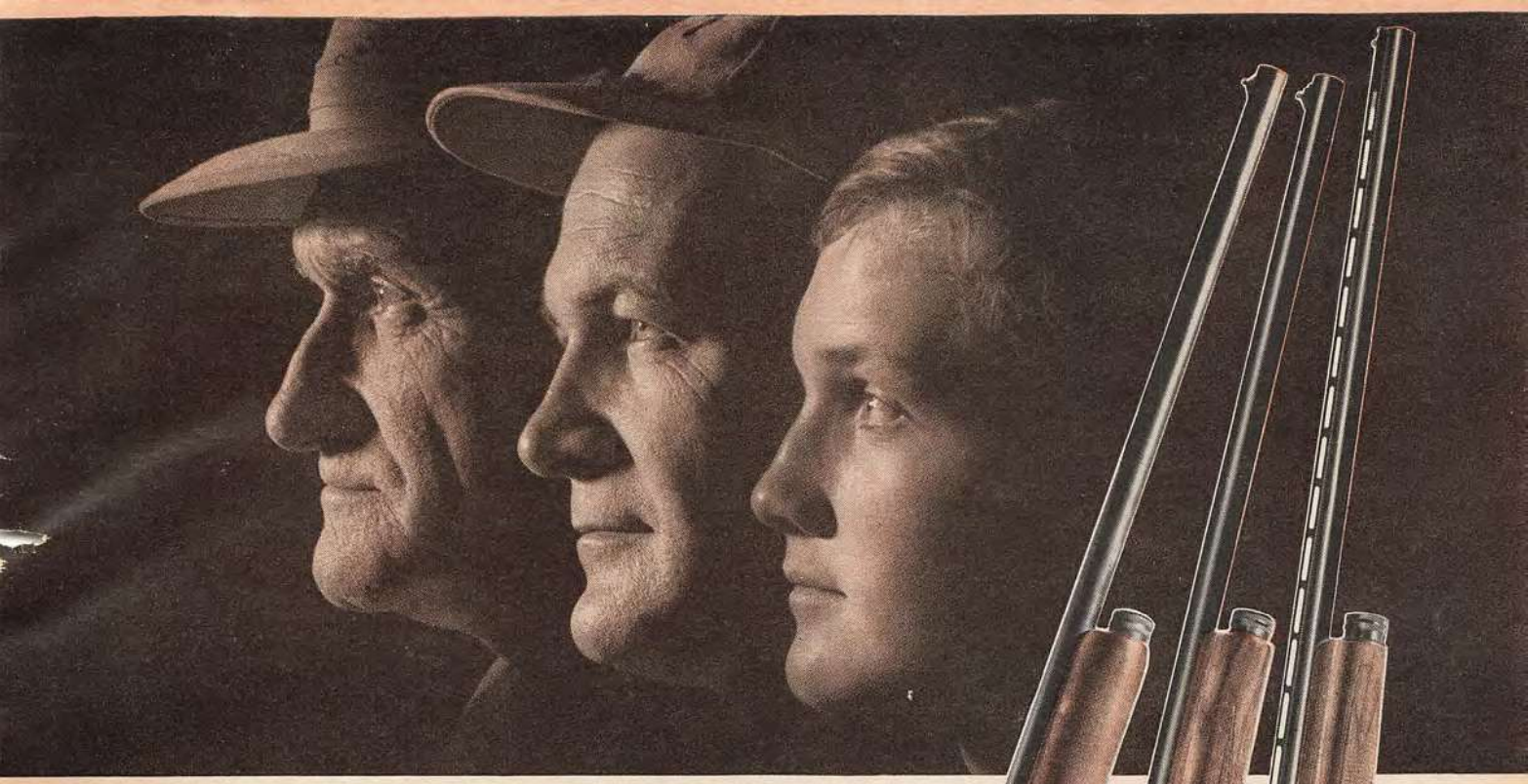

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Let us participate in programs that educate our responsible citizenry in the safe and sane use of sporting arms.

Let us practice and encourage the conservation of America's great outdoor recreational resources and foster the appreciation and respect sportsmen must exemplify for the privilege of hunting on the property of others.

Let us support practical and enforceable legislation on all government levels that impose severe penalties for the misuse of firearms.

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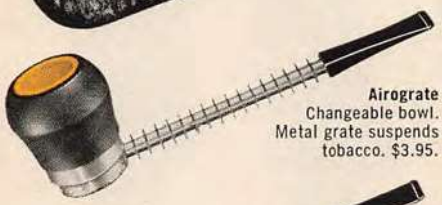

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Pack Rats, Unite!

I just finished reading your article, *Why I Am a Pack Rat*, in your August issue. I would like to suggest to Mr. Sheehan that we pack rats form a national organization.

When a member has to move, he can send a list of items he feels forced to get rid of to the national headquarters. This list will be published and sent to all members. Anyone wishing some of the items can notify the moving member, who then mails them C.O.D. After the move he will receive, in return, items to replace his recently departed treasures. This way the moving member will be free of transporting all his "memorable items" and will get a new crop of goodies for the ones lost.

—Jack L. Lajoie
St. Maries, Idaho

Spy Story

Philby was terrific. The article, not the man. The coauthors of your August book condensation make skillful interjections and observations, without moralizing or preachment, leaving the reader to reason for himself. What this reader deduced was that the CIA was trying to run small wars long before the Bay of Pigs.

—Jack Currie
McMinnville, Tenn.

Battle Plan

Instead of going to Viet Nam this fall, the battleship *New Jersey (An Old Gunfighter Returns,* August) should go to North Korea and escort the *Pueblo* back to international waters—and also blow hell out of any enemy ship or sub that interferes.

—W. L. Allen
New York, N.Y.

Pill Problem

After reading the article *Lovers' Roulette* in the August issue of TRUE, I decided to write you. This is undoubtedly the most disgusting thing I've ever read. The writer says on page 83: "There was nothing startling to trend spotters about the fact that a co-ed was living in what used to be called sin." This is still, and will always be, called sin, namely adultery.

—Ruth J. Bonnema
Buena Park, Calif.

Lovers' Roulette, by James Lincoln Collier, was obviously written by a man with a one-track mind. The world is ever increasing its population of degenerated animal minds that can't seem to get above the navel.

—B. McGuire
Nevada City, Calif.

Your article *Lovers' Roulette* was more than timely. Happy to learn of possible "morning-after pill." I'd like to suggest they be called "After Diddle Mints." According to Webster, it's not a dirty word.

—J. P. Miller
Waynesburg, Pa.

Supermen

Larry Mahan isn't doing anything "new or unusual" flying his own plane from one rodeo to another (*Look What's Happened to Rodeo!* August TRUE). A well-known "bronc stomper," Paul Templeton (originally from Wenatchee, Washington), was flying his own plane from one rodeo to another at least 10 years ago.

—Walt Thayer
Wenatchee, Wash.

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Shelley J. Barton, New York Manager; 101 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611; Edward Shervey, Chicago Manager; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; John F. Harrigan, Detroit Manager; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; Carroll J. Loos, West Coast Manager; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; William D. Grafton, San Francisco Manager; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1422 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; Richard Schmitter, Atlanta Manager; 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla. 33458; James B. Boynton, Florida Representative. Research Director: Sidney Layefsky. Promotion Manager: Donald Jackson.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA

. . . best rodeo story I've read to date. It's about time these athletes got the recognition they deserve. I've seen them compete with bumps and bruises which would sideline the average pro football player.

—Harold T. Bralley
San Angelo, Texas

Riot Control

Your *New Guns of August* article in the August issue was quite revealing. No wonder the riots continue. What the police need is not a "new and hopefully harmless arsenal" as you state. I am outraged by a public policy which expects our police to pit bug spray against Molotov cocktails.

These spineless administrators obviously value the lives (votes?) of rioters more than those of the police and the citizenry in general.

—Gary Mills
La Sierra, Calif.

. . . if we need an effective weapon for mob control, as some authorities say, why not go back to the shotgun loaded with rock salt? It is not a killing weapon, but it is a persuasive one, physically and psychologically. Mace and tear gas are both ineffective against hit-and-run bands of looters and arsonists. . . .

—J. N. Nemath
New York, N.Y.

Motel Manners

I had to laugh when I read the letter from motel-owner Charles F. Donald in August *Truely Yours,* commenting on the Bill Wenzel cartoon which showed the luscious blonde agreeing to "Dutch treat" the motel bill. Who does Donald think he's kidding? Hotels and motels don't turn down any couples who look respectable these days.

—T. Reed
Kansas City, Mo.

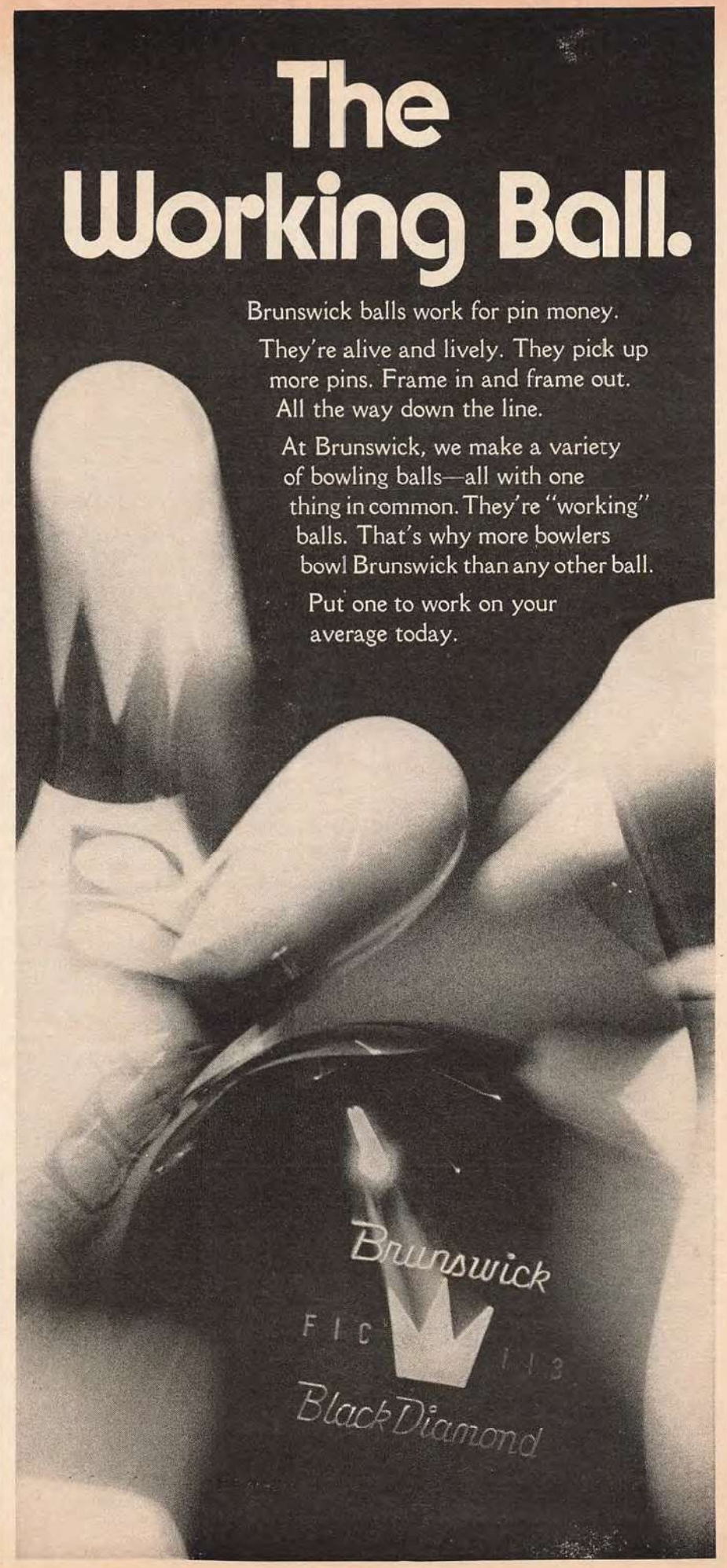
I have only this to say about C. F. Donald's letter: if he thinks that the babe pictured with his protest is *trash,* then I wish somebody would chuck her in my wastebasket.

—B. H. Church
Ventura, Calif.

Nazi Nailer

In reference to the August issue story, *Run, Hide, Run Again,* I wonder what Robert Katz would do without the Nazis. Apparently this is his only source of material; his previous story appearing in the May, 1968, issue was *The Nazi Killers Go Free.* While the Nazis were a great evil in

[*Continued on page 4*]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Brunswick
Black Diamond

[*Continued from page 3*]

their time, it seems that people like Mr. Katz consider communism no threat to freedom. For every anti-communistic article, movie or TV show, there are a hundred belaboring the Nazis.

—William Peters
Rutherford, N.J.

Wallace Vote

William Bradford Huie's article titled *The U.S. Must Say No to George Wallace* in the July issue of True is presented as a biased view.

However, the author rolls into one ALL the BEST qualities of all of our Presidents for the past 35 years and ascribes them to Mr. Wallace.

Such a man surely should receive the vote of every thinking elector.

—F. B. Kendall
Tucson, Ariz.

The only comment I have for the article written by William Huie is that it reminds me of a little boy that likes to write dirty names on the wall of the men's room.

—Loren Ludwig
Fort Madison, Iowa

. . . the author is obviously jealous and filled with hate. . . .

—B. M. Wallen
Knoxville, Tenn.

Buggy Ride

Your August article, *Instant Fun Cars*, states: "Buggies got their start in the California dunes three years ago." I had occasion to ride in, as well as drive, a beach buggy as early as 1958 near a small Oregon coast town named Florence, where beach buggies were originated. Buggies then, however, were not cut-down Volkswagens but just about anything you could get your hands on. The one I rode was a 1938 Chev pickup that was cut down by Creighton Ramsey, one of the originators of the idea.

—Norman Wild
Woodburn, Ore.

The Scrutables

Man, that O'Toole really got to me with his *Sensuous Orient and Its Scrutable Dolls* in your July issue. . . . I have tried it in the sagebrush of Nevada, the wheat fields of Kansas, the plush hotels of New York, San Francisco and Sydney—but never with a cup of tea in one hand. Apparently I've missed something.

—Name withheld at writer's request
Seattle, Wash.

While working in New York, I always noticed how eager the executives were to travel to Japan, and how they always told their secretaries not to forget the soap. I never knew why. Thanks to Mr. O'Toole, the riddle has been solved.

Okay, wives, down on your knees and start scrubbing. . . .

—Ilse M. Konig
Celle, Germany

Here's a multiple choice test for Roger Saint Martin O'Toole. Have him check one: A.You lie. B.You exaggerate? C.You lucky bastard!

—Vern Reese
Garden Grove, Calif.

Roger says he's lucky.

Hang-ups

Your writer, Karl H. Purnell, in the August issue (*How Many GI's Get Hooked on Drugs*) says that Article 15 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice states: "It is a violation of this article wrongfully to possess marijuana or a habit-forming narcotic drug." He's wrong.

Article 15 has to do with "nonjudicial punishment" and states nothing about marijuana or habit-forming drugs. The Article he's referring to is 134.

For his information, author Purnell, by putting his statement in quotes, becomes subject to punishment under Article 107, which concerns the making of "false official statements."

—L. B. Croydon
New York, N.Y.

Your last issue of True talks about the use of marijuana. My personal benefit is that the use of this drug has helped me reduce my alcoholic consumption to a realistic amount. Cirrhosis is not "my bag." For obvious reasons, I trust you will sign this . . .

—A felon
Phoenix, Ariz.

. . . now that the politicians and the do-gooders and all the other cats have had their say about saving the world from this younger generation, isn't it about time they all got off the pot and did something to legalize it? What's the harm in getting high on marijuana? Like the GI said on page 80 of your August issue, "A guy's better off with a couple of joints than with hard liquor or beer. With booze, a guy's tired and groggy and all he wants to do is sleep. But with pot, his senses are wide awake and he knows what's happening."

My fear is that when they legalize pot, they'll legalize it for only those over 30!

—J. M. Groth
Bedford, N.Y.

Seal Of Approval

In reply to Sergeant Young's sour-grapes letter in August Truely Yours, I'd like to say that parachuting, SCUBA and demolition are just additional capabilities of the well rounded professional military man, although admittedly beyond the capacity of certain alligator-mouthed individuals.

SEALS are not in competition with any other unit and realize that it takes all services to win a war. But Navy SEALS are highly motivated volunteers, former frogmen and the end result of the most rugged training program in the Armed Forces. SEALS outclass the average infantryman so badly that any comparison, especially by one unfamiliar with their training, is absurd.

Young stated that many infantrymen wish the SEALS would "return to the sea." May I add that this is also the fervent wish of hundreds of Viet Cong?

—Wm. S. Bentley
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Gun Laws

Referring to your gun law article in June True: isn't it true that when the Germans invaded Norway they were able to collect the guns easily by going to the court house and obtaining the list of gun registrations?

Isn't it true that when the United States occupied Germany we were able to quickly disarm the citizens by getting the gun registration lists?

We used to favor gun registration so that stolen guns could be identified. Now that we realize that gun registrations could enable an invading country to take us over more easily and more quickly, we are strongly opposed to gun registration.

—Elmer Gwynn
Havre, Mont.

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But if they do, anything he has to say about them he says in writing.

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this is true

America's new car season is upon us again this month and we tip our cover to Detroit and devote some pages inside to the latest crop of supercars. Purists may quarrel with the notion that these large, heavy-muscled vehicles deserve the sports classification that their makers have given them. Purists may also note, however, that for sheer tire-peeling performance, some of this big iron from Michigan can make most of Europe's distinguished marques look like they were chained to a tree.

DETROIT'S SUPERCARS

Speaking of cars, permit us to refer again to the text of our sermon on drunken driving last month. (In case you couldn't guess, we are against drunken driving, not on moral grounds, but because it kills 25,000 good people a year and may eventually inspire some don't-gooders to legislate against either cars or booze.) Anyway, just to show how widespread this problem is, now we read that in Godthaab, Greenland, where there are only 496 cars, there were 54 cases of drunken driving last year. Of course, maybe in Godthaab there's a good reason. . . .

We begin Robin Knox-Johnston's story of his 'round-the-world journey this month. Latest reports received from Robin via radio place him over 3,000 miles from England and sailing well. Two other contestants for the £5,000 prize are ahead of TRUE's man because they left England days earlier than he. Robin is gaining on his rivals now, however. He tells us that he has had a visitor aboard his ketch, the *Suhaili*—a large racing pigeon, "dead beat when he came down," according to Robin. "We finally bedded down for the night. I made him a nest in a cardboard box on deck. Next morning he was up well before me, strolling around, looking for something to eat. For breakfast, I had eggs and the pigeon had a dish of oatmeal. . . ."

INTERN & EDITOR

A young friend of ours named Michael White will have, as you read this, returned to his graduate studies in journalism at the University of Iowa. We'd like to wish him godspeed and good luck in his career. We have this special interest in Mike because he joined our staff this summer as a student intern, bringing the cool, fresh eye of youth to bear on all our works. We are richer for having known him—and we are comforted by the thought that magazines will not grow old so long as there are young pros like Mike coming our way.

CHAMP'S COAT

Primo Carnera's raccoon coat is an artifact out of the past which stirs old memories—but which we would never have expected to appear on our fashion pages. Da Preem was, at six feet 5¾ inches, one of the biggest men ever to hold the heavyweight championship. His weighty, 25-pound coat (see page 72) is cut on a proportionate scale. Although it is over 25 years old and of considerable curiosity value, its present owner, a partner in a Manhattan fur company, still wears it to football games occasionally.

The Arkansas prison scandal, which is our lead story this month, leaves nagging questions unanswered—even by author Jim Phelan's interview with Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller. What we want to know is, if official killings have been done, why has the investigation ceased? There is no statute of limitations on murder—not even in Arkansas.

Charles N. Barnard

Sometimes even Wrights are wrong.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OCTOBER 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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man and his money

HOW TO SAVE DOLLARS BY MORTGAGE SHOPPING

BY FRANK FOGARTY

■ If you're house hunting this fall, you may run into a complication. Mortgage money is expensive and not easy to get. Because of government credit-tightening moves and various changes in the nation's economy, banks and other lenders generally have less funds available and more reason to say no to would-be borrowers than they did a year ago. There's nothing formidable about getting a mortgage, if your income is good and the house you choose sound; but you may have to shop for the terms and amount you need.

Conditions can vary a lot from one part of the country to another. But don't be surprised to find a bank asking a discouraging seven percent interest or more on a mortgage, or to find a savings and loan association refusing to make a loan as big as it once did. Just be prepared—know what you have to borrow, who might lend it to you and how to proceed.

You start with some figures. Work out to the dollar the amount of money you will need. This may determine the type of mortgage you go after.

There are basically three kinds of mortgages available to home buyers: FHA mortgages, which are insured by the Federal Housing Administration; VA mortgages, which are guaranteed by the Veterans Administration and are available to qualified veterans; and conventional mortgages, which are between you and a bank or whatever institution lends you the money.

FHA and VA mortgages make possible large loans for 30 to 35 years at relatively low rates of interest. If you need to borrow, say, 90 percent of the price of a house, and spread the payments over a long time, then try to get a government-backed mortgage.

You don't go directly to the government to get such a mortgage. You go to a bank or other lending institution. The bank lends you its own money—but can collect from the government if you default.

Because of their low interest rates and other advantages for borrowers, government-backed mortgages can be difficult to get. The interest rates are set by law and are frequently much lower than the going rate for conventional mortgages—on which banks can make more profit. The government has recently raised the interest ceiling on FHA and VA loans to 6¾ percent, which has helped some. Still, many lenders are simply not interested in handling these kinds of mortgages.

If you can scrape up enough cash to put down one-fifth to one-third of the price of the house, you can seek a conventional mortgage, which is the most common. In either case—conventional mortgage or government-backed—you must go to see the same lenders. You'll find them in the classified section of the telephone book, under "Mortgages."

There are four main groups of lenders:

Savings and loan associations are usually allowed by law to lend at least 80 percent of the appraised value of a house. (Appraised value is an estimate of true value used in making all mortgage loans; it may or may not be the same as the price you pay.) The associations tend to specialize in lower-priced homes, and grant loans for 20 years or more. Of all lenders, savings and loan associations are the most important in home financing because the great bulk of their funds goes into loans on one-to-four-family houses.

Commercial banks are more difficult to generalize about. There is no uniformity in their mortgage practices. National banks—those chartered by the federal government—are allowed by law to lend up to 80 percent of the appraised value of a house for up to 25 years, but they often don't choose to. State-chartered commercial banks may be quite liberal and the strongest force in the local mortgage market. Or they may make no real-estate loans at all. You just have to check.

Insurance companies—actually only life insurance companies will grant

home mortgages—are generally permitted to lend up to 75 percent of appraised value, with the figure higher in some states, lower in others. Life insurance companies conduct their mortgage business either out of their home offices or through mortgage correspondents—generally brokers—in various cities. The bigger companies range fairly widely with their loans; the smaller ones usually keep investments closer to the home office.

Mutual savings banks are an important source of home mortgages, although they exist in only 17 states, mainly in the East. They generally offer medium- to long-term loans. Ratios of up to 80 percent of value are allowed in some states, 60 and 70 percent in others.

In choosing which lender to start with, it's always wise to pick a local institution where you have previously done business. A banker or insurance broker who knows you is more likely to stretch a decision in your favor, if he can. And even if he has to refuse, he may suggest other possible lenders.

Even if you haven't done business with any of the institutions in town, it's still best to start locally. If your choice is a bank or savings and loan association, call and ask to speak to a mortgage officer. In insurance companies, the man to get in touch with is usually the mortgage correspondent.

As you make the rounds—and you should do some shopping regardless of how your first call comes out—make it a point to tell a lot of people you are hunting for a mortgage. A fair amount of mortgage money moves around outside conventional channels, and you just have to hear about it to find it. Wealthy individuals, for instance, still account for a sizable amount of mortgage lending. Fraternal and benevolent associations are also mortgage sources. So are trust companies, pension and welfare funds, and an assortment of institutions.

A last-ditch possibility is to retain a mortgage broker to help you. Mortgage brokers—generally also real-estate brokers—are specialists in securing mortgages. They usually charge a fee of one percent of the loan for their services. Most home buyers find it unnecessary to use a mortgage broker, but his knowledge of money sources can be valuable if you have a real problem.

Finally, don't overlook two often-used techniques. The first, which applies when you are buying an older house, is to assume the existing mortgage and borrow the rest of what you need on a personal loan. The higher interest on the personal loan may be more than offset by the lower charges that old mortgages often carry.

The other technique is a second mortgage—a kind of junior loan in addition to the main mortgage on the property. Despite their bad reputation, there is nothing intrinsically wrong with second mortgages. You seek one when, for some reason, you can't get a main mortgage big enough to fill your needs. Though there is no established market for second mortgages—the sources are usually private—you can generally find out from real-estate brokers and real-estate lawyers who has money to lend. Be aware, however, that second mortgages carry high rates of interest; you can't combine one with an FHA mortgage; and you should have a lawyer check any documents you sign.

It may take some hunting to find the money you need. Don't get discouraged early. Remember that hunters often do poorly on the first day out. ■

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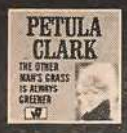

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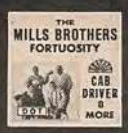

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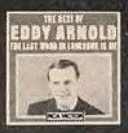

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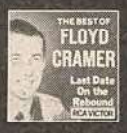

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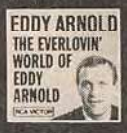

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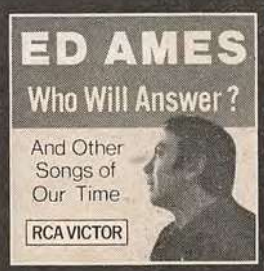

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man and his health

ULCERS: STOMACH BITES MAN

■ Ulcers have been called "the wound stripes of civilization," and "the merit badges of Madison Avenue." It is commonly believed that ulcers come from the burdens of executive or professional responsibilities, and worrisome decisions. Maybe so. But some teen-agers, who don't seem to be concerned about anything or anybody but themselves, get ulcers. So do some grade-schoolers. At the autopsy of a baby who died within 24 hours of birth, the infant was found to have an ulcer—whereupon the pathologist remarked, "This poor little fellow must have worried an awful lot."

Recent medical research requires that we revise a lot of popular thinking about ulcers and how to treat them. In the first place, most of them are not, as they are usually called, "stomach ulcers." Four out of every five are not in the stomach itself, but in the next chamber lower down the digestive tract, the duodenum. So lumped together, they are called "peptic ulcers," from the Greek *pepsis*, digestion. (From which we also derive dyspepsia, the highfalutin name for indigestion.) The care and feeding of ulcers is one of the toughest and commonest problems in medicine today, and is likely to become still more common tomorrow.

Why do you have an ulcer, while the guy at the next desk, doing the same job, has none? Nobody knows exactly. There is some tendency for susceptibility to ulcers to run in families, but this is no help to the man who has one. Male victims outnumber women three or four to one. Again, nobody knows why. With so much that is not understood, it is fortunate that the mechanism by which an ulcer forms is now clear, so that in the vast majority of cases physicians and surgeons can relieve the suffering, if not actually cure the condition.

An ulcer is a crater in the mucous membrane that lines the inside of the stomach and duodenum. It forms at a spot where this membrane is irritated or damaged. It results from the corrosive action at this spot of the acid-enzyme mixture collectively known as the digestive juices—hydrochloric acid, manufactured in the stomach wall, and enzymes. These juices are so powerful that they can break down a piece of tough steak, and extract the protein and other nutrients.

The normal, undamaged mucous membrane is so rugged that it can defy the corrosive powers of the acid mixture. But when its surface is broken, perhaps because of inflammation or at the site of an old ulcer scar, the acid reaches much more fragile tissues and burns them away. If it burns far enough, it will go right through the wall of the stomach or duodenum—a "perforating ulcer." This is big trouble, signaled by a sharply agonizing pain different from the regular gnawing of simple ulcers, and calls for prompt surgery.

Usually, a simple ulcer causes a variety of discomforts, beginning with abnormally sharp hunger pangs—which come too often and too soon—accompanied or followed by burning, aching or cramps that may run from the breastbone area down to the navel and even cause a "stab in the back" sensation.

Doctors used to think that highly spiced foods and fibrous vegetables containing a lot of roughage would burn or scratch the mucous membrane and expose it to acid attack. That idea has now been virtually abandoned. Dr. Stewart Wolf of the University of Oklahoma, one of the world's top authorities on ulcers, declares that a

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healthy stomach lining is tougher than the skin on the back of your hand. Any spice that will not burn a hole in your hand, or any food that will not scratch your skin, is therefore unlikely to damage your stomach.

Of all the diseases and disorders that have been tagged "psychosomatic," ulcer deserves the name most. For ulcer is a reaction to stress. It often develops, even in a man not considered "the ulcer type," if he is severely burned or subjected to drastic surgery such as an amputation. But far more common are the cases—at least 5,000,000, perhaps twice as many, in the U.S. today—in which the stress is emotional, even unconscious. For nearly all these people, the ulcer is a result of the *way* in which they react to stress.

Modern man, says Doctor Wolf, is seldom subjected to the stresses that beset his ancestors, such as hunger, freezing, flood or wild beasts. Modern man is bedeviled instead by frustrations, deprivations, disappointments and humiliations which threaten his self-respect as a man, his "ego image," and leave him with the feeling that he has no way to turn.

To the psychosomaticists, hunger is at the bottom of it all. They say that the stomach's hunger pangs are accompanied, if not caused, by psychological hungers—for recognition and approval, for attention and respect, to feel needed and wanted, and in some cases to be cared for and supported. Obviously we all feel these hungers to some extent, but we don't all react the same way. One man, feeling frustrated, kicks the cat and goes out to shoot skeet; the ulcer type, instead, begins to devour a piece of himself.

What to do? Every man's first aid for heartburn and ulcer, traditionally, has been bicarbonate of soda. But any relief it gives will be brief, because the stomach promptly empties any excess into the duodenum, which empties it into the small bowel. From there it is absorbed into the blood and may cause dangerous alkalosis and, eventually, kidney disease. Far better are the newer acid-neutralizing medicines containing carbonates or silicates, many with aluminum hydroxide, which are not absorbed into the blood. With these, even an excess will be harmlessly moved through the bowels and excreted.

Diet? There are almost as many opinions as experts. The Sippy diet of half-milk, half-cream every hour is only for emergencies under a doctor's care. There is almost universal agreement on one diet prescription: instead of three squares a day, eat six or eight smaller ones. Fried foods? Never, say some doctors. But Doctor Wolf says, go ahead, and put catsup on the French fries if you want—only remember, everything in moderation! Steak? Sure. If you don't have a decently balanced diet and enjoy your food, your frustrations will be worse, and so will your ulcers. Coffee? Not good, but not too bad with cream—and again, in moderation! Some doctors say: drink more water. Liquor? Again, divided opinions. All doctors forbid an excess, and some forbid it entirely. But Dr. Walter C. Alvarez reasoned long ago that an occasional drink, diluted like a highball, would probably do more good than harm by helping the patient to relax and forget his frustrations.

Doctors have found that most ulcer patients can get along quite well, running little risk of hemorrhaging or perforations, if they eat little and often, drink little, and use antacids when needed, perhaps in combination with prescription medicines to reduce the activity of the nerves that stimulate the stomach. Reassurance is important, and some patients can get enough of this from a friendly family physician, while others require psychiatry. For the most severe cases there is surgery, which usually involves cutting out part of the stomach (because this is where the acid is made, regardless of whether the ulcer is in the stomach itself or in the duodenum).

Finally: ulcers are quite distinct from cancer, so the man who worries about cancer instead of getting proper medical care for his ulcer is needlessly adding to his stress. ■

trueviews: movies books records

movies

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE. John Osborne's bitter play about a relentlessly mediocre lawyer who finds solace in sex has but one virtue as a movie: it preserves on film the brilliant, sweaty performance of Nicol Williamson, a young British actor who easily transcends the play's mawkish shallowness.

Susannah: expensive but gratifying.

DUFFY. "Hijack a yacht?" yells James Coburn. "You guys must be crazy; count me out." But you know he will. One reason is Susannah York who is expensive company but very gratifying. The plan is hatched by two rich, spoiled British kids; the yacht belongs to their father, James Mason, a larcenous lecher. It's hip, fast (but fitful) comedy.

THE STRANGE AFFAIR. This British police melodrama makes a good point: when society is corrupt, it drags its defenders down with it. Unfortunately, the script is so grossly contrived that it undermines the theme. Michael York and Jeremy Kemp work hard, to little avail.

HOW SWEET IT IS! Someone once said that if a movie title ended with an exclamation mark, it was surely a bomb. This proves him right. James Garner and Debbie Reynolds star in a Doris Day-formula retread. The big question is whether she'll commit adultery. It's as suspenseful as a Cardinals-Mets game —and less funny.

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER. Alan Arkin stars as a deaf-mute in a small southern town. His gentleness and generosity bring comfort to other people, but not to him. The movie is often sad, but never soap opera, never distorted by pity or sentimentality. Arkin's performance is nothing short of brilliant, and he is ably supported by Sandra Locke, Percy Rodriguez, Cicely Tyson, Stacy Keach, Jr., and Chuck McCann.

THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE. This is a great, big, unattractive movie about great, big, unattractive Hollywood. Like Hollywood, it's vulgar and unbelievable but, like Hollywood, it makes a kind of sense. Kim Novak is a young actress hired to play Lylah Clare, a famous silent-movie star; the movie is directed by Lylah's ex-husband (Peter Finch) who destroyed her. Kim becomes like Lylah and he destroys Kim too. Ernest Borgnine does a pretty good job.

THE VIOLENT FOUR. This Italian movie is based on a true story of gangsterism in Milan. It's long on gore and short on dramatics, full of violent action and suspense but with no discernible point. To Americans who have seen quite a few gangster movies many years ago, it's also old-fashioned.

RACHEL, RACHEL. This is the first picture directed by Paul Newman, who does not appear in it. Joanne Woodward is Rachel, a small-town schoolteacher in her 30's who's still a virgin. Not for long. She has a pregnancy scare, and decides to go out and live—but just a little. It's a woman's film, but done very well. Estelle Parsons also stars.

OEDIPUS THE KING. Sophocles' classic tragedy, more than 2,000 years old, comes to life vividly in this well-nigh perfect movie. This is no musty resurrection; the camera is an active, involved participant, giving the story immediacy and tension as Oedipus searches for the murderer of his wife's former husband and the secret of his own birth, only to find them horribly intertwined. Christopher Plummer, Richard Johnson, Lilli Palmer and Orson Welles have been shortchanged by their movies lately. This one reminds us what fine actors they all are, especially Plummer as the king. Miss Palmer is strikingly beautiful as his queen.

books

UNLESS PEACE COMES edited by Nigel Calder. This urgently important book contains 15 coldly dispassionate articles by eminent scientists who describe, with considerable erudition, the hell we'll be heading for unless there's an outbreak of peace—and the threat isn't just nuclear. Scary but required reading. *Viking; $5.75.*

SINK THE TIRPITZ by Leonce Peillard. In the early days of WW II, Germany launched the *Tirpitz*, the biggest battleship in European waters. Winston Churchill ordered her sunk but it took the British almost three years to do it. Their stubborn, daring attempts are detailed dramatically and methodically. *Putnam; $6.95.*

WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. The author is a satirist whose wacky novels have finally been recognized as gems of black humor. This is a collection of early work, mostly short stories in a fantasy or science-fiction vein, about half of them good. *Delacorte; $5.95.*

THE YOUTH DOCTORS by Patrick M. McGrady, Jr. Regaining lost youth is the subject of this book about rejuvenation. The emphasis is on cellular treatment, the so-called monkey-gland therapy. The book profiles the ups and downs of the "foolish heroes and heroic fools" who practice it. As narrative, it's turgid. *Coward-McCann; $7.95.*

AT LARGE by Jerry Izenberg. Jerry is one of the few sportswriters whose columns could be read 20 years from now and still be interesting. He concentrates on the nature of a sport and its people, not statistics, and his wry, talking-out-of-the-side-of-his-mouth

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tone leavens his commentaries delightfully. *Simon & Flynn; $4.95.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RUNAWAY SLAVE by Esteban Montejo. The author was born in 1860, as a slave in Cuba. These are the memoirs of his first 39 years. Montejo is a coarse, ribald, proud man. He's good company; even when he's describing the rigors of plantation life, he keeps his sense of humor. He ran away and lived off the land for years, then fought and won independence in 1899—his and Cuba's. *Pantheon; $4.95.*

THE BEATLES: The Real Story by Julius Fast. This is a complete biography of the life and times of The Beatles. It is everything journalism should be—lively, detached and accurate. It puts the group in context as major pop-music innovators and as a phenomenon of our time. The only problem is that they simply don't merit a full-length book; it's lightweight. *Putnam; $5.95.*

HERE AND HEREAFTER by Ruth Montgomery. If you like the idea of reincarnation, you'll love this. The author, who wrote *A Gift of Prophecy*, is a true believer, and this is a turgid hodgepodge of case histories of reincarnation. Many are not significantly documented, and there is a good deal of out-and-out preachment. Strictly for the already convinced. *Coward-McCann; $4.95.*

records

YOU'RE GOOD FOR ME. A Lou Rawls album is always an occasion for cheering, and this upbeat one is more cheerful than most. He belts out some good old tunes ("Ol' Man River" and "One for My Baby") as well as new ones like "I'm Satisfied." *Capitol.*

REALITY IS BAD ENOUGH. Patrick Sky is a folk singer with a wry sense of humor—the title tune will give you an idea. His voice is rough but interesting. So are his songs. A standout in this set is "She's Up for Grabs." *Verve/Forecast.*

LOVE AND OTHER CRIMES. Lee Hazlewood's raggedy bass voice is very effective in this assortment of ballads enumerating the sorrows of love. Mostly in the country vein, they include "Forget Marie" and "She Comes Running." *Reprise.*

GARY BURTON QUARTET IN CONCERT. Calling this group's work "jazz" is valid only because the word is so all-embracing. Elements of rock 'n' roll and the blues are blended into the music, which is sparked by Burton's vibes. A cool, excellent album. *RCA Victor.*

WHY SAY GOODBYE. Andre Popp, the composer of "Love Is Blue," has taken it and 11 more of his songs, arranged and conducted them, and turned out one of the best instrumental albums in some time. Like good champagne, it's light and full of sparkle. *MGM.*

THE BELIEVERS. Subtitled "The Black Experience in Song," this is the original cast recording of an off-Broadway show, and it's brilliant. Starting with African chants, a chorus builds through field and work songs to rocking gospels, then to bitter humor in blues and jazz, ending with "Learn to Love." *RCA Victor.*

POPCORN. Luiz Henrique is a soft, superb singer and guitarist; Walter Wanderly is a fine organist. Together they make irrepressible Latin music, even when it's "Happy Birthday" or "Home on the Range." Their "Popcorn" is hip and happy too. *Verve.*

SWING'S OUR THING. If it's yours, then this album is the one to get. Saxophonist Johnny Hodges and pianist Earl "Fatha" Hines, two of the best, really swing out. Highlights are "Can a Bear Crochet?" and "Night Train to Memphis." *Verve.*

I GOTTA BE ME . . . THIS TRIP OUT. You do that, Della Reese, 'cause you're doing fine. Your earthy singing is as arresting and provocative as 10 fingernails raking a man's back, and the tunes really rock, especially "Go" and "Never My Love." *ABC.*

AERIAL BALLET. Nilsson is a young singer and composer of astonishing versatility. Included on this album are rock 'n' roll songs, pop ballads, a cowboy song and a kid's song. They are, without exception, melodic and literate. A great one-man show. *RCA Victor.*

FRIENDS. The Beach Boys got a lot of publicity this year by touring with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi; they'll need it to sell this second-rate record. Even by today's permissive standards, they're mediocre. *Capitol.*

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in this corner

MY TIME IS NOT YOUR TIME

BY JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Last November a couple came to our house for supper. We were all sitting in the living room afterward, shooting the breeze, when one of them looked at the clock and exclaimed, "Oh, my goodness, it's midnight! We've got to get going."

The next day she telephoned to say, "Something's fishy. We left your house at 12:15 and got home at 11:30."

"Oh, didn't you know?" my wife said. "We're still on Daylight Saving Time."

The gal mumbled something about overpaying the sitter and hung up, slightly confused. But there's nothing confusing about it; it's very simple. When on the last Sunday in October you all obediently turn your clocks back (or the other way by mistake), we don't. Our house remains on Daylight Saving Time throughout the winter, and it helps to brighten up the gloomy season so much that we wouldn't dream of doing it any other way.

Here's how it happened: on that last Saturday of the tenth month last year, I was trying to answer the children's questions. Why go on Standard? "It's because of the cows," I explained. "As the days grow shorter, the farmers complain that the cows can't give milk when the mornings are dark. Congress has always been afraid to go whole hog and have Daylight the year 'round, even though most of us live where we'd prefer to have light at the end of those cold, short days."

It was an oversimplification, I admit, and it understandably prompted daughter Jennifer's response: "We don't have cows."

The upshot was that we voted against Standard Time, and it was such a successful experiment that we have just had another unanimous vote to repeat. When that change-time Sunday rolls around again, we shall once more fail to lift—*move*, I should say—a hand in obeisance to Standard. We're looking forward to all sorts of delightful events and encounters this time.

The first day of our routine last fall was fascinating. It really didn't matter on that Sunday whether it was 8 o'clock or 9. The time was always "a quarter after" or "20 of" and the like. I had breakfast at 7:30 according to my wristwatch and the kids ate something—breakfast or lunch—at 11:30 Our Time. We didn't really concern ourselves with accuracy until a neighbor phoned to say he would be over at 1 o'clock on an errand.

"Does that mean he'll be here at 12 or at 2?" I asked my wife. That's when we realized that in our contacts with the outside world there would be a lot of chronological adjustments to make. We figured it out and forgot it right away. When another neighbor called and asked us over for cocktails at 5, I replied, "That's fine. But let's synchronize watches." That made it a matter of simple observation to see that we would have to wait until 6 for our drinks. Thus, after only a brief hesitation, we could tell where we stood *vis-a-vis* the rest of civilization: subtract an hour from Our Time and you get Their Time.

If you try it, you may find that as the day rolls on, the children get fidgety. Ours did; they were worried about school. I took care of Jane (seventh grade) by saying, "Look, you don't have to report until 10 o'clock tomorrow. How about *that?*"

"Oh, wonderful!" She was convinced.

But Jennifer (ninth grade) finally cracked. She went to her bedroom and at 4:30 DST reset her clock so that the alarm would go off an hour earlier on the morrow. That meant that one corner of the house was on Standard, with the rest of the establishment on good old Daylight. All winter long we would leap out of bed at 7:30 a.m. and get breakfast for Jennifer, whose bus leaves at 7. On a few occasions at first she would say something like, "I can't eat my toast, I'm so nervous," as the electric timepiece in the kitchen was reading a quarter to 8, five minutes before the homeroom bell was supposed to ring 11 miles away.

"Just sit with your back to the clock, dear," her mother said soothingly, "until you get used to things." Jennifer didn't miss the bus once.

I must confess that last winter our youngest, Jane, threw in the towel in December because she was having trouble with television. She would sit down an hour early by mistake, then leave and forget to come back to the show on time. We permitted her to have a special television timepiece in her room, which told Standard Time. But with the exception of the girls' bedrooms, the entire household, including the two cars, remains on delightful summer time, according to our scheme.

The educational value of the experiment is high. Everybody has a problem with time changes, especially children. Now we are all adept at instant horological calculations. We have fun discussing the twins who were born in Stourbridge, England, last year, the night that nation's clocks were set back. One baby appeared on Daylight and the other less than an hour later, after the time had officially changed. Result: the younger child is older than the elder!

My wife claims that there is also a psychological advantage to our plan. She got a tremendous lift one day when, hearing the chimes strike noon, she realized it was only 11.

"Hey," she exclaimed, "I'm an hour younger than I thought I was."

And last April 28, a day of tension on which you people grappled with adjusting hormones as well as clocks to summer time again, we just relaxed and let the world catch up with us once more.

I suppose you think we are living in a dream world, or that we are even a little nutty. But we feel that there are not many opportunities these days to show one's individuality and to defy convention innocuously. This is *our* protest. When I look at my wristwatch, and know that all the watches in my time zone—if not the world—are different, even *wrong*, I get quite a boost.

It is, however, something we haven't been able to explain to others, especially to Mrs. Pike, the cleaning lady, who is very suspicious. My wife hired her to clean the downstairs after Christmas.

"No one will be home, Mrs. Pike," she said as she made arrangements. "I'll just leave your money on the kitchen table."

Starting at 9, Mrs. Pike waxed the kitchen floor, did the hall, the study, and was halfway through the living room when she had to quit at noon, as per agreement, to return home and get her child's lunch. She took the $6. That evening she telephoned, flustered and a little nervous.

"I don't understand it," she apologized. "All I know is that I owe you two dollars."

She wanted to drive right over to repay it, but we told her to hang on to the money. We decided that if she got back in the house and saw those clocks again, we might have a cleaning lady with a problem. We didn't have the place cleaned again until after the last Sunday in April. ■

JEROME BEATTY, JR., FREE-LANCE WRITER AND CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF "SATURDAY REVIEW," DOES HIS CLOCK-WATCHING ON CAPE COD. THE AUTHOR OF "THE GIRLS WE LEAVE BEHIND US," A STUDY OF COMMUTERS AND THEIR WIVES, HE HAS MOST RECENTLY WRITTEN "ARCTIC ROVINGS: THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW BEDFORD BOY ON LAND AND SEA," THE TRUE STORY OF A 12-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO WENT WHALING AND JUMPED SHIP IN SIBERIA.

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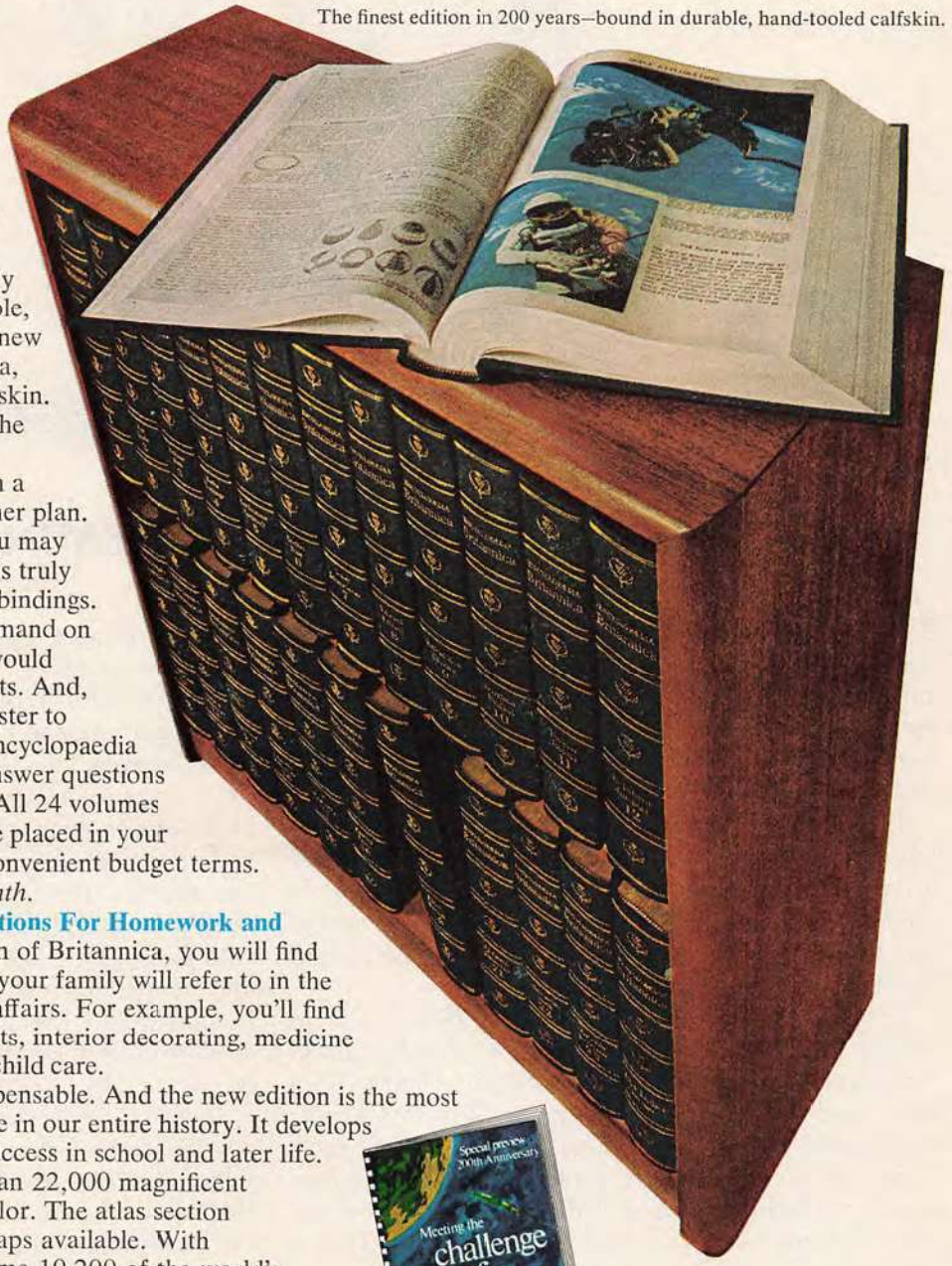

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it happened in sports

BY HAL BUTLER

AMERICA'S DEAD-BEAT OLYMPIC TRIUMPH

■ They were a weary and bedraggled group of Americans. They stood—all 10 of them—in the bright sunshine of the Olympic Stadium in Athens, Greece, their bloodshot eyes squinting painfully against the hard light. They were bone tired from lack of sleep and muscle flabby from lack of exercise.

It was April, 1896, the first year of the "modern" Olympics. The renewal of the old Greek Games after a lapse of 15 centuries had aroused little interest in the United States. No one was willing to pick up the tab for an American team, so the 10 athletes had traveled to Athens on their own.

The team of young men had left New York on March 20 aboard the tramp steamer *Fulda*, bound for Naples, Italy. The group consisted of James Connolly and Ellery Clark, jumpers; Robert Garrett, shot-putter and jumper; Thomas Burke and Francis Lane, sprinters; Herbert Jamison, middle-distance runner; Albert Tyler and William Hoyt, pole vaulters; Thomas Curtis, hurdler; and Arthur Blake, middle- and long-distance runner.

Accommodations aboard the tiny ship were almost nonexistent. There was no room for practice and quarters were too cramped even for exercise. But the team expected to arrive in Athens in plenty of time to get in shape before the Games began on April 18.

On April 1 the *Fulda* steamed into Naples. It was there that they learned the Games were scheduled to start on April 6—only five days away! Frantically the boys located another cramped ship and headed for Patras, Greece.

They docked in the Greek port at midnight, April 5 and got passage on an overnight train to Athens. They arrived less than an hour before the start of the Games, worn out and with no time to iron the kinks out of their stiff bodies.

James Connolly was the first man to pit his abilities against those of his European adversaries—in the hop, step and jump. Despite his fatigue, he stayed with the leaders, and in the finals he hopped, stepped and jumped 45 feet. It was the best mark of the day. Connolly had become the first American Olympic champion in history and the first Olympic winner to be crowned in 15 centuries!

Inspired by this example of what a tired man can do, the rest of the weary Americans outdid themselves. Garrett won the shot-put and discus throw. Hoyt placed first in the pole vault. Clark grabbed the high-jump and broad-jump titles. Burke won the 100- and 400-meter races. Curtis took the 110-meter hurdles and Blake placed second in the tough 800-meter race.

The Americans, out of condition but full of college try, had won nine out of 10 events and placed second in the other, posting one of the most unbelievable records in the annals of the modern Olympics. Their amazing performance put Americans in the Olympic Games to stay. ■

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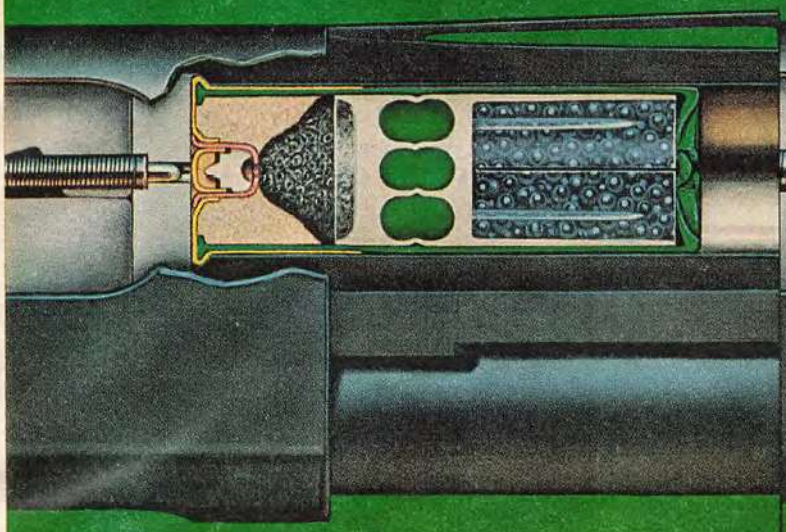

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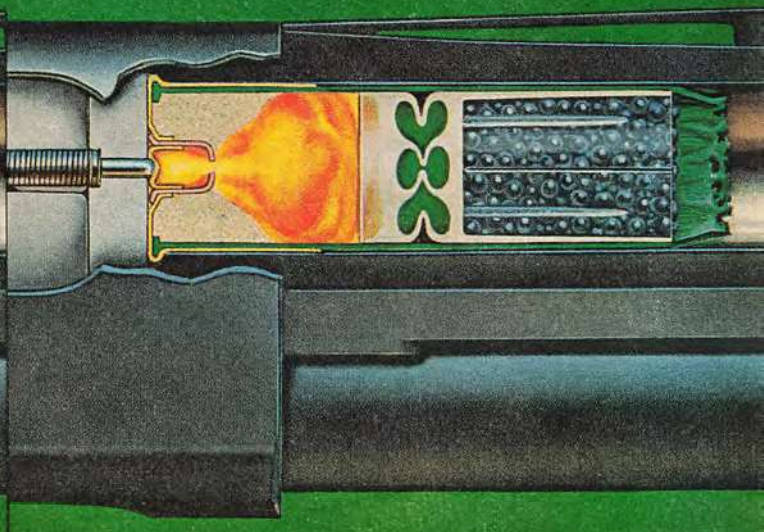

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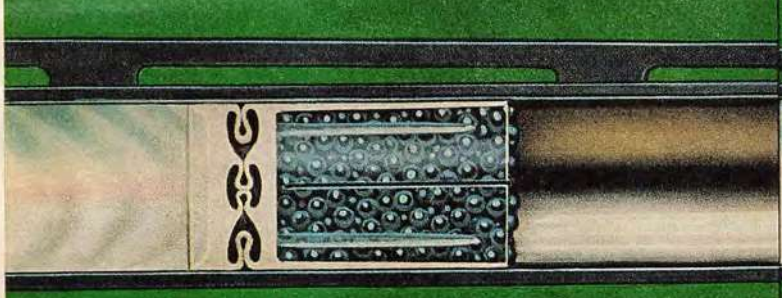

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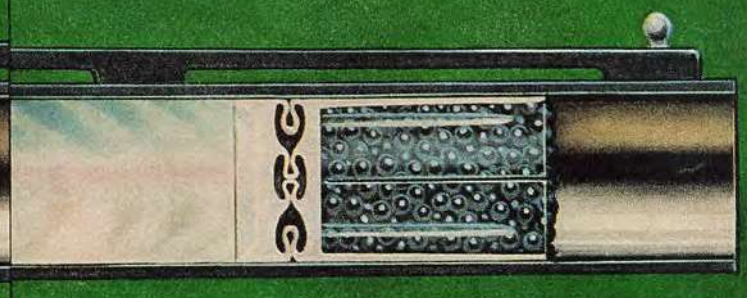

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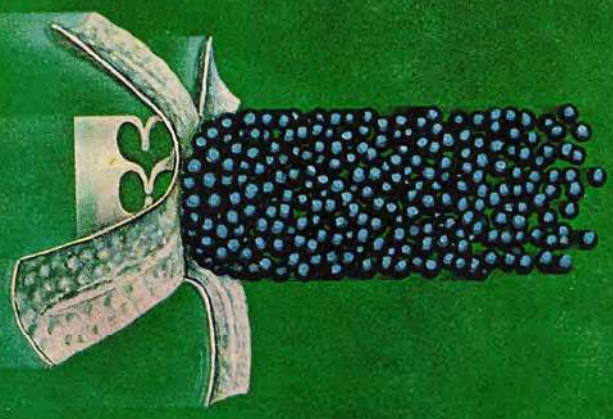

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it's a man's world

and here's a man's way of looking at it

BACK TO REALITY

We all harbor a secret admiration for anyone who thumbs his nose at an institution, from the Founding Fathers to the guy who fights City Hall, but when the nose thumber is a member of the girls-will-be-girls school, it rates a public hurrah. Such a lady is Monica Fairall, who was a contestant for Miss Universe from South Africa. As Monica strode down the ramp, her cool blonde beauty evoked admiration in the assembled spectators; as

she pirouetted, the fact that her evening gown was cut down to her coccyx provoked something akin to horror among the officials.

Monica didn't win the contest, of course, but we have a hunch she'll do all right in life. With those shoulder blades for openers, she can't miss.

FIGHTING MAN

Scrape a little cultural fuzz from modern man and what have you got? An aggressive animal who behaves like other animals and can't help it, because his behavior as well as physique has evolved through the ages. So we're told by Dr. Robin Fox, of Rutgers University, one of many scientists who are studying the behavior of primates, an order of mammals including man.

They're discovering embarrassing parallels to the behavior of Homo sapiens, a term meaning "wise man" which we unhesitatingly apply to our species. Doctor Fox uncorks some shockers. He says that the family — father, mother, offspring — is probably neither a natural nor a basic unit of social organization. What seems to be basic is a social unit characterized by dominance and submission — a group of a few dominant males, their female consorts, females with young, and young males hanging around the fringes. Only the dominant males are breeders.

Qualities of a successful primate male, suggested by Doctor Fox, might describe a successful man: "Controlled, cunning, cooperative, attractive to the ladies, good with the children, relaxed, tough, eloquent, skillful, knowledgeable and proficient in self-defense and hunting [i.e., bringing home the bacon]." Male dominance seems to be established by nature, and the more dominant the male, the happier the harem. Normal females evidently flock to dominant males. This is supported by experiments of Dr. Bryan W. Robinson of the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center, who rigged up a way of turning aggressiveness on or off in a few seconds by applying electrical stimulation to the brains of monkeys. He made monkeys out of several dominant fighters by turning them into submissive creatures who promptly lost their womenfolk. The ladies flocked to previously ignored, submissive monkeys who were electrified into aggressive dominance. Do human females act the same way? Doctor Robinson doesn't say, and we guess we wouldn't either if we were in his boots.

WANNA BET?

Strokes of genius hit creative men as unexpectedly as lightning. One may have hit Dr. T. C. Schelling of Harvard University the other day. He is a professor of economics who has studied the business side of organized crime. He points out that mobsters and gangsters thrive on illegal or black-market operations, gaining a monopoly and profits enough to bribe officials.

One way to drive organized crime out of the gambling industry would be to decentralize it and make it unprofitable for racketeers. Ordinary gambling, says Doctor Schelling, ought to be one of the hardest industries to monopolize because anybody can compete. What he calls "the greatest gambling enterprise in the U.S."—the stock market—has hardly been touched by organized crime. So if ordinary brokerage firms were allowed to set up accounts and take bets by telephone, it would be very difficult for organized crime to muscle in.

We wouldn't want to bet that it will happen, but if laws were changed so that respected brokers around the country could take bets on other things than penny stocks, corrupt gangster monopolists would be left out in the cold. See any flaws in it?

THE MARRIAGE GAME

Some interesting statistics on marriage have come our way and seem worthy of passing along. For example, 52 percent of Americans marry someone who lives within a mile; people with hobbies are happily married more often than those without; women who enjoy food are more apt to enjoy sex. America has one of the highest divorce rates in the world (onc in 3.7) and Japan has one of the lowest (one in 14). A possible reason for the difference may be Shindai.

That's the name for the custom of settling differences with a pillow fight. When a couple has an argument, they go into a bare-floored room, strip, and slug away with pillows till one pillow bursts. The person holding the empty pillow case is the loser, and apologizes, whereupon they make love among the feathers. It sounds like it's worth concocting a fight for; certainly 12 out of every 13 Japanese are doing something right.

REROOFING JOB

Yes, Virginia, there is something besides a toupee for balding men. Newer even than gouging plugs of hair from the back of the neck and planting them in the scalp to grow a new lawn. The latest advance in wiggery is called hair weaving.

In principle, some of the hairs the customer has left are woven along with

(Continued on page 30)

Know what it costs to break away from humdrum driving? Nothing.

You might be thinking that a car like our Pontiac LeMans Hardtop Coupe (shown effervescing below) is going to knock your budget off stride. Not so. Because thousands of Pontiac buyers are amazed how Pontiac can build so much more value into a car at very standard-looking prices. Use our LeMans as star witness. The exciting style and the big bucket seats won't remind you of penny-pinching. Looking under that hood won't either (America's strongest OHC Six is standard, but you can order one of two husky V-8s). As for ride . . . well, who can come close to Wide-Tracking? At any price. Figure it this way. A Pontiac LeMans will let you break away from ho-hum motoring without bending your bank account. So don't wait. Get down to your Pontiac dealer.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Pontiac Motor Division

The year of the great Pontiac break away.

it's a man's world

(Continued from page 28)

threads to form seams, like ribs of a washboard running across the top of the scalp. These are like loose ropes on the scalp, anchored at either end, and serve as foundations to which patches of nonpull-offable hair are sewn. The owner doesn't feel that his scalp is corrugated until he takes a shampoo.

Every few months the rib anchors have to be tightened because of natural hair growth, but part of the cost may be saved in haircuts. A good head of hair can be simulated satisfactorily, but nobody with persistently growing hair can successfully simulate baldness.

CO-SCOUTS

Blow us down if the Boy Scouts aren't considering admitting Co-Scouts. Girls, that is. What would old Dan Beard have said of that? We can imagine but can't print it. Are the Scouts slipping, like men's clubs that have been forced to admit women?

We can't fault the reasoning of Scout executives that their explorer program for teen-agers might be enlivened by admitting girls, or the slight ambiguity that "high-school people profit in activities where the opposite sex is involved." We have no doubt that boys and girls will meet, but is it really necessary to dilute a once manly organization by total togetherness? Boys, to our knowledge, do not crave to join the Girl Scouts—so you can see the direction whence infiltration comes.

WINTERGREEN For PRESIDENT

Who says we don't have a choice of Presidential candidates? Lots of able men are willing to assume the awesome burdens of the job, even though their names are unlikely to get on the ballots. One of these is Don DuMont of Chicago, who has been running small newspaper ads inviting financial support, or failing that, your prayers. We are pleased to present his self-described qualifications as an example of concise prose that should be emulated by the turgid biographers of more famous candidates: "A 64-year, old-fashioned, up-to-date, good-humored square, with rounded corners. A graduate mechanical engineer, small-boat captain and businessman, writer and evangelist, founder of the Republimericans in 1949. The only thing false about this candidate for President in '68 is his new teeth."

HOT SUIT

For around $90, a man who plays with fire or fusses with a backyard barbecue or is always getting into hot water can protect himself with a tailor-made heat suit just like one worn by Bobby Unser, winner of the Indianapolis 500. Most race-car drivers on the big circuits, as well as pitmen, now wear an Astro-fire-shield suit that resists flame and high temperatures. It's a two-layer suit with air between the layers. The inside layer

is made of a special heat resisting and insulating nylon, the outside layer of flame-resisting fiber-glass fabric. The maker, J. B. Hinchman Inc., of Indianapolis, outfits racing-car drivers around the world. They also sell fire-resisting socks and underwear, in case you want to defy Harry Truman's remark, "if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

A LOT OF BULL

This is a sad story, but since it has a happy ending we'll tell it: It seems that there is a bull in England named Friendly Everready; over the years he has sired thousands of calves, some as far away as Ecuador, but he has never frolicked in a sunny pasture with an amiable cow. Friendly Everready, you see, has been the staple of an artificial insemination center.

A little while ago he was phased out with a left-handed compliment: He was "surplus to requirements." There is enough of Friendly Everready, so to speak, on ice for the next 20 years. The silver lining shows up in his unique retirement plan—he will be turned loose on a farm with 50 cows, quite easily a fitting reward for his lonely years of service. How many pension plans can top that?

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

One of the more recent examples of civic stupidity (sometimes spelled censorship) occurred in Belgium, where authorities confiscated four small magazines and banned several plays, then went around pasting strips of tape over "litigious" parts of nudes in painting exhibitions.

Studénts, as might have been expected, retaliated by putting underwear on statues in the park. Whereupon the forces of purity took yet another measure: they informed Gillette that the company would not be able to sell its thermal shaving cream in Belgium. Why? Because the product is called "The Hot One."

The capper is that Gillette never intended to market the shaving cream there, and when they said so, the censors' faces were a trifle red. Maybe it was their old-fashioned shaving soap—or maybe it was the pratfall they took.

DEPT OF ODD INFORMATION

The trade name for a body lotion recently accepted by the Patent Office for registration is Orgy Butter.

The Carlton Club, a posh establishment in London, has installed a slot machine which has hunting horns instead of bells on the spinning drums.

The city of Fort Worth has passed an ordinance prohibiting drive-in theaters from showing nudie films, on grounds that motorists who slowed down and gawked while driving past constituted a traffic hazard.

The liner *Independence* has a lounge in which the girls' and boys' rooms are respectively marked Bonnie and Clyde.

Police in Rio de Janeiro now patrol that city's parks on bicycles, protecting lovers ("except those found in indecorous attitudes") from beggars, muggers and pickpockets. —THE EDITORS

What kind of man shoots Federals...

The man who wants the most from his hunting...who won't settle for less than a good day... who owns more than one gun and recognizes the advantage of color-coded plastic shells.

The man who wants a game-load that delivers more power, more impact, less recoil, greater range... straight from the shoulder.

The man who wants a better balance of ingredients... uniform patterns...faster, more consistent performance...a shell that complements his ability.

The man who knows that over half a million Federals are fired each year in the Grand American, the national trapshooting tournament, where you can't afford to miss.

What kind of man shoots Federals? The man who knows what he wants. And gets it.

Fifty autumns improving the shotgun shell

FEDERAL® CARTRIDGE CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 55402

Miller makes it right!

Patience is the watchword in the brewing of Miller High Life . . . from the harvesting of the finest barley, to the precise moment when the final brew reaches the peak of perfection. Only this way can Miller High Life keep faith with you . . . and the millions like you who have come to expect the best from Miller. In bottles, cans, on draft . . . always right!

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

THE PRISON SCANDAL THAT WON'T STAY BURIED

In Germany they still try to forget Dachau. In Arkansas they'd like to forget Cummins. But there are three lonely holes in the ground that say "Murder" and nobody knows how many more graves there may be

BY JAMES PHELAN

TURN PAGE

Since three graves were opened, nobody has dug any more. It looks like nobody will.

They dug where Reuben Johnson pointed and three bodies came up

■ The death camps of Nazi Germany were grim factories of functional horror, sealed off by stone walls, barbed wire and *Verboten* signs, belching the stench of the crematorium into the air. But in southeast Arkansas the air is sweet with clover and the rural landscape is more reminiscent of Mark Twain than of Josef Goebbels. The road south of Pine Bluff runs through fertile farm country, bordered to the east by a line of trees where the Arkansas River lazes its way to confluence with the Mississippi. The long, flat perspectives convey a sense of freedom, heightened by the empty stillness under the blazing sun. When one comes upon America's

Under the slave-labor system at the prison farms, Arkansas marched convicts off to field labor under armed guard.

Dachau, there is nothing to indicate its presence except a small sign that reads "Cummins State Prison Farm," where a winding road leaves the highway and disappears behind a low rise in the land.

The hidden horrors of Cummins erupted onto front pages across the U.S. and abroad last January. With the approval of a new prison superintendent named Tom Murton, long-term convict Reuben Johnson led a prison crew to a lonely patch of land on the penal farm. "Dig heah," Reuben said, and they dug up three bodies out of the bloody past of what prison authorities have called the worst penitentiary in the nation.

Since then, under Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller and an all-new prison board, Arkansas has grudgingly begun to bring its penal system into the 20th century. Arkansas no longer makes a profit from prisons—as it did until 1966—by a slave-labor system tailored after the darkest years of the Soviet Union under Stalin. It has replaced the underpaid political hacks on the prison payroll with enough professional wardens so that it is no longer possible for wardens and armed trusties to gun down prisoners, bury them, and conceal the murders with false records. It has abolished the strap as a legal punishment for convicts, and im-

Men are crammed into dormitories built for half the present population and there is no doctor for the convicts.

proved the prison diet until the inmates are at least better fed than the prison-farm livestock.

But Arkansas' prisons are still a good half-century behind the rest of the nation's. Rockefeller's program for a modern prison-industry system to supplant the grueling slave-farming has stalled in the hostile legislature. So has a building program to replace the jammed barracks, where men are packed into dormitories built for half the present population. And although Rockefeller has tripled the paid staff, there is still no full-time doctor for 1,200 inmates at Cummins, and each morning some convicts are still issued guns and delegated to play warden over other inmates.

What happened in the Arkansas prison system before Winthrop Rockefeller's administration has not yet been fully told and the known atrocities have so far gone unpunished. Ever since the prison scandal surfaced in the form of three exhumed bodies, local authorities have been diligently sweeping the matter under any available rug.

To the inmates of Cummins, the skeletons spaded up on the prison farm weren't news at all. For years, the convicts had had a name for the secret cemetery on the lonely patch below the river levee. The prisoners called it "Bodiesburg." Not even the oldest convict can remember who thought up its grisly name. "Bodiesburg" was a code word to enable prisoners to talk about matters not safe to put into square language. "Don't push that high-power man no more," the old cons would warn an angry newcomer, "or you gonna move to Bodiesburg." Or, "They say Little Al lammed last week, but I hear he went to Bodiesburg."

The handmade electric chair was built in 1915.

A man working the fields could get flogged for missing a cucumber.

Until Rockefeller (an "outsider," as Arkansans call a man who is not a native) was elected and brought in Tom Murton, another outsider, the convicts wouldn't talk about Bodiesburg to anyone from the free world. Ask why today and they look at you as if you had three heads and none of them bright. "Mister, a man talk about it, he *go* there." Cummins prison was rough-tough and Tucker prison, its nearby "little brother" penal farm, was worse. But if a man meekly took the lashings with the leather strap, and survived the Tucker Telephone, and sold his blood regularly to pay the mean little bribes that kept the sadistic guards away from him, he might make it down the road some day in one piece and never look back.

If you wound up in Bodiesburg, you were three times nothing at [*Continued on page* 85]

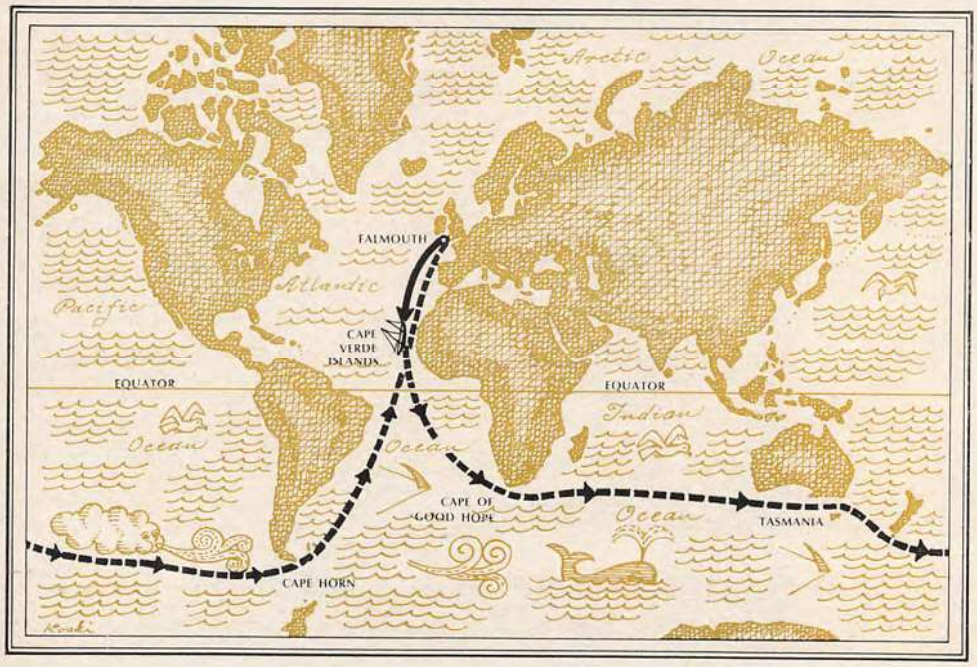
The convicts call it "Bodiesburg"—a word that has come to symbolize atrocities and torture

BY ROBIN KNOX-JOHNSTON

" I'll Sail the World Alone"

TRUE begins the exclusive account of a courageous sailor as he sets out to circle the world nonstop in a small boat

MAP BY VERNON KOSKI



■ The idea of sailing around the world alone and nonstop first occurred to me in 1966, when in my boat *Suhaili* I lay at anchor in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania, on a voyage from India to England. I was lying on deck in the blazing tropical sunshine planning the next stage of that voyage, and my mind drifted to considering single-handed sailing. Daydreaming in the sun, it is easy to consider a proposal and to make light of the difficulties, because one knows there is little chance of ever having to cope with the practical problem. There is usually some pressing job to be done when one wakes up from the reverie and the daydream is forgotten.

In this case, however, the daydream of a voyage alone around the world returned to haunt me and I soon found myself considering the matter from a practical point of view, my imagination fired. Nowadays, most adventure seems to go to highly trained profes-

sionals such as astronauts, but here was a feat that could be accomplished by any man who could afford a boat and learn to sail well. This does not mean that I think anyone could do it. Just as some people have an aptitude for flying or science, others have one for the sea.

The more I thought about the idea, the more I determined to try it. As you read this, I am again in *Suhaili*—a 32-foot Bermuda ketch—in the Atlantic on the first leg of my voyage. I set sail from Falmouth, England, on June 14 and with luck I shall be back in England next spring. In the meantime I shall not have set foot on land or received assistance from anyone. Apart from the occasional comfort of brief radio contacts with fellow humans along my course, I do not expect to see, hear or talk to another person for the best part of a year.

This may seem to be inflicting an awful lot of self-punishment and quite naturally people ask me why I decided to undertake a venture of this kind. Having spent more than 10 years earning my living on the sea, why should I want to sail single-handed around the world without stopping? There seems no practical advantage to such a feat, no scientific results to be obtained. The answer is that I want to make the voyage because it has not yet been done and in that respect presents a challenge, just as the ascent of Mount Everest did. Being human, I succumbed to the temptation to try to prove it possible.

There is a tremendous self-satisfaction that comes from having achieved something by one's own efforts: the achievement is a personal belonging, a possession that can never be taken away from you.

And, of course, I believe the voyage can be made.

From the viewpoint of physical survival, long single-handed voyages have *already* been made—from Slocum's time to the feats of Sir Francis Chichester—and the only problems are how to carry sufficient food and water to keep alive. The next difficulty is how to keep mentally active and physically fit enough to push the venture through to a successful conclusion. For this I draw upon the experiences of people who have been kept in solitary confinement for prolonged periods and yet have been able to withstand the solitude as well as the prospect of physical torture or even death at the hands of their jailers. The experiences of prisoners of war, for example, show that loneliness can be faced and that the limits of human endurance have yet to be reached. Remember, too, that I shall know when my confinement is coming to an end, and I shall be able to chart my progress daily, which will give me an encouragement that others have not had.

As far as my personal preparedness is concerned, I am a merchant navy officer, holding a Master's Certificate, and have had command of a small cargo vessel. My sailing experience includes a voyage from India to Britain via the Cape of Good Hope and I made the last leg—from Capetown to London—nonstop. I feel that I have the technical ability, if you like to put it in these words, to complete a long solo voyage.

There is an old sailor's saying, "The ship is mightier than the man," and so I feel I should introduce *Suhaili*, my companion in this venture, to you. First, her name: it is the name given in the Persian Gulf to the southeast wind. As she was built for me in India four years ago, I can give you her whole history.

In 1963, when I was second officer on the passenger ship *Sirdhana*, a friend and I began discussing the possibility of buying a dhow and sailing it home to England. For various reasons, including the difficulty of raising the required crew, we dropped this scheme and decided to sail home in a conventional yacht. Our efforts to find a suitable boat in India failed, and eventually we decided to have a boat built in Bombay where we were based at the time. The plans we chose were of a Norwegian lifeboat type of vessel. Work started on the boat early in 1964 and delivery was scheduled for August that year so that we could catch the northeast monsoon for the voyage to Africa. Unfortunately, the builder's achievements lagged badly behind his promises and in February, 1965, the boat was still far from ready.

By then, despite our efforts to keep the kitty full by diving for gold that had earlier been dumped by smugglers off the Indian coast, our money ran short and my partner decided to drop out of the venture. I returned to England and raised enough funds to pay off the builder. I then collected a new crew and sailed from Bombay in December, 1965. The voyage home took us to Muscat and Salala in Arabia and then down the African coast to Durban. We stayed there for eight months to earn money to finish the voyage, and in December, 1966, we sailed for East London, Capetown and finally England.

During the voyage of some 15,000 miles, I got to know *Suhaili* well. She is not large; her hull is only 32 feet long and 11 feet wide. The main cabin is 12 feet long and only six feet wide, so that I can easily touch both sides when stretching out my arms.

The cabin has two settee berths and two smaller berths. Both small berths are jammed with food and equipment. At the fore end there is a wardrobe used as a sail locker, and opposite is a small w.c. which also contains my library. Coming aft, there are the two settees; I sleep in one and use the other for stowing my clothing. Abaft the settees are the galley, with a twin-burner Primus stove and a small sink. Opposite is my navigation space—a sliding chart table and a book rack for navigation tables. The charts—14 are all I need for this voyage—are stowed in a rack fastened to the overhead, which experience has shown me is the driest place.

Beneath the chart table is the radiotelephone, a 75-watt Marconi Marine Kestrel II specially adapted for use on the 16-megacycle [*Continued on page* 80]

PERFORMANCE CARS LEAD THE WAY

■ It's all go-go-go for next year! There are at least a dozen new bombs which can leave rubber on highway or drag strip.

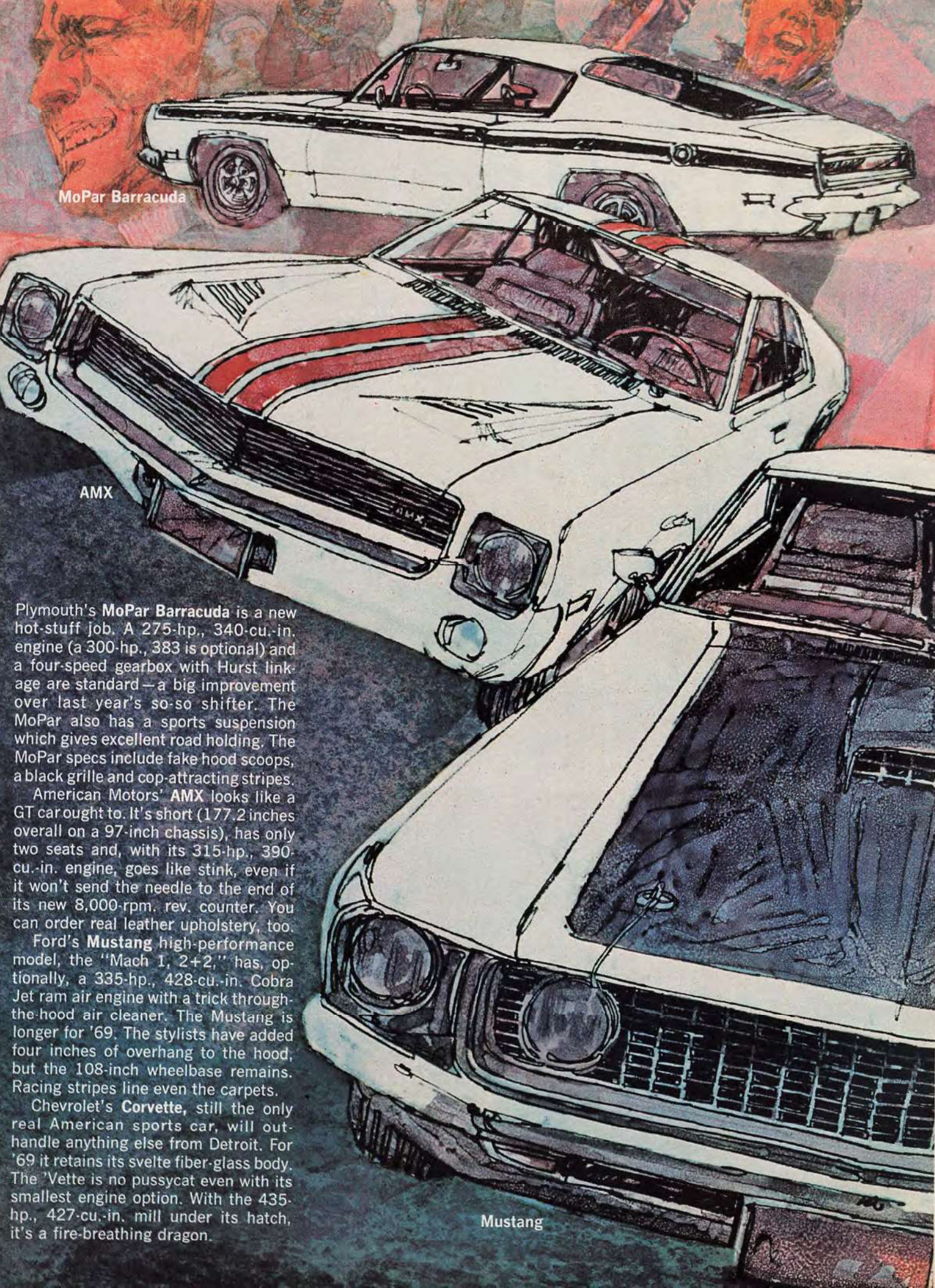
Detroit has learned that the young man's car must have a romantic flavor all its own with the look, the smell, the sound of the race-course and the dragway. To be really with it, a car must do the quarter-mile in 14 seconds and reach close to a hundred at the end of the strip. Any car that can't reach 60 in six seconds is for your Aunt Matilda.

Not everyone wants such road rockets—you can't use that much whoosh on the highway. Therefore, Detroit also constructs cars that *look* like the real thing but don't have as much expensive muscle under their hoods.

The new "specialty" cars aren't all power and looks. The moguls of Michigan are giving some concern to saving your neck, too. Ford has an "S" shaped front on its chassis meant to absorb a bash; G.M. has beefed up side rails to protect your flanks.

BY RALPH STEIN
ILLUSTRATED BY JIM SHARPE

Browse 12 of the sporty '69's on the next six pages.

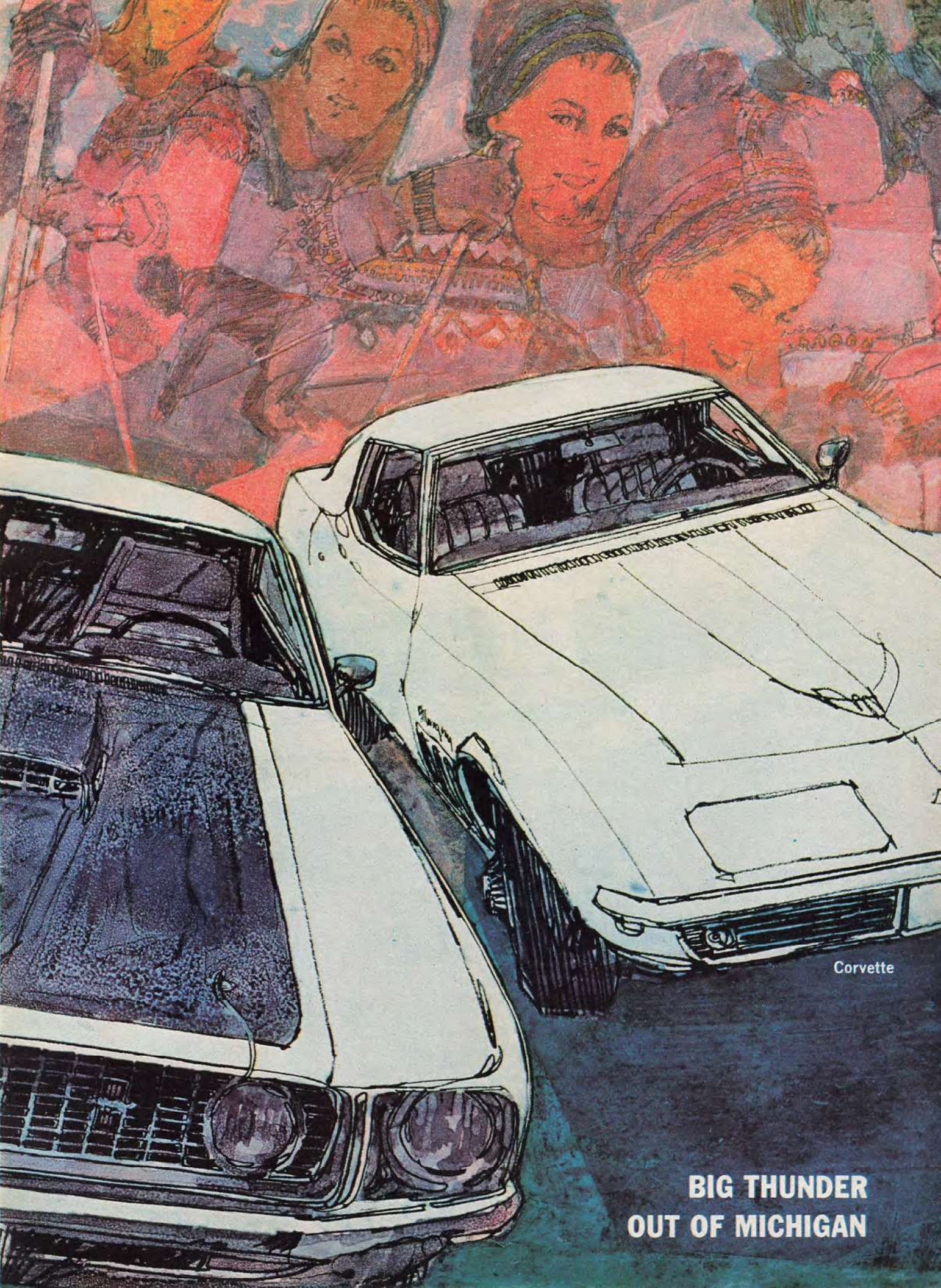


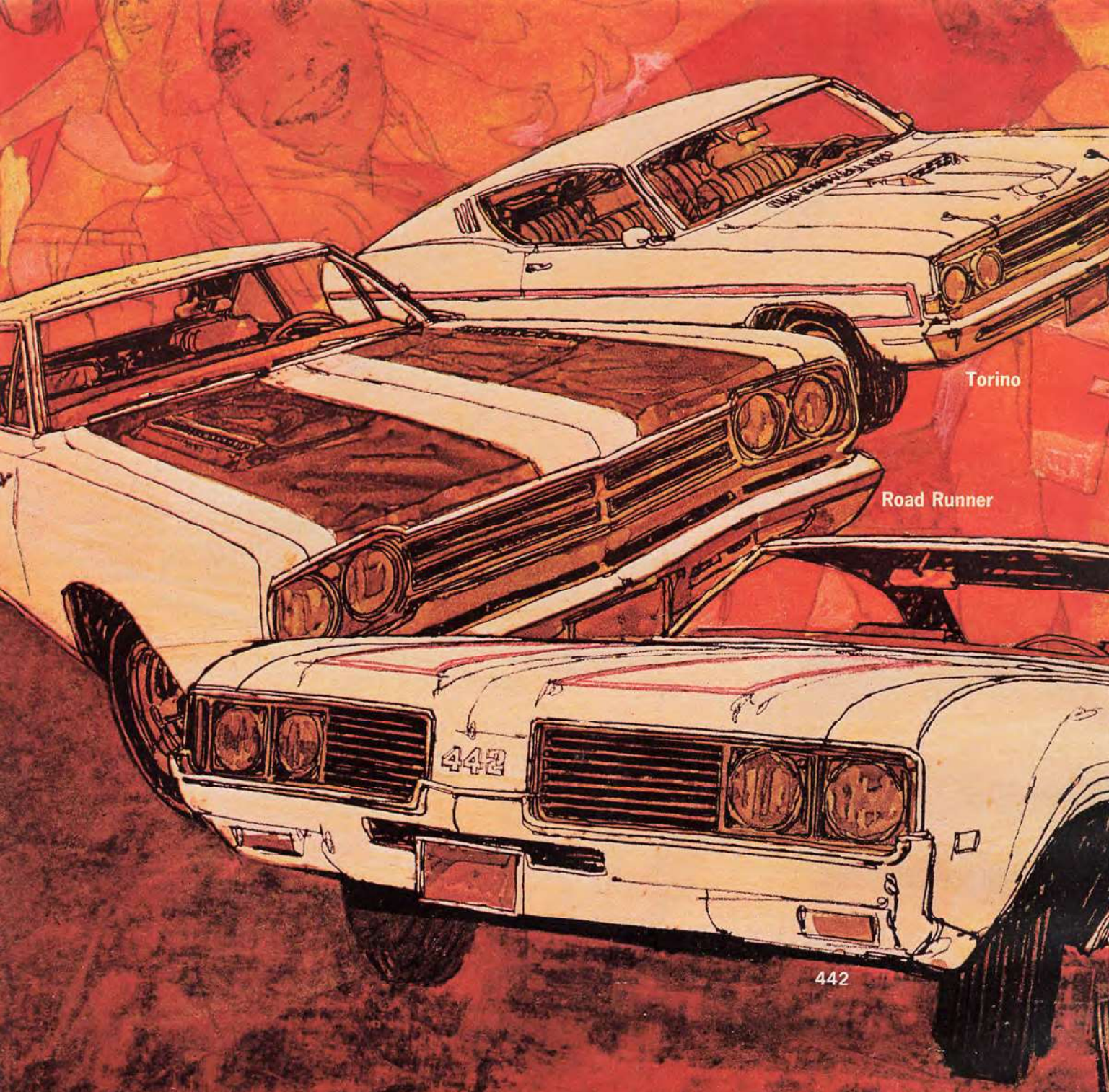
Plymouth's **MoPar Barracuda** is a new hot-stuff job. A 275-hp., 340-cu.-in. engine (a 300-hp., 383 is optional) and a four-speed gearbox with Hurst linkage are standard—a big improvement over last year's so-so shifter. The MoPar also has a sports suspension which gives excellent road holding. The MoPar specs include fake hood scoops, a black grille and cop-attracting stripes.

American Motors' **AMX** looks like a GT car ought to. It's short (177.2 inches overall on a 97-inch chassis), has only two seats and, with its 315-hp., 390-cu.-in. engine, goes like stink, even if it won't send the needle to the end of its new 8,000-rpm. rev. counter. You can order real leather upholstery, too.

Ford's **Mustang** high-performance model, the "Mach 1, 2+2," has, optionally, a 335-hp., 428-cu.-in. Cobra Jet ram air engine with a trick through-the-hood air cleaner. The Mustang is longer for '69. The stylists have added four inches of overhang to the hood, but the 108-inch wheelbase remains. Racing stripes line even the carpets.

Chevrolet's **Corvette,** still the only real American sports car, will outhandle anything else from Detroit. For '69 it retains its svelte fiber-glass body. The 'Vette is no pussycat even with its smallest engine option. With the 435-hp., 427-cu.-in. mill under its hatch, it's a fire-breathing dragon.


Corvette
BIG THUNDER
OUT OF MICHIGAN



Ford's **Torino** has a sister car for '69, the **Cobra** (with a fanged and fiery Cobra plaque on its flank). The ground-shaking 428-cu.-in. engine is an option in the Torino, but standard in the new all-out-performance Cobra. The Cobra has staggered rear shocks to keep its wheels aground during takeoff.

Plymouth's **Road Runner** has been fancied up for '69—you can even order a convertible and bucket seats now. The 383-cu.-in., four-barrel mill is standard, the hair-raising 425-hp., 426 Hemi is optional. A new hood scoop that really sucks air is called the "Coyote Duster." Stripes of nonglare paint 24 inches wide embellish the hood.

Oldsmobile's **442** is the car in the F-85 series for the guy with the heavy right foot. The 400-cu.-in. engine now exhales easier for better performance through an individually branched exhaust manifold which cuts back-pressure. You can order a new forced-air induction system for better fuel-air *inhaling*, too. No more stripes on the sides, though.

Chevrolet's **Camaro** is beginning to outsell the Mustang. Next year's job looks bigger and rounder. Brute power addicts have been going for the 375-hp., 396-cu.-in. engine in the Camaro SS, but the lighter, high-revving 290-hp., 302-cu.-in. engine of the Z-28 gives better balance and handling.

POWER FOR DRAGGING—
OR PROWLING

Firebird 400

STATUS SYMBOLS IN THE PERFORMANCE LEAGUE

Pontiac's **Firebird 400** is now two inches longer—but the 108-inch wheelbase remains the same. The ram air type, 400-cu.-in. engine is rated at a mere 330 hp., which is probably conservative. Much of the Firebird's front is of tough body-colored rubbery plastic. Only its center section is of metal. The "wide track" is even wider—61 inches in the rear, 60 inches in front.

Buick's **Skylark** belies the old idea that a Buick is the sort of car in which doctors make house calls. The '69 offers a ride and handling package, including heavier shocks and springs, a special front stabilizer bar and a rear control arm. Optional 350-cu.-in. engine has 280 hp. In addition to a new three-speed automatic, there's a four-speed stick shift. Even hotter "GS 400" Buick offers 400-cu-in., 340-hp. mill.

Mercury's **Cougar** has an entirely new body for '69. As Detroit so often boasts, "It's longer, lower, wider"—three inches wider, three-plus longer. Although this increase in bulk may make it seem less sporting, you can still order a 335-hp., 428-cu.-in. ram air engine, which should make it as potent as almost any car around. To help it hug the road, there's a competition handling package, too.

Dodge's **Charger R/T** is a machine for tire burners who want a full-sized car that will hold six passengers. ("R/T" stands for "Road and Track.") Engines are either the 440-cu.-in. Magnum or—for drag-strip habitués—the shattering 425-hp., 426 Hemi. Most performance-happy types will choose the four-speed Hurst-linkage gearbox. But you can get an automatic, too.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB GRANT

FIRE FROGS

They scuba dive to attack waterfront blazes

■ A fire under a wharf, protected from a fireboat's water cannons by thick pilings, may spread until it devastates wide areas of a waterfront. The Los Angeles Fire Department has a daring and effective technique for battling such blazes: scuba-diving fire fighters. Shown here, a training exercise at an abandoned San Pedro wharf. Dropping from a fireboat, scuba teams swim into the holocaust, left. Coming within range, they blast away at the blaze with powerful 2½-inch hoses.

TURN PAGE

Under the inferno, a man with a hose

The scuba fire fighters operate in two-man teams; while they swim under the burning wharf, an orange-suited crew chief remains outside to relay instructions and to act as safety man. With the fire under control, right, 1½-inch hoses are used to cool remaining hot spots under the wharf. The Los Angeles program, originated by Assistant Fire Chief W. W. Johnston, has qualified more than 100 firemen as scuba fire fighters. Their success has been so great that other port cities have set up similar operations. ■

Norman Lewis Smith

Ford
ITT
USS
XEROX
RCA
DUPONT
TEXACO

BY MAX GUNTHER
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN FONTAINE

Does the man whose résumé reads like *Gulliver's Travels* make it to the executive suite faster than the faithful employee who marries his company? In some cases he does, in others he doesn't. It depends on how and why he changes jobs. Here's what some experts say about...

the job-hopping male

■ *Case One:* Dave Phillips. Career style: job-hopping. Until he joined the giant State Farm Insurance Companies in his mid-30's, Dave had never stayed with any organization longer than three and a half years, and with some only one year. This rapid job-hopping served him well. Today, at 44, he is an assistant vice-president of State Farm with a juicy salary and a wide-open future.

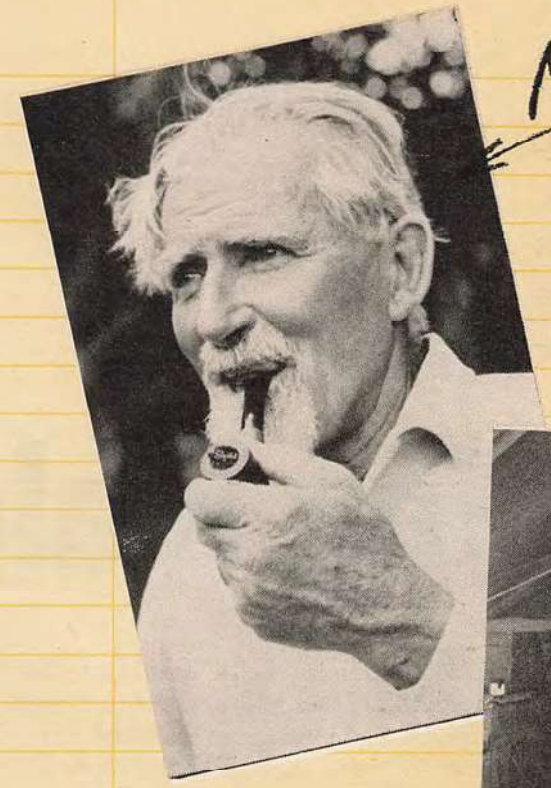
Case Two: Ralph W. Career style: job-hopping. Ralph's record has as many diverse jobs on it as Dave Phillips', but Ralph hasn't been able to make this diversity pay the way Dave did. In Ralph's case, the great number of short-term jobs hurt rather than helped. His career seemed to top out when he reached his mid-30's, and his last two job-hops were for very small gains in salary and none at all in status or responsibilities. He quit his last job at the age of 42 when a much younger man was moved into a spot over his head—a juicy promotion Ralph had coveted for himself. For the last five months he has been jobless.

Most men would like to match Dave Phillips' success by the time they reach 44. And though few would enjoy bouncing into Ralph W.'s situation, the feeling exists —particularly on college campuses and among young men just starting the long climb—that a man can improve his chances by making up his mind from the beginning to job-hop from one employer to another. Old-fashioned company loyalty is no longer the best bet. The risk of being dead-ended is too great. Perhaps. . . .

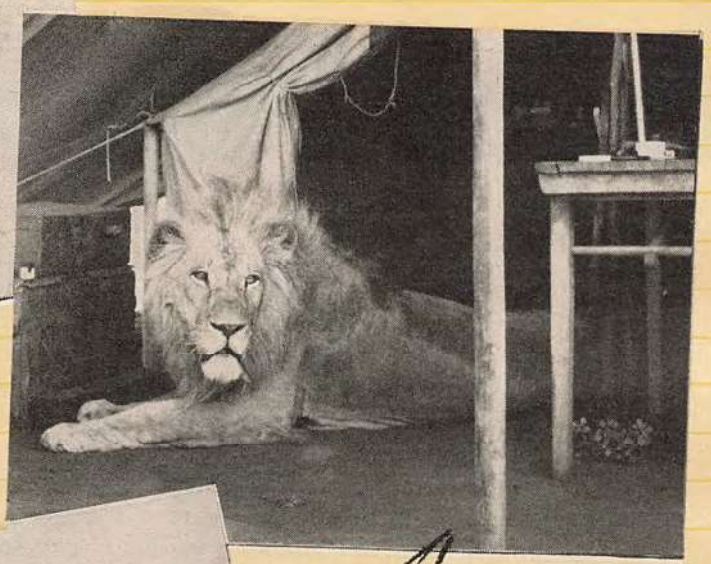
Case Three: Fred B. Career style: company wedlock. Fred B. joined International Business Machines right after college. A slow-track man, he never got rolling. Eventually he was shunted into a low-budgeted statistical operation in one of the company's less glamorous divisions, far from the mainstream of corporate life. There he sits today at the age of 43, unlikely ever to be seen by top management, unlikely even to be noticed by a recruiter from any other company, unable to quit because of the pension and profit-sharing money he would lose.

Case Four: A. Clark Daugherty. Career style: company wedlock. Daugherty joined the Rockwell Manufacturing Company as a sales trainee right after college and stayed there. A fast-track man, he made it to the top. Four years ago, at the age of 40, he became president of the company.

To hop or to wed? There's no easy answer to the question. Some do advance their careers by job-hopping, but others would be better off staying with one company. It's something high-salaried men talk about urgently and often. If you eavesdrop on country-club golf courses, at suburban cocktail parties, in obscure city restaurants at lunchtime, you will hear virtually the [*Continued on page* 90]



Me, thinking about lions I suppose



Ugas taking a rest. In my tent, of course

Virginia and Bill --they trusted girl

BY GEORGE ADAMSON

MY LIFE WITH THE "BORN FREE" LIONS

They had to learn to kill for themselves, to guard their territories, to mate with wild lions, to protect their cubs. It was a dangerous school for animals used to the soft life of movie actors. I've tried to help them in their struggle for freedom

■ In April, 1964, the Open Road Film Company engaged me as their technical adviser for making the film *Born Free*. This included the story of the lioness, Elsa, from the time of her capture to the birth of her cubs. (The whole of my wife Joy's book *Born Free* and part of the sequel *Living Free*.)

Not unreasonably, the director, who had had experience of filming animals, thought it would be necessary to use circus-trained lionesses for the principal parts, requiring intimate scenes with the two stars representing Joy and myself. After, it is said, looking at hundreds of lionesses in Europe, he finally chose two rather elderly circus-trained animals, Juba and Astra, owned by a dealer in Germany.

Early in June, the two actors, Virginia McKenna and her husband Bill Travers,arrived in Africa, and shortly afterward started to train with the lionesses. Both had insisted in their contracts with the company that no doubles would be employed for their scenes with lions.

After a few weeks, it became apparent that Juba and Astra were too old and temperamentally unfitted to take the part of Elsa. Their circus training and life seemed to have dried up their natural, friendly natures. There was always an uneasy feeling that they were measuring one up, waiting for a false move to take advantage. It was quite impossible for Virginia and Bill to behave in a normal carefree manner in their proximity. The relationship was completely different from that which Joy and I had enjoyed with Elsa. It was obvious that *Born Free* could not be made with these animals.

Fortunately, at this time the company acquired a nine-

From the book "A Lifetime with Lions" by George Adamson.
Copyright © 1968 by George Adamson. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

I wanted to save my lions from a lifetime of captivity

month-old lion and lioness from the Second Battalion of the Scots Guards which was returning shortly to England. Fortior and Unita, commonly known as Boy and Girl, had been the battalion mascots and were thoroughly used to being handled. In a few days the Travers had established friendly relations with them and these were maintained throughout the picture in spite of a most unfortunate accident to Virginia.

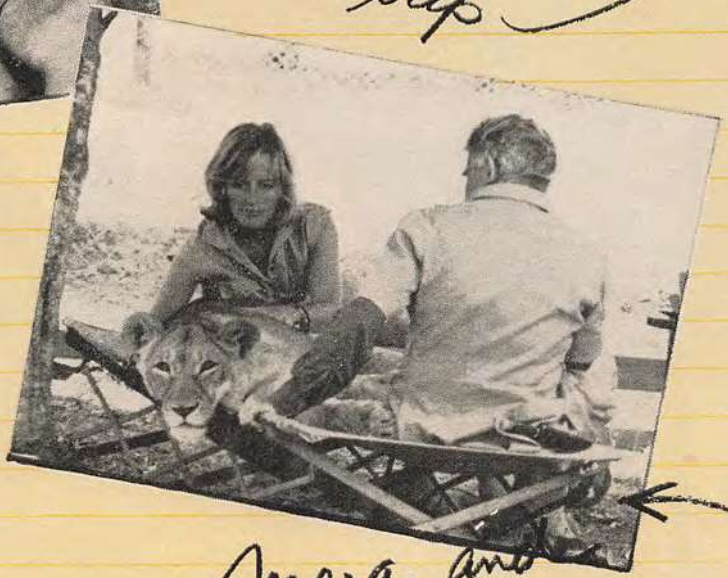
One morning she and Bill had taken Boy and Girl out on to the plains to exercise them. Lions at that age are extremely playful. Boy jumped on Virginia, and, catching her off balance, threw her to the ground. In falling, one of her ankles was broken in two places. Bill, who was some distance away, ran to her rescue. The lions, seeing her down, naturally thought it was all part of the fun and were bent on continuing the game. Bill had to carry Virginia to the car, which was several hundred yards away, while at the same time fending the lions off. Then having got her into the front seat of the Land Rover, he had to entice the reluctant lions into the caged-in back portion. No one could have blamed Virginia if she had decided to abandon the film but a few weeks later when she felt herself strong enough, she continued her relationship with the lions.

In July the Kenya National Parks organization lent a very fine 16-month-old lioness called Mara from their animal orphanage at Nairobi. Mara had been found abandoned when a baby near the Mara river in southern Kenya. She had been brought up as a family pet by a farming couple and, when about nine months old, handed over to the orphanage. Evidently the life of confinement had affected her nature. Now, finding herself in completely new surroundings, she showed signs of being distinctly dangerous. It was thought she could not be used and would have to be returned to the orphanage. However, I liked the look of Mara and had faith in her and therefore took it upon myself to try to win her trust and affection. I had a tent pitched up against her enclosure and placed my bed within a few inches of the wire from where I could talk to her, scratch her head and feed her delicacies through the wire at night. After about a week, by which time she had become thoroughly accustomed to my voice and scent, I ventured into her enclosure. She showed great affection but was extremely possessive, clasping me around the body, *(Continued on page 103)*

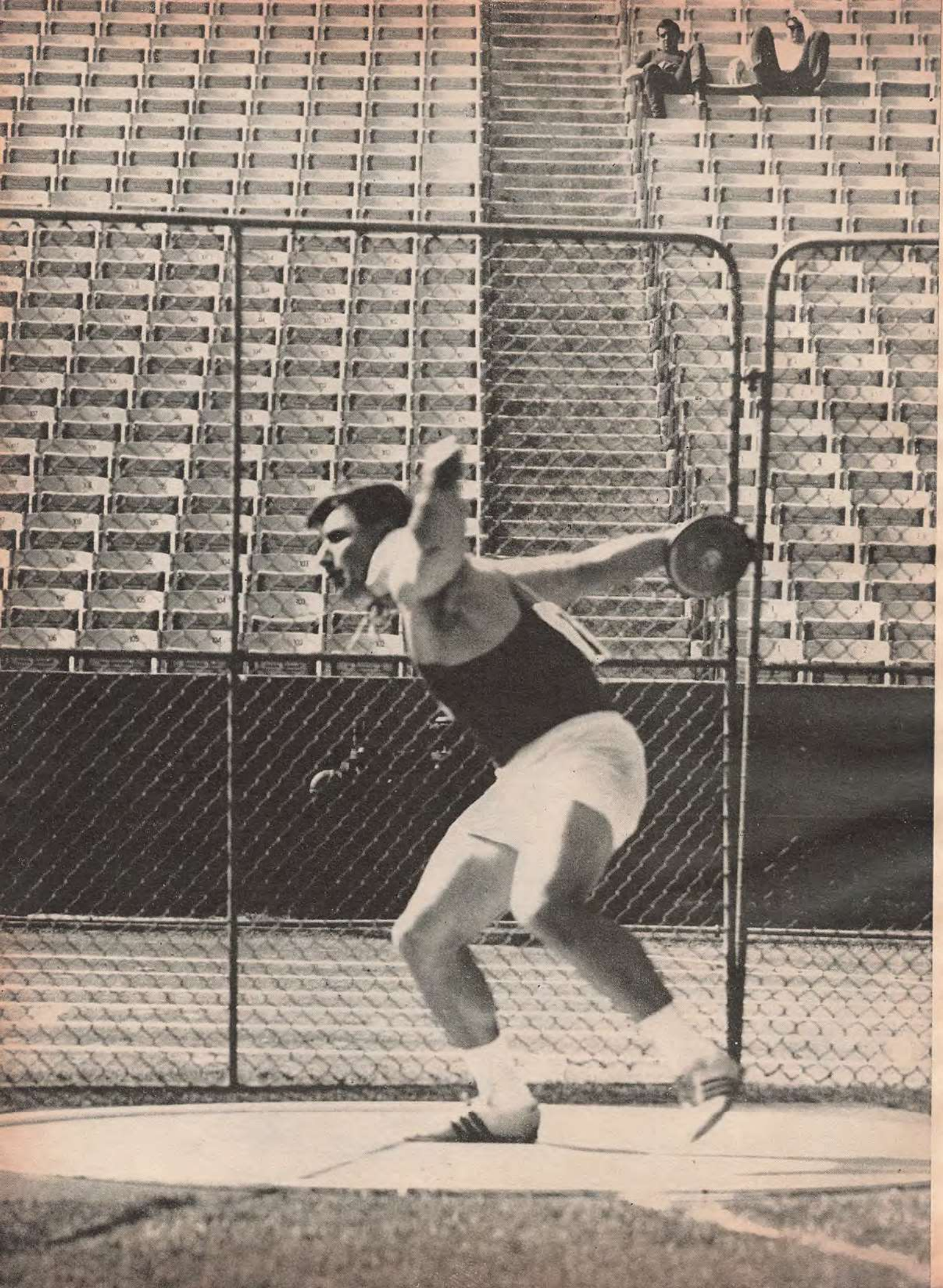
Girl's cub -- we called him "Sam"

Girl and I get ready for a trip

Sam's mother lost interest and I took over



Mara and me and movie star



BY AL STUMP

AMERICA'S TOP DISC JOCK SPINS LIKE A GOLDEN OLDIE

Big Al Oerter won Olympic gold medals by tossing the discus great distances in 1956, 1960 and 1964. This month, in Mexico, he's going for his fourth win

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED KAPLAN

■ In the Olympic Games, the 19th version of which begins October 13 in Mexico City, the "psych factor"—intimidating opponents in advance of the contest—is an angle many competitors consider very important. Take, for instance, Hungary's discus thrower Jozsef Szecsenyi, who looks like he's descended from Attila the Hun. Weighing 300 pounds, with hands hanging to his knees, Szecsenyi bills himself as the "Budapest Bear" and nonchalantly claims to be the strongest man in Europe.

At the Tokyo Olympics four years ago, the Bear made a show of getting off practice discus heaves of 180 feet—without bothering to take a spin. "Me greatest!" he rumbled, pounding his 52-inch chest. Anyone who could come within a dozen or so feet of the Olympic record from a flat-footed stance had to scare hell out of the opposition, and Szecsenyi added to their concern by bending steel tent stakes in half and eating a 12-pound roast at a sitting.

The one guy he couldn't scare was defending champion Al Oerter, of the U.S. weight team. But Big Al was injured, and without Oerter in the field, Szecsenyi was confident of winning; if he didn't, the gold medal in the most classic of Olympic events would probably go to the equally huge Ludvik Danek of Czechoslovakia or Edmund Piatkowski of Poland, both former world recordholders.

Eight days before the Games were to open, the veteran Oerter had slipped in a wet practice ring and torn the cartilage loose from three ribs. Bleeding internally, he was hospitalized, packed in ice and shot with pain-killers.

Team doctors gave him no chance to compete. Discus slingers get their "lift"—power—from the great muscles of the upper legs, torso, back and shoulders; and 12 hours before the gun was to go off Big Al still couldn't reach for a bowl of soup without assistance.

"I can make it," Oerter said, nonetheless.

Unsmiling, taciturn Alfred Adolph Oerter of West Islip, Long Island, is something different. This year's Games will mark the fourth time he has represented the U.S. in the Olympics. Rated by some experts as the top track-and-field competitor in the country's history, he's something of a medical phenomenon as well. In 1962, for example, pinched nerves in his neck left him semiparalyzed on his left side. Medical opinion was that he'd never again be able to throw well and maybe even never at all. But Oerter had a brace built of plaster and foam rubber which fitted around his neck and, wearing the cumbersome "horse collar," went out to California and set a world discus- [*Continued on page* 93]

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

BY W. W. WARD

"Dear Lady," they sobbed,
"you must help us."
And she did—
$1 million worth.

THE CASE OF THE

CRYING CON MEN

Leon Adjmi and his two sons were dealers in "objects of art." They were also three of the most incredible swindlers that Uncle Sam has ever tried to put behind bars

Papa found the suckers
and measured their wallets.
The boys did the fleecing.

■ On April 1, 1960, an attractive 68-year-old widow came to State Attorney Richard Gerstein's office in Miami with the story of an almost incredible swindle. In the previous six months, Mrs. Gladys McBride said, she had been fleeced out of more than $1,000,000 by the proprietors of two art galleries in Miami Beach.

"All they left me of my dead husband's fortune," she said to Gerstein and his assistant, Arthur Huttoe, "is a house crammed with worthless junk, a lingerie factory in France and a no-good husband they talked me into marrying."

Gerstein and Huttoe knew, even before Mrs. McBride finished, who the "art" dealers must be. Brothers Charles and Joseph Adjmi, with their father Leon, operated both the St. Regis Gallery and the Dresden Galleries a few blocks apart on plush Lincoln Road. The three men had set up their first shop in this rich tourist area in 1952, and the wave of complaints from defrauded art buyers had been rolling in ever since.

The state attorneys got out their file on the Adjmis. It was thick, almost literally tearstained and, so far, useless. It contained letter after letter like this one of 1953 from Toronto: "We bought $800 worth of linens and Dresden figurines and had them shipped to our home. When the crate arrived, it contained only worthless imitations, most of them broken."

As the two attorneys listened to Mrs. McBride, they recalled how, through the years, the deceptive practices of the Adjmis had grown more ingenious—and their fraudulent profits had increased. Gerstein winced as he glanced through the material in the file and remembered the futility of all the legal attempts to stop the family's flimflam trade. Case upon case had been dismissed for lack of evidence, since Adjmi

The Adjmis shopped for yachts and lived in baronial splendor. Then they made one simple little mistake

claims of authenticity for phony art goods were never put in writing, receipts were vague, or bilked buyers were too ashamed to admit their gullibility in public. Protected by canny lawyers, the Adjmis had continued to operate their "linen shop" racket without serious difficulty.

The trade got its name from the custom followed by certain low-grade art shops of putting expensive-looking linens on long tables in front of their establishments. The lace-edged tablecloths, supposedly handmade in Madeira, were actually cheap copies. A few were always picked out for exhibit as once having been owned by European nobility. If these failed to make tourists reach for their wallets, they were hustled inside to be shown paintings by "old masters," "rare" china, ivory, jade, tapestries and figurines, each guaranteed to be worth a small fortune. Having trained for years in this business of the artful cheat, the Adjmis had been well prepared for the golden fleece of Mrs. McBride.

"It started last August," the widow told the state attorneys, "while I was visiting in New Jersey."

She had purchased a beautiful vase from an Atlantic City art gallery for $1,250. But when the shipment arrived at her Miami home, the vase was missing. She wrote the gallery owner, who sent a salesman all the way down to talk to her. He didn't bring the vase, but he did sell her another $1,800 worth of art objects from the back of his station wagon. The next day he returned with a dark, smooth young man whom he introduced as Charles Adjmi, one of the owners of two fine art galleries in Miami Beach.

"I trusted him immediately," Mrs. McBride said. "He was so sincere and polished."

Charles asked if he could store a large Dresden statue of The Last Supper in her home. His gal-

The hottest idea of all left their racket in ashes.

Where are the Adjmis now?

Would you believe Hong Kong,

Beirut or Teheran?

lery had been offered $25,000 for it, he said, and during the bargaining the customer had insisted it be removed from display. Mrs. McBride agreed. The next day Charles returned with his brother Joseph. They brought several oriental vases which they claimed were worth $25,000.

"But you are our friend," Joseph told her softly. "You can have them for only $6,500."

She refused—and was astounded at the scene that followed. Joseph broke into tears, and Charles, with a moan of anguish, fell to his knees and crawled to her across the floor.

"You must help us, dear lady!" he sobbed. "If you don't, we are ruined!"

They explained that the money was needed to get goods out of customs. A buyer for Marshall Field, the Chicago department store, was at their galleries with a check now. If they couldn't pay the duty, they would lose the sale and face bankruptcy. Would she, then, at least loan them the money and hold the vases and the Dresden statue as security?

"I can't stand to see grown men cry," the widow admitted to the state attorneys. "Besides, they offered me a share in the profits."

She said that when she gave them a check, Charles kissed her hand. The brothers returned three times that month, bringing other art objects for additional loans. She tried refusing, but each time they filled her house with shrieks and groans. So, on their assurance that the money would be returned threefold, she wrote checks totaling $86,000. When she insisted on an appraisal of the objects, Joseph brought in a sweet-faced man with sad brown eyes, whom he introduced as John McGuerney, a wealthy art connoisseur. McGuerney examined the art pieces, and immediately offered Joseph $600,000 for the lot. Joseph turned him down, but [*Continued on page* 74]

They floated 100 miles of the Snake River, hunting the small islands and avoiding the crowds on the banks. The rewards were rich, including even a couple of mule deer BY TED TRUEBLOOD

■ Early one frosty morning last fall, Peter Barrett and I started to back out of my driveway just as a neighbor pulled away from his. He noticed the canoe on our car, stopped, rolled down his window, and said, "For God's sake, Ted, are you going fishing *again?* This is November!"

"Not this time," I replied. "We're going hunting. But we're going to get away from the crowds. You should see the mob of hunters out now."

The Snake River in southwestern Idaho and eastern Oregon is bordered along most of its way by fertile farmland that produces thousands of pheasants and quail. But the birds attract almost as many thousands of hunters from the populous West Coast. Pete and I had found a way to elude them: we floated the river.

Far from interfering with our sport, the hunters on the mainland actually helped us by driving birds to the islands we were hunting. One day we were eating lunch on an island, with the canoe pulled up on the beach beside us, when three hunters and a dog entered a cornfield on the riverbank a quarter of a mile across the water. Minutes later, a flock of pheasants, including four cocks, took to the air from the field and sailed over to our island. We gulped the last few bites, picked up our guns and went hurrying to the cover where they had settled.

It may seem crazy to hunt upland birds with a boat, but the method makes sense. First, it gets you away from land-roving competition. Second, it takes you to covers only lightly hunted because they're not near a road. Finally, the floating itself is something of an adventure.

Sportsmen often think of boating only in connection with fishing. There are streams all over the country that they float to fish, but when the hunting season arrives they put their boats away. They're making a mistake. Pete and I had some great days—one of the greatest of which started out terribly.

Our system was to float awhile, taking turns in the bow with a gun for the ducks we jumped, then to go ashore in a likely spot for pheasants and quail. Hunting on foot was always a welcome change after sitting in the canoe for an hour; on the other hand, after tramping for a mile or two, it felt good to get back in the canoe.

Here is one of the real advantages of float hunting: with a car, a hunter can *rest* as he drives from spot to spot, but he isn't hunting. In a boat he can jump ducks, shoot squirrels from the overhanging trees, or watch for deer. He really hunts *all day*, from morning till night.

On this particular morning there were few ducks on the river, so we decided to hunt the first island we came to for pheasants and quail. After two fruitless hours, during which my pointer, Rip, didn't once make game, I said to Pete, "They're just not here today. Let's go back to the canoe."

We stopped, but Rip kept going toward a tangled thicket of willows, wild roses and dogbane a couple of hundred feet ahead. In seconds, pheasants started pouring out like angry hornets. We ran hard to get in range—too late.

Disgusted, we sat down to our pipes. "At least," I said, "we're *seeing* lots of game."

Pete agreed. "Getting a fair share, too—until today." He took a thoughtful puff, and added, "It sure helps to hunt spots that can't be reached by car. Funny. You're always seeing stories about float-fishing trips, but never about float hunting. Yet there are streams almost everywhere that could be floated for some kind of game."

We went on to hunt the remainder of the island without success, and when we got back to the canoe, Pete looked at his watch. "It's nearly noon!" he exclaimed. "Let's find a good spot and broil a couple of yesterday's pheasants for lunch."

"A couple?" I was shocked.

"Hell, yes! If we can't hunt we can eat. Besides, we had a light breakfast."

While we'd been drifting for ducks earlier we'd carried the three-horse outboard motor inside the canoe. Now we clamped it on the stern and prowled among the islands until we found an ideal place.

The sweet-smelling smoke from a fire soon curled up. We set water to boiling for tea and spitted our two pheasants on a green willow branch, first rubbing them inside and out with salad oil and sprinkling them liberally with salt and pepper. When the flames had died and the coals were red, we suspended the spit above them.

As we rotated it from time to time, the skins of the birds changed gradually from pale yellow to golden, crusty brown. The crust began to crack in spots, and mouth-watering juice ran out to sputter on the glowing coals. The wonderful aroma maddened the pangs of appetite. We hadn't realized that we were starving.

But waiting for the birds to cook was pleasant, too. The sun was warm, and we sat in our shirtsleeves. After floating and hunting for several days, it was easy to succumb to the lazy mood of the river. We smoked our pipes and enjoyed a touch of youth restorer, and watched a few coots float by, pecking at bits of moss on the water.

At last the birds were done. We took them off the coals, poured bubbling water over tea bags, and sliced into a loaf of homemade bread. Then we split a pheasant and ate it, and split the other one and ate that, too. If you doubt a man can eat a whole cock pheasant, you should have seen us tear into those!

The time came to load the canoe and be off to another island. It was awful. The place crawled with pheasants and quail and was so brushy that dog and men alike were all but helpless. The quail flew deep into the undergrowth and the pheasants flew to the mainland and we didn't get a shot. When we struggled back to the canoe Pete said, "At least we had a good lunch."

He was right. Lunch had been the only bright spot of the day. But we still had one thing going. Most of the pheasants that had eluded us had flown to the mainland on the Idaho side of the river. Thanks to the fact that we had a canoe rather than a car, we could follow them.

We crossed to the mainland and pulled the canoe well up. Then we started walking. We plodded through brush and weeds and grass and past a cornfield. We didn't see a thing. Rip was tired, Pete and I were tired. I finally said, "Let's sit down for a smoke."

That would have been my second mistake of the day, but Pete had more guts. He pointed to a strip of yellowed cornstalks. "I think I heard a rooster crow."

He simply didn't want to quit. Then, as we approached the corn, we saw pheasants running. We ran, too—Pete toward one end, I to the other.

We reached the two ends of the corn 75 yards apart, with Rip in the middle. All at once the air was full of pheasants. The birds we'd been following were here, getting their evening meal of corn, and we had them between us.

Pete had a double gun and I had a pump, and we put five beautiful cock pheasants on the ground in as many seconds. That kind of score doesn't happen often—not on a "covey rise."

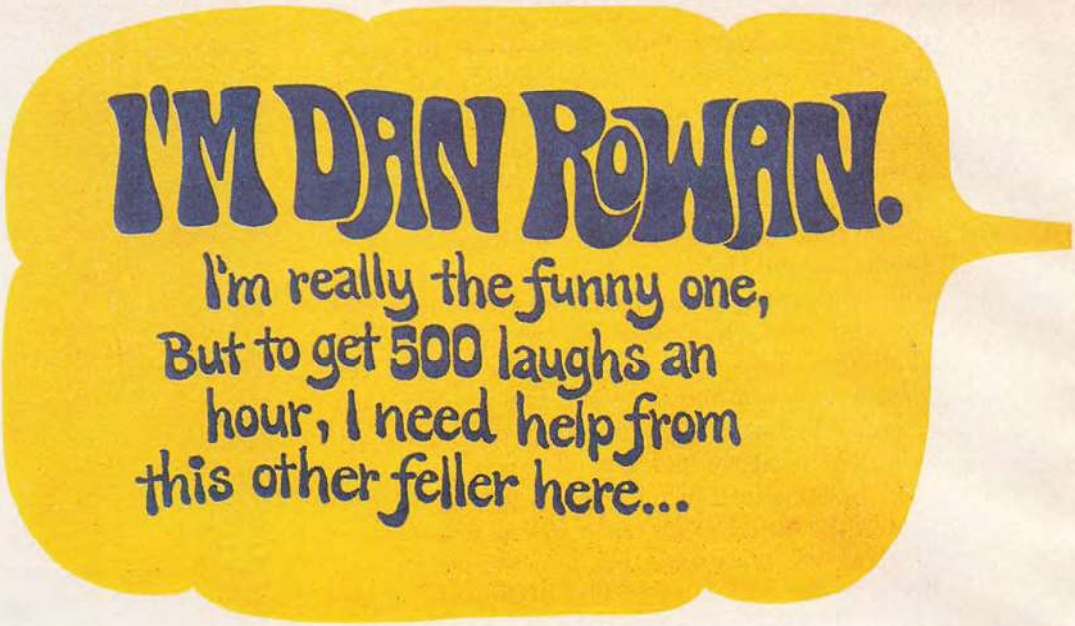
While we were helping Rip find the downed birds, he snapped to a solid point on a tangle of cornstalks. Pete walked over and a sixth cock flared out. He dropped it in a shower of feathers that drifted down like multicolored snow in the red rays of the lowering sun.

There was a little patch of weeds and wild roses not far away. Maybe some of the pheasants from the corn had run to it instead of flying. We hurried over, circled half around to opposite sides and put Rip in. Two cocks thrashed out. We each killed one. We had our limits—eight pheasants in what couldn't possibly have been eight minutes.

Our weariness was gone. We stuffed the birds into our stretching [*Continued on page* 83]

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER BARRETT

Going Hunting? Take A Boat!



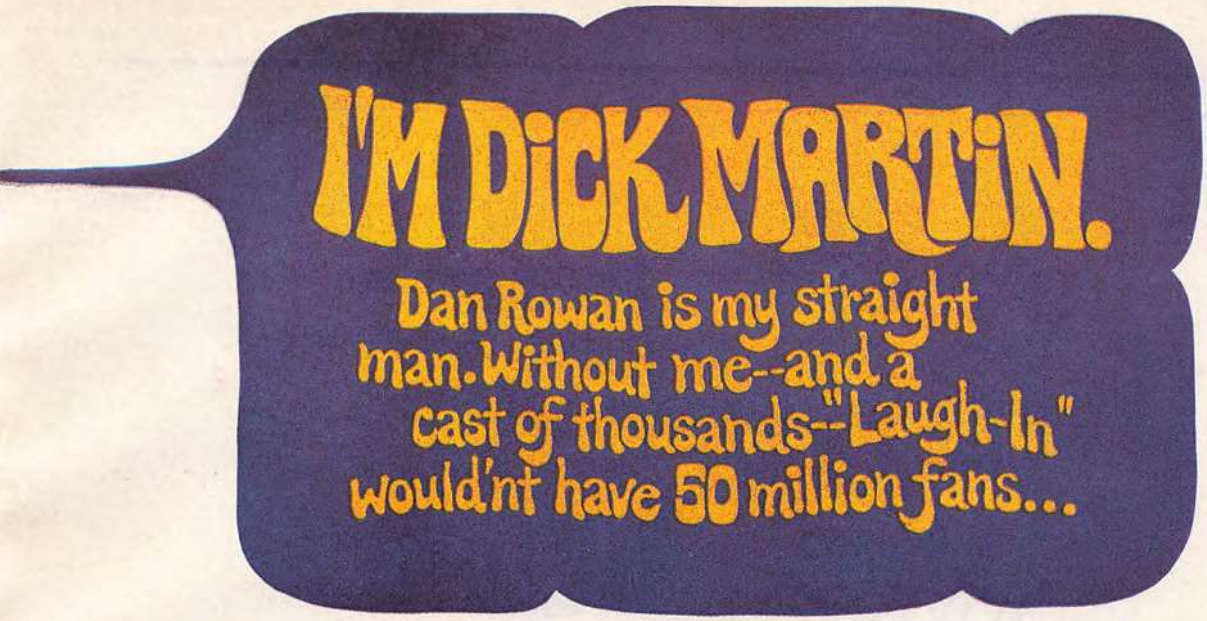
TV'S "LAUGH-IN"— WHAT IS ITS SECRET INGREDIENT?

BY DAVID SHABER

■ The fact is that the television show which took America by storm last season starred two people whom most Americans knew only vaguely, if at all. A limited audience might have seen them when they were the summer replacement for Dean Martin a few seasons back and an even more limited number might remember them from their work in nightclubs. But frankly, people often mixed them up with other comedy teams whose names float around in the back of the public's mind—Allen and Rossi, Wayne and Shuster, Rowan and Martin, it was hard to tell them apart. Oh, they were okay maybe, but nothing special. And certainly the last pair you'd figure to be the superstars of the television supersuccess of the decade, that mad combination of sight gags, one liners and sheer idiocy called the Rowan and Martin *Laugh-In*.

Moreover, now that the television season is upon us again, the industry is wondering whether the new wonder boys can pull it off again—while most of the television audience is still trying to figure out who they are in the first place.

But to get the full flavor of the mystery, you must understand this first: The *Laugh-In* is not merely a success in the usual television press agent-baloney way. No, it is a leviathan, a behemoth, a veritable monster among successes, a smash hit squared, a sensation to the third power, the kind of phenomenon that sends the television press boys hunting new vocabularies,



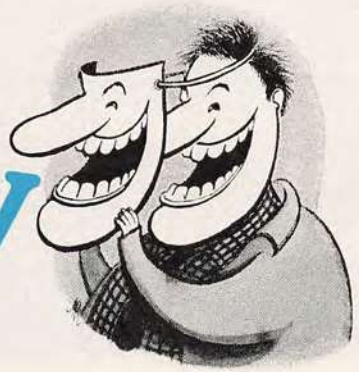
new categories, even new languages; it fills them with the messianic glow of revealed religion.

Fact: Not only did the *Laugh-In* begin in the middle of the season, replacing *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, but it was also stacked in the same time slot as two of the most successful shows in the business, *Gunsmoke* and *The Lucy Show.* And as Gerald Jaffe, NBC's ratings manager, put it, "*Nobody* beats Lucy."

Fact: Within eight weeks it was regularly beating Lucy, pulling an average of 35 percent of those tuned in at that hour. This works out to something over 50 million people watching every show. Not bad for a pair of comics largely unknown to the television audience.

Fact: Before long, the show pulled up to a 41-percent share of the audience; and anything over 40, quoth Jaffe, "is practically unheard of." Moreover, the more NBC found out about *who* was watching, the better things looked. For a change, here seemed to be a show that intelligent people weren't ashamed to watch; you didn't have to switch to David Susskind when someone else came into the room. In fact, analyses argued that the higher your income and social status, the *more* you were apt to watch the *Laugh-In.* In New York, for instance, with seven channels to choose from, over half the viewing audience was tuned to Rowan and Martin on six different occasions. "I mean," said the show's [*Continued on page* 99]

this funny life



A girl friend and myself had talked our husbands into baby-sitting for a weekend while we took the train to Chicago for a tour of the Chicago Art Institute.

On the day of our departure, our husbands dutifully saw us off at the station. As they walked away, waving, my friend's husband shouted to us, "If you girls ever work this town again, be sure to give us a call!"

Name withheld at writer's request
Minneapolis, Minn.

When our local post office considered arming all the truck drivers with revolvers, some of the drivers expressed a lack of enthusiasm.

Moving to nip discontent in the bud, the front office issued each driver a questionnaire to be filled in and returned at once. The question, "What would you do in the event of an attempted robbery?" drew an identical response from all the drivers: "I would give them the mail, the gun, the truck—and a dollar for gas!"

The guns were never issued.

Bill Cantey
Charleston, S.C.

While waiting to get a haircut on a recent visit to the barbershop, I couldn't help overhearing a unique bit of salesmanship. My barber, who happens to be quite bald, was trying to sell a particular brand of hair tonic to the customer in the chair.

"But how can you sell hair tonic when you have no hair yourself?" he was challenged.

"What's wrong with that," my barber replied. "I know a guy who sells brassieres."

Name withheld at writer's request
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

The following sign is prominently posted in the examining room of a Southern California Army Induction Center:

ALL INDUCTEES SHOULD
STRIP TO THE WAIST—
FROM BOTH ENDS.

Ron Greer
Hollywood, Cal.

My husband, who is on the City Council, came home from a Council meeting and told me of the following incident. The mayor had been awakened at 3 a.m. by a phone call from an irate citizen who happened to be a minister who had found a dead jackass on his front lawn and wanted it removed.

Irritated by the unusual call, the mayor pointed out that it was the minister's duty to bury the dead.

The minister wasn't shaken. "It's also my pastoral duty to notify the next of kin!" he fired back.

Name withheld at writer's request
Goodland, Kan.

The following incident took place while I was serving aboard the *USS A. J. Isbell* (DD-869), at the close of the Korean conflict. Under the cover of darkness, some of our officers, masquerading as enlisted men, left the ship aboard an LCVP (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) with a can of gray paint. Faking engine trouble, they drifted to the stern of the *USS Brinkley Bass,* moored astern the *USS A. J. Isbell.*

Carefully and quietly they went to work covering up the black letters "B" in the ship's name with the gray paint.

The next morning, there for everyone in port to see, was the masterpiece of the officers of the *Isbell*—the *USS RINKLEY ASS.*

D. B. Parker
Port St. Joe, Fla.

I was hoaxing one of the young female teachers in our school into believing I possessed ESP and could actually read her thoughts. She suggested we try an experiment in which she would concentrate on an object at precisely 6 p.m. and I, 40 miles away, would try to guess what that object was.

The next morning in school I confessed that the experiment hadn't worked, but only because I'd taken a nap from 5:45 to 6:15, thereby missing the appointed time.

Later in the day, when I walked into the faculty lounge, she greeted me with: "Do you want to do it again tonight?"

That aroused everyone's interest, but the clincher came when she asked, "And this time try not to go to sleep!"

Noel Hauser
Deposit, N.Y.

A respected spinster in our town charged three teen-age youths with assault and attempted rape.

The court, as well as the attending crowd, was stunned on the day of the hearing when the woman rose to say that she was dropping all charges. Her reason? She had thought the matter over carefully and had decided "that the boys should be freed and given another chance!"

Susan Wheeler
Benton, Ill.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN WYNN

CREATURE COMFORTS

■ The Age of the Hairy Happening is upon us. Furs shaggy and sleek, curly and flat, formal, casual—and sometimes frankly funny—are all part of today's scene. Men who are still hanging back may be encouraged by the example set by the late, great (6'5¾", 260 lbs.) Primo Carnera, whose own custom-made raccoon coat, opposite, is still stopping traffic. On this page are four different looks from two leading New York designers: top left, beige nutria, unplucked and unsheared, in a double-breasted version (Arthur Phaff, about $450); next, a smoke-gray duffel in French rabbit with an attached hood and beltlike fastenings (Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport, about $350); second row, left, a dark-brown calfskin trench coat with leather belt and binding (about $400); and a double-breasted Swakara lamb "British" coat (about $650; both by Arthur Phaff). All turtlenecks by Izod. ■

THE CRYING CON MEN

[*Continued from page 63*]

the widow was impressed. She agreed to have dinner that night with the Adjmis and McGuerney.

Over dessert, Joseph began to cry.

"He's upset because of what's going to happen to those poor orphans," Charles explained. They had been trying to raise enough money to buy a lingerie factory in France for a Catholic priest named Father Leon, who would use part of the profits to support an orphanage. But a horrible German financier wanted the factory, too, and if he bought it, the orphanage would be closed.

Mrs. McBride, recounting the story, spread her hands. "I'm a Catholic, and the fate of those poor waifs touched my heart."

She gave the brothers a check for $90,000, plus $5,000 to send Charles to France. He returned quickly with a cherubic-faced little man in black robes, whom he introduced as Father Leon himself. The good French father, who spoke perfect English, brought bad news. The financier was so enraged at being thwarted that he was going to purchase the rest of the town, convert the orphans' home into a tourist lodge and turn the children out on the street.

"I gave them another $100,000," she said, "to buy the village before that awful man did."

From that moment, the requests for cash were constant. If she hesitated, the Adjmis broke into wails about bankruptcy.

"I got used to their bawling," Mrs. McBride said with a sigh, "but I didn't want to lose what I'd already put in."

She showed State Attorney Gerstein canceled checks for one month. They came to $570,848.

"After that," she said, "whenever they cried, I cried right along with them."

One night the brother told her that Mr. McGuerney liked her so much he wanted to marry her. The rich connoisseur would then put up all the additional money needed for the factory. He seemed a nice man, and she was lonely, so she agreed. But first, Joseph said, they needed another $85,000 quickly. She didn't have it, but gave them $20,000 and the deed to her home.

She and McGuerney flew to New York on what turned out to be a platonic honeymoon. At first she paid all the expenses. When she then suggested he might at least split the hotel bill, he blew up. He was not a rich art collector, he had shouted. His name was Emile Halfon, and he had worked for the Adjmis for years.

Mrs. McBride promptly flew home—and found Joseph waiting for her. Another $7,126 was needed, he said, for silk shipments to the factory in France.

The widow was near the end of her story, and she looked at Gerstein and drew a deep breath. "I gave him a check and went to the house I no longer owned to add up my Adjmi investments. They came to $1,006,225. I was broke."

The state attorneys eyed each other for a moment. This might, at last, be their chance. "Will you tell your story in court?" Huttoe asked.

"I'd give half that million," the widow replied bitterly, "to see them cry—and mean it!"

Ten days later, the Adjmis were served with papers charging them with grand larceny. The summons was served as the brothers were celebrating their financial rape of Mrs. McBride with a lavish party around their swimming pool. Papa Leon watched proudly as his sons cavorted with rich bikini-clad girls. They had come far, he thought, watching the bubbles rise in his thin-stemmed glass.

Leon's family had been members of a tribe of Gypsies who roamed the Middle East, and Leon had learned as a toddler in Syria that he could wheedle more out of the local farmers' wives if he squeezed a few tears down his dirt-streaked face. When his father brought the family to New York, young Leon was sent out with a pushcart to sell cheap linens and rugs. His ready flood of tears usually emptied his cart before noon.

His sons Charles and Joseph had also become experts in the linen-shop racket. Charles was a millionaire at 19, and Joseph, three years younger, had so much money he bought a yellow Cadillac convertible for cash. Papa Leon himself had done well enough that when he was found guilty of evading income taxes in 1943 and 1944, he calmly wrote a personal check for $594,203 before the astonished judge.

When their operations got too hot in the North, the family moved to Miami Beach. They rented the St. Regis and Dresden Galleries and in preparation for their grand opening, convinced an old Gypsy pal, who ran the Belfast Imports Gallery in neighboring Miami, that it was time he retired, for a price. But first the pal ordered all the goods he could from wholesalers in New York. When they clamored for payment three months later, he informed them he was bankrupt. The next week the Adjmis opened their galleries stocked with remarkably similar goods.

They hired two salesmen, Emile Halfon and James David Albert, both of Syrian-Gypsy stock and expert linen pushers, and quickly became known as "the crying Adjmis."

With their father, they invented many gambits to garner tourist dollars. One was the Gee system, a "Gee" being any gullible art patron. The name of such a customer about to vacation in another city would be rushed to brother linen pushers in the area for a price, along with information on the hotel where he would stay, his description, his preferences in the art field and even an estimate of the amount for which he might be taken. Other dodges were The Loan, which had victimized Mrs. McBride and The Take, which consisted of palming off phony merchandise as authentic. The Loan was usually worked in conjunction with the Cruel Creditor, wherein customers were induced to put up large sums to save the Adjmis from bankruptcy.

Papa Leon moved into the background after a few years to handle the techniques of concealing assets and profits from Internal Revenue agents. He consulted with the attorneys when the galleries were threatened with lawsuits, and he devised ways to escape any legal recourse from irate customers. Between 1952 and 1960, he and his sons beat every charge, and local authorities almost gave them up as invulnerable.

But, although his family lived extremely well, Papa Leon still wasn't satisfied. "You've got to be more daring," he told his sons as early as 1957. "Leave the small fry to the salesmen and go after the big money. Don't settle for what somebody's saved up for a vacation. If a Gee looks big, I'll make a few phone calls and get his financial rating. Then you'll know what to shoot for."

One of their first victims was L. T. Tugwell. When he strolled into the St. Regis Gallery looking for a Wedgwood flowerpot, he had just retired with over a million dollars. The Adjmis didn't have the flowerpot, but the 67-year-old industrialist was impressed by their sincerity

TRUE

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"Take this prescription to any barbershop!"

and agreed to come back the next morning.

Papa Leon ran an overnight financial check and told his sons to shoot for at least a half-million dollars. When Tugwell arrived, Joseph greeted him breathlessly. The galleries had made a down payment on the art collection of Nazi Field Marshal Hermann Göering. It had been hidden by Göering's servants and just smuggled into the country.

"They were offered to us first," Charles said. "But it's too big a deal for us to handle alone. We are willing to cut you into the huge profits, millions at least!"

Mr. Tugwell listened politely and said all he wanted was a Wedgwood flowerpot.

He was dumbfounded at what developed. Joseph broke into wild sobs, and Charles tore his hair. They would lose their money, their business and a fortune as well. If Mr. Tugwell wouldn't go in on the deal, would he accept several of the most valuable of the paintings as security for a loan? When the collection was sold they would then cut him in on the enormous profits.

Tugwell inspected a few of the "priceless" works and agreed to the loan, if an expert verified their authenticity. Not unpredictably, the expert called in was Emile Halfon, who was amazed that such fine treasures were available. He helped Tugwell pick out several as security for a quarter-million-dollar loan. Papa Leon, however, pointed out to his sons that they'd got only half the amount Tugwell could be parted from. He now suggested another idea. Later in the week Joseph phoned Tugwell. He sounded so excited that the industrialist came immediately. They had been offered some really priceless treasures, Joseph told him, from the private galleries of Nelson Rockefeller and Sir Winston Churchill.

"They know us by reputation," Charles put in.

The works of art had already been delivered, and expert Emile Halfon would soon be on hand to examine them. When Halfon arrived, he uttered little screams of pleasure. The Adjmis should snap them up without delay.

"But we haven't that much money," Joseph said, and he and Charles began to cry.

Halfon turned on Tugwell. He should help them out, the "expert" said. Millions of dollars were involved, if the paintings could be bought cheap. If Tugwell would advance the money, Halfon would give the industrialist his personal IOU. Tugwell agreed. He wrote out a second check, bringing his investments in the Adjmis enterprises to a total of $504,935, for which he was to hold 191 paintings as security.

Out of ready cash, the millionaire went to his bank to arrange a substantial loan. He offered Halfon's IOU as collateral. The banker checked on Halfon—and told Tugwell he must be joking. Emile Halfon was not only penniless, but he had a long police record.

When Tugwell came back to the galleries to tell the brothers their expert was a fake, they wept tears of horror. But to safeguard Tugwell, they agreed they would put the 191 paintings in storage pending a big art sale. A half-dozen such rare treasures should repay his loans in full.

Tugwell eagerly agreed. "You are my true friends," he said.

The paintings were crated and placed in a nearby warehouse. Joseph quietly applied at once for $300,000 in insurance. If the brothers arranged a fire, they could not only renege on the Tugwell loans, but collect a big settlement as well. Joseph hired a New York hood to start the blaze. But before the paintings were even scorched, a passerby smelled smoke, and firemen put the blaze out.

They knew it was arson and notified State Attorney Gerstein's office. Gerstein, already experienced with the Adjmis, called in a genuine art expert, who declared the entire lot fakes, with an appraisal value of about $8,000.

Tugwell refused to file charges. He felt that his dear friends, Charles and Joseph, had been duped, too. Gerstein could do nothing.

The Adjmis felt now that they were impregnable to the law, and they moved on to a new and profitable trick, but one with a hidden danger which even Papa Leon's shifty mind overlooked.

On January 23, 1958, the front awning of the Dresden Galleries caught fire—legitimately—and its metal frame crashed down, shattering the window and showering broken glass on the cheap figurines on display. Joseph was filling out a routine claim for a few hundred dollars' damage when a man named Edward Marsh stopped by. He told Joseph he was an independent insurance adjuster, and would handle their claim for only 10 percent of the settlement.

"The company will handle it for free," Joseph said. "Why should I pay you?"

Marsh asked to see the invoices on the figurines and selected two listed at $125 and $160. Then with a pen he skillfully changed the figures to $1,125 and $1,160. Joseph looked at them admiringly. The two men shook hands. Marsh made out a claim for $5,042, and the next week brought in a settlement for $3,946.90. He was introduced to Papa Leon, and the two understood each other immediately.

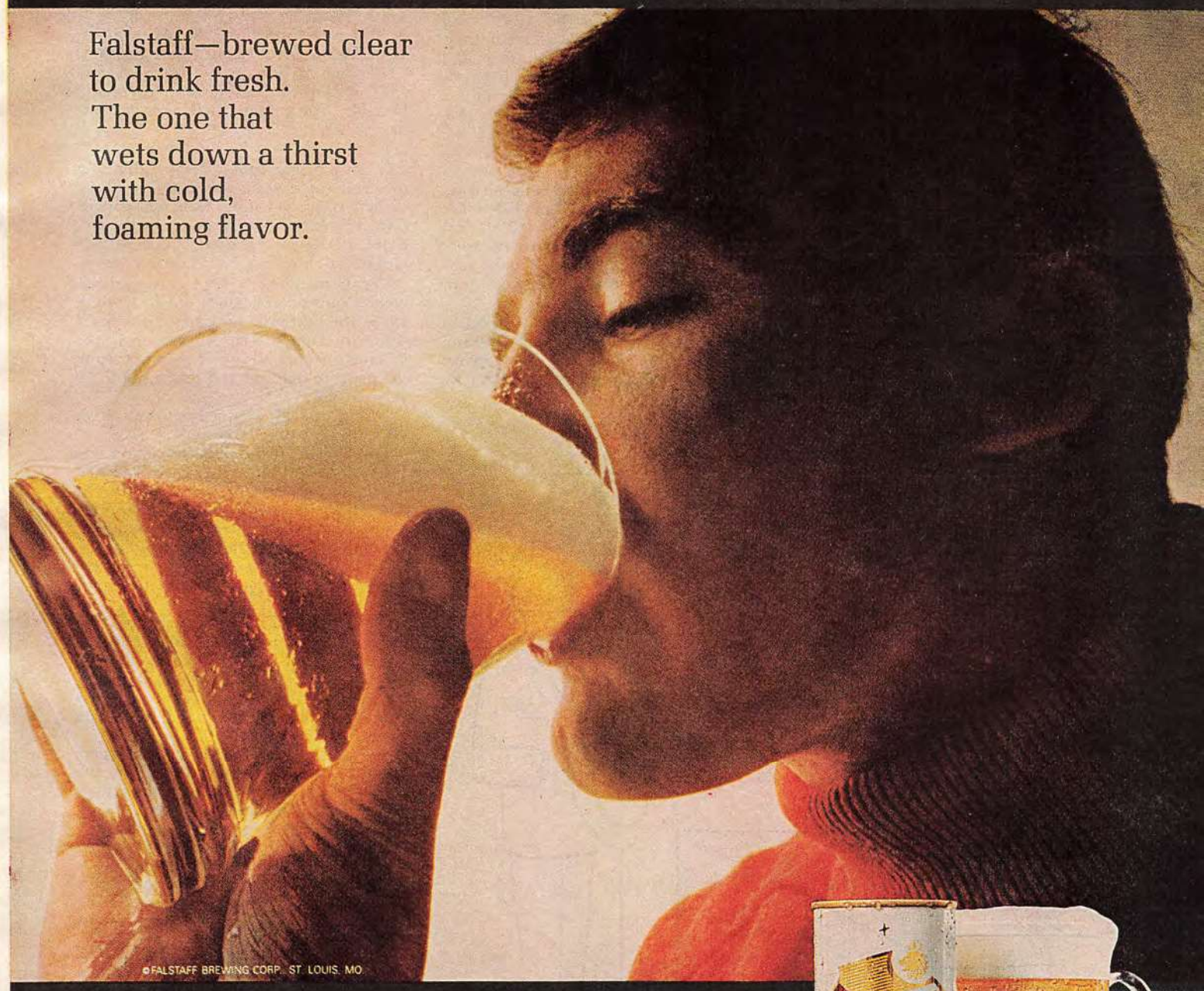
"We must have more fires," Papa Leon told his sons. Joseph was put in charge of the new Adjmi "fire department." His first step was to increase the insurance on the Dresden Galleries to the limit. A month after the first fire, another broke out in the Dresden Galleries, and Marsh mailed the General Adjustment Bureau in Miami invoices showing an inventory of $300,393.19, with claims of fire, smoke, soot and water damage amounting to $193,989.10. Adjusters were sent to check, and not knowing good art from bad, they awarded the claim in full.

On April 22, the gallery had a third fire, and Marsh presented claims for $300,000. But one of the adjusters inspected the fake invoices closely. They showed claims for damage to art goods which, by their catalogue numbers, had been totally destroyed in the previous fire. The claim was disallowed.

"We were too greedy," Papa Leon admitted. But the blaze wasn't a total loss. The French Shop, a few doors away, claimed damage to its stock of dresses from drifting smoke. Marsh collected $6,832.57 for its owner, who, incidentally, was an Adjmis relative. Inspired, the Adjmis had their next fire in the dress establishment, and though the wind was blowing in the wrong direction, claimed

the thirst slaker

Falstaff—brewed clear
to drink fresh.
The one that
wets down a thirst
with cold,
foaming flavor.



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Falstaff®

that smoke and soot drifted into the gallery. The French Shop collected $20,228.93 through Marsh, and the Adjmis netted $51,188 on a claim of $181,597.32.

In September a fire sprang up at Antique Imports, Inc., on East Flagler Street in Miami, which the Adjmis had taken over and faked a transfer to another kinsman. The blaze was discovered by a neighbor, total damage was less than $25, and firemen used less than five gallons of water. Nevertheless, when insurance adjusters arrived, the salesroom was littered with broken statuettes and figurines, linens were black with soot, and water lay three inches deep on the floor. The claim was for $208,150.37.

While that claim was pending, another fire broke out in the French Shop. Sooty smoke, of course, drifted into the Dresden Galleries. Marsh filed a claim by the dress shop for $168,504.13, and one for the gallery of $188,235.51. The insurance companies quickly canceled all Adjmi policies, but not until a total of $306,680.53 had been paid out.

The insurance companies then assigned Roderick Goeriz, special agent for the National Board of Fire Underwriters, to look into the Adjmi blazes. Goeriz found outright fraud difficult to prove. But he had an idea and called on the U.S. Postal Inspector's office in Miami. The fraudulent claims were delivered by mail, he pointed out. Quietly, teams of postal inspectors began checking the leads that Goeriz provided.

The Adjmis, learning of the insurance investigation, considered it harmless. Then in early fall of 1959, they were offered Mrs. Gladys McBride as a Gee by their New Jersey compatriot. Papa Leon carefully determined the size of the fortune her husband had left her, and they decided to shoot for the works. A man could buy a pretty big yacht for $1,000,000. When their combined ingenuity had stripped the widow of her fortune, even Papa Leon admitted he was satisfied. State Attorney Gerstein filed his grand larceny charges against the family in September, 1960, but they weren't bothered. Hadn't their lawyers taken care of such things in the past?

On October 24, 1960, the widow calmly told her story to a jury. A guilty verdict was returned, and the Adjmis and Emile Halfon alias John McGuerney, were sentenced to five years in prison and fined $1,000 each. They hastily appealed, but State Attorney Gerstein didn't appear perturbed. He knew the secret postal inspectors' investigation was rolling. The inspectors were thorough. True invoices secured from New York wholesalers were compared with ballooned invoices that the Adjmis had mailed to the insurance companies. Objects of art claimed to have been destroyed were found in customers' homes. Goods supposedly burned in one fire showed up in claims for another.

The inspectors learned that Joseph had filed a property tax with the city of Miami listing Adjmi assets at $12,500. A sworn statement dated the next day for an insurance claim listed a merchandise inventory of $266,403. On their federal tax return for the year, goods on hand were valued at $89,870.34, but insurance claims for the Dresden Galleries fire stated that damage to merchandise was $300,393.49.

Unaware of the trend of the post office investigation, Papa Leon and his boys confidently awaited the outcome of their appeal on the McBride conviction. Joseph, still unmarried, became engaged to a wealthy Miami girl, and Papa Leon went shopping for a yacht big enough for a world cruise. It was a beautiful life—until December 8, 1960. Then, at a party around their pool, the three Adjmis were served with another indictment. Papa Leon stopped reading at the familiar word "fraud."

"Take care of this," he said with a yawn, handing the paper to his attorney.

The lawyer read it.

"You've used the mails to defraud!" he said. "You've got Uncle Sam on your necks now."

The only bright spot for the Adjmis in the next three years was a reversal by a higher court on the McBride conviction. While business went on in the galleries, it wasn't "as usual." The Adjmis looked sad, but they didn't cry any more.

Legal maneuvers kept the government's case out of court until October, 1963, when the trial took place in federal court in Tampa. On November 1, the defendants were all found guilty of using the mails to defraud and sentenced to 10 years in jail.

"We'll appeal," Papa Leon muttered. "It's always worked before."

For Charles, it did. His conviction was reversed by the Fifth U.S. Circuit Court, but Leon and Joseph had to go, in the end, all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. Meanwhile, the parties around the swimming pool became glum family affairs. Joseph's girl broke off their engagement, and the yacht salesmen forgot Papa Leon.

The pressure of waiting for the Supreme Court to decide on their appeal was like sitting out in a storm, waiting for the lightning. When State Attorney Gerstein won the right to reopen the McBride case, it was too much for Papa Leon and Joseph.

Soon neighbors noted that newspapers and milk bottles were piled high on the Adjmi porch, and the big pool was empty and littered with dead palm fronds. Gerstein's deputies found the house locked, and Leon and Joseph gone. A few days later, the Supreme Court turned down their last chance of appeal. No one knew where they had fled, not even Charles, who was left to face the embittered widow McBride alone.

The retrial began in September, 1966, and Mrs. McBride at last won her long battle. On October 7, Judge Carling Steadman pronounced Charles guilty, and bailiffs led him off to change, dry-eyed, from a $200 suit into jail denim.

Papa Leon and Joseph have been reported variously in Beirut, Teheran and Hong Kong. A steamship ticket agent was sure he had sold them tickets to somewhere. They were easy to remember. They were both crying. —W. W. Ward

"Where's the overtime tonight—your place or mine?"

\$7,000,000.00 a day.

finest Bourbon, Jim Beam.

which is the favorite."

World's Finest Bourbon a 173-Year-Old Secret

CHICAGO, ILL.—Before you can call yourself the world's finest anything—you'd better have a case in your favor.

Jim Beam Bourbon has that "case."

The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate: the perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

Six Generation Formula

The pride of this first Beam distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWIT
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JIM BEAM BOURBON—MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

The rich, fertile, surrounding valleys and plains provide

Fresh Charred Oak

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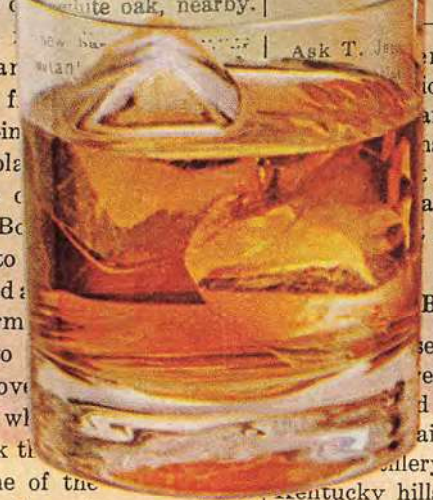

POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the
the label says
cause 86 proof
people prefer.

figure alcohol
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But remember
ne proof is not
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Toast

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ains the
illery in the wooded
Kentucky hills. It's far from
the main thoroughfare, but

istilling
Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky. Jim Beam 86 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon

band, which provides good communication at great distances. Beneath the cabin floorboards are my water tanks which have a capacity of 86 imperial gallons [103 U.S. gallons]. I have found that a quart of water a day is sufficient at sea, as all one's washing is done in salt water, so there should be enough to last me through the voyage. I can, of course, trap rainwater in a sail and on one occasion, in a tropical rainstorm, I collected 28 gallons in less than half an hour.

In the stern of the boat I have a 38 hp. diesel engine with tanks on each side which hold a total of 76 imperial gallons of fuel oil. I don't expect to use the engine much, of course, and in any case the boat could run only for about three days before my fuel supply gave out. The engine is, however, useful in emergencies and can be used to charge my radio batteries if the small gasoline charger gives up.

In the forepart of the boat there used to be two bunks but I ripped them out and replaced them with shelves early this year to give myself considerably more storage space.

This, then, is the limit of my private world for the next year. Into it I have had to pack all the necessities for my mental and physical existence during the whole of that time.

For food, I favor cans rather than packets of dehydrated food. My reasoning is that the cans carry their own well-sealed liquid and I should otherwise need to carry a great amount of extra water. To give you some idea of the quantities involved, I have 216 one-pound cans of stewing steak and 144 one-pound cans of corned beef. There are 48 cans of sardines aboard in case I don't catch enough fish with my trailing lines. On *Suhaili's* last voyage the average catch was one fish every five days, usually dorado dolphin, which seem to like the open sea. I also have 450 cans of vegetables, 144 cans of fruit, 216 cans of fruit juice, 150 pounds of potatoes in sacks and 300 pounds of onions, which are already beginning to sprout. As the actual onions deteriorate, I eat the sprouts. There are 280 eggs stowed in cardboard boxes and greased to keep out the air. They keep well like this and provide a pleasant change of diet. I also carry 100 pounds of sugar, 50 pounds of rice and large quantities of dried fruit and nuts to chew when the weather makes cooking impossible.

I like my cigarettes and liquor as much as the next man and so carry 120 cans of beer, 12 bottles of whisky and 12 bottles of brandy as well as 3,000 cigarettes.

Meals for an average day usually begin with a bowl of porridge, followed by a cup of coffee. I may have canned bacon and eggs to follow but, as I have only 36 cans of bacon, I must ration out this treat. Lunch is usually a cold meal, bully beef or sardines and baked beans, followed by a cup of coffee. Dinner is my big meal and usually consists of a stew or curry. Five years of living in India gave me a taste for curry which I indulge frequently. Occasionally I get ambitious and try something more complicated but one can manage this only in fine weather. If I catch a fish—and they generally weigh anything from 12 to 24 pounds—I make a fish pie, using cheese, potatoes and flour; and finally I make the rest into fish cakes for the next morning's breakfast.

To maintain a balanced diet, which is difficult when most of my food comes from cans, I carry plenty of vitamin and yeast tablets. I use a lot of salt when I eat, mainly because I like my food that way, but also because it is essential for health in the tropics. However, I don't carry vast quantities of salt; I simply use seawater for much of my cooking. The porridge or stew, for instance, would have some seawater content, usually in a ratio of about one-third seawater to two-thirds fresh water. This serves the dual purpose of helping me to take in salt and conserving my freshwater supply.

Keeping fit on a small boat is no problem because there is always so much to be done. But generally one's arms, chest and shoulders get the exercise. The amount of walking never comes close to what one would do ashore, even on a lazy day. To get around this, I do leg exercises and also, whenever possible, dive in for a swim. I have always found that even a few days' sailing builds my muscles and starts to remove the flab from my stomach; on a long voyage, there's noticeable muscle expansion.

People often ask me how I manage to keep clean on a long ocean voyage. My answer is to swim daily, if possible, and to have a good wash with saltwater soap. When the boat is sailing quickly, I secure myself with a lifeline; while in light airs I have a line streaming astern and grab hold if the boat overtakes me.

Keeping physically fit is only half the battle. Keeping mentally active is just as important. This is not merely to prevent the mind from vegetating but also to maintain the determination essential to completing the long voyage. To give myself mental exercises, I have taken on a number of tasks that I hope to complete before I get back to England. To start with, I am carrying a large collection of books which cover subjects that interest me, like the sea, for instance, or are novels that I have been meaning to read but have never found time for. The novels are mainly heavy literature, which will take a long time and require concentration. Light detective novels are fine when one has short intervals of time to fill in, but I have a long time to spend alone and need something more solid. *War and Peace*, *The History of the French Revolution*, *Clarissa* and *The Complete Plays of Shakespeare* are among the 130 books I am taking along.

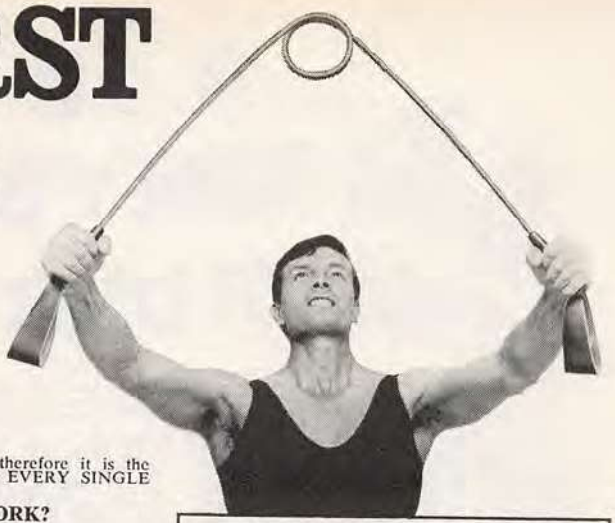
Still, reading is in some ways passive mental exercise. To provide more active work, I have a correspondence course for the Institute of Transport Examinations and textbooks on economics and mathematics. I also hope to write a book describing the voyage while it is actually in progress.

On Thursday morning each week, I shall call the General Post Office Radio Station in Baldock, England. The call can be switched to an ordinary land telephone line and put through as a private call to an individual subscriber. My contact is Bruce Maxwell, a young journalist employed by the London *Sunday*

"You realize, of course, that you're resisting an officer. . . ."

WORLD'S FIRST EFFORTLESS EXERCISER!

Perfected by a leading physician—*to give you a new body and a new heart in just two easy minutes a day.*



Let us repeat this fundamental fact again: This revolutionary new exerciser is so easy to use that you may not believe it could possibly do you any good when you first try it.

Yet it is designed to make you look *years younger*—in other words, slimmer and taller and stronger—virtually overnight. And especially to make that "Middle-Age Stomach", and "Middle-Age Slouch", and "Middle-Age Legs" *go for good — in far less time every day than it takes you to smoke a single cigarette.*

And—most important of all—IT MAKES YOUR BODY AS YOUNG INSIDE AS OUT! Totally different—far more effective than mere Isometrics, in just two minutes a day it gives your *heart and lungs* the work-out they so desperately need. Gets your blood flowing strong and hard again. Cleanses your circulation. Tones up your heart muscles. *Pours new reserves of oxygen into your blood stream—so you SOAR WITH ENERGY the entire rest of that day.*

Here's how incredibly easy it is. Here's why two thrilling minutes, this new doctor's way, *may give your body as much benefit—inside and out—as A FULL HALF HOUR, the old sweat-and-strain way...*

THE BASIC IDEA IS THIS:
To Make Health-Building, Body-Molding Exercise SO QUICK AND EASY THAT YOU CAN STICK TO IT FOR GOOD.

Quite frankly, the development of this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER is based on this simple fact: That every single man and woman in America needs the right kind of exercise *every single day–but just doesn't have the time or energy to sweat-and-strain for it the old-fashioned way.*

Let's leave aside for the moment the fact that UNDER-EXERCISE makes most men and women *look middle-aged* by the time they reach their late twenties. Because their stomach muscles go... their back muscles go... their chest muscles go—*and they walk around looking like tired pretzels, and envying the tall, straight teenagers that tower over them.*

Let's leave aside the fact that UNDER-EXERCISE causes most of the people you know, most of the time, to live constantly on the very border-line of fatigue—*just too darned tired to really enjoy life.*

Let's concentrate instead for sixty seconds on one brutal fact that most people spend their entire lives avoiding: That this same UNDER-EXERCISE is one of the prime causes of a whole host of diseases—including high-blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, hardening of the arteries and, above all, *heart attack*—the Number One killer of our time.

This sets up chest pain, shortness of breath, possible heart attack. *The big problem, therefore, is to BROADEN those vital heart arteries again. This can be done only by making your heart PUMP HARDER THAN USUAL every day.* And therefore it is the prime reason you should exercise EVERY SINGLE DAY.

A SPECIAL NOTE FOR WOMEN!

Squeeze away your hips and tummy! Firm up your bustline — straighten your posture — take inches off the appearance of your hips, thighs, waistline. *And put a glow in your complexion doing it that no cosmetic on earth can ever match.* Your tape measure will tell you: though not a single masculine muscle appears anywhere on your body, *you'll have developed a HIDDEN MUSCLE-GIRDLE that you never take off—that controls your figure at all times, even when you're completely relaxed.* Prove it yourself, entirely at our risk, TODAY.

HOW DOES IT WORK?
In Two Ways:
Sixty Seconds For Your Upper Body. Sixty Seconds For Your Lower Body.

And now, let's picture your first session with this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER:

It looks, of course, like a huge clothes pin. It is ultimately simple—nothing to assemble—ready to go the instant you take it out of the box—nothing more than a single steel spring with handles. Therefore, it is impossible to break—needs no skill, ability, strength or experience to use at all.

It is, in fact, so gentle that it can be used by anyone up to ninety years of age in complete safety—even, when properly supervised, by patients recovering from heart attack. You will realize WHY, the very first moment you use it:

Here's all you do: Simply release the snap at the bottom of the EXERCISER, that holds the handles together. Immediately, the handles will start to spread apart in your hands. Now simply reach up and close the handles together, till your palms touch. Then let them open again. And then reach up and close them.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! You are simply opening and closing the EXERCISER, with a circular motion, in front of your body. Once again—the first time you perform this motion, you will think it is absurd. It is simply too fast... too gentle... too easy to do!

But then—as you do five of these motions... ten of these motions... twenty of these simple motions—*you will notice a transformation beginning to spread through your entire upper body. In the first thirty seconds alone, THIS is what you will realize—*

A Full Inch Seems To Have Disappeared From Your Waistline (And Been Added To Your Height) In The First 30 Seconds Alone!

1. YOUR SHOULDERS AUTOMATICALLY MOVE BACK. Every time you open and close this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER, you are working against the tension of its steel spring. Although that tension is purposely designed to be so gentle you hardly feel it, *you will notice that your shoulders react to it immediately.* Your shoulders automatically move forward as you open the EXERCISER... automatically thrust back as you close it — *and always against the gentle tension of the spring.*

This simple motion is designed to correct, first of all, the hours of *hunching over* you do every day at a desk, typewriter, or wheel of a car. Now, suddenly, *without your paying any conscious attention to them at all,* your shoulders are strengthened and pushed back. At the close of every one of these gentle movements, *you are automatically standing at attention—with your entire body raised to its full height—standing as you see a soldier stand... or a football player ...or (if you are a woman) as a ballerina stands.*

And this is just the beginning—For at exactly the same time—

2. YOUR CHEST AUTOMATICALLY THRUSTS FORWARD, YOUR WAISTLINE AUTOMATICALLY PULLS IN. We ask you to do these EFFORTLESS EXERCISES, from the very first day, in front of a mirror. Look at yourself *sideways* in that mirror. Notice that as your shoulders move back, your chest *must* push out to compensate for them, and your stomach *must* pull in to support it. Again—*you are not thinking about your waist muscles at all*—but they are moving in... tightening up... leaving only air where flab was just seconds before!

And it's still only the beginning. For now comes the real payoff:

3. YOUR HEART AUTOMATICALLY BEGINS TO PUMP HARDER. YOUR LUNGS AUTOMATICALLY BREATHE DEEPER. This is the true goal of this EFFORTLESS EXERCISER. For you are going to do these simple, gentle, circular motions sixty times every day—one every second—a total of one minute a day for your upper body. *Although they are effortless in the beginning, they take enough work in that final exhilarating thirty seconds to MAKE YOUR HEART WAKE UP AND COME ALIVE AGAIN!*

You can believe this: At the end of that first thirty seconds alone, you'll see the results you've wanted (and your doctor has wanted) for years. Your lungs will be breathing deeply—*good clean oxygen will be pouring into them: supercharging them for the entire day to come.* Your face will be flushed and glowing: you'll have a better "facial treatment" than any two hours, or $20, could ever buy you at a beauty parlor.

And, above all, YOUR HEART WILL BE SENDING BLOOD SURGING THROUGH EVERY ARTERY AND VEIN AND CAPILLARY IN YOUR BODY! Feel your pulse. It's probably beating half again as fast as it was a minute before.

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A SPECIAL NOTE FOR MEN!

Now you don't have to be strenuous to be strong. Here's physical fitness made easy—*a Power-Packed Body in exactly 120 seconds a day!* Puts muscle on where you want it—takes flab off where you want it. Gives you strong muscular legs that never tire—iron stamina, inside and out. *Prove it yourself: improve your athletic performance so much that you can drive a golf ball 15 yards farther!* Try it entirely at our risk—TODAY.

And this is exactly what that doctor wants to get from you! He wants to move that pulse into full gear—coax that heart into cruising (instead of idling) speed AT LEAST ONCE A DAY! To flush poisons out of your blood stream... pour oxygen in... STRETCH those arteries a little... make them tougher, smoother, MORE ELASTIC — AND BUILD ANOTHER TWENTY, THIRTY OR EVEN FORTY YEARS OF YOUTH AND HEALTH INTO YOUR BODY!

And now let's do the same thing for your *lower* body—

Far Better Than A Portable Rowing Machine —To Make Your Hips And Thighs Look Younger... Stronger... Longer!

Now you do the same thing for your hips, legs and thighs. You simply sit down on the floor... attach the straps on the handles to your feet... and again make simple circular closing motions with the EXERCISER —this time with your feet.

Again, the first one or two motions are so easy that you simply can't believe they're doing you any good. *But then you notice the muscles of your abdomen automatically beginning to pull in and tighten.* You feel the driving muscles of your legs tense and then relax and then tense again with every motion—*putting new power and stamina into those legs that will keep you zipping along all day and all night, even when your friends are wilting like dying flowers all around you.*

You will also notice—in that very first minute alone—that dozens of tiny, vital muscles in the back of your thighs and hips that were almost impossible for you to exercise before, *are now coming to life again...beginning to iron out those hanging, "washboard ridges" of flesh that caused you to wince everytime you slipped into a bathing suit.*

And, most important of all, when you slip off the EXERCISER straps just 60 seconds later, *not only will you have recharged your legs, thighs, hips and stomach — but your heart and lungs as well!* For the second time in two brief minutes, *you will have given your entire circulatory system the FLUSHING OUT, BUILDING UP workout it so desperately needs.* And you will have done it all—top and bottom, inside and out—all the exercise you need for the entire day — *in far less time than it takes you to smoke a single cigarette.*

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Gentlemen! Yes, I want to try your EFFORTLESS EXERCISER in the privacy of my own home — entirely at your risk! I am enclosing only the special low price shown below. I understand that I may use the Exerciser(s) for ten full days, and then, if I am not ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED, I may return it for full refund of list purchase price.

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☐ Check here for WOMAN'S Effortless Exerciser, only $9.98

☐ CHECK HERE AND SAVE TWO DOLLARS! Get both Effortless Exercisers—Man's model and Woman's model—a $21.96 value—for only $19.96!

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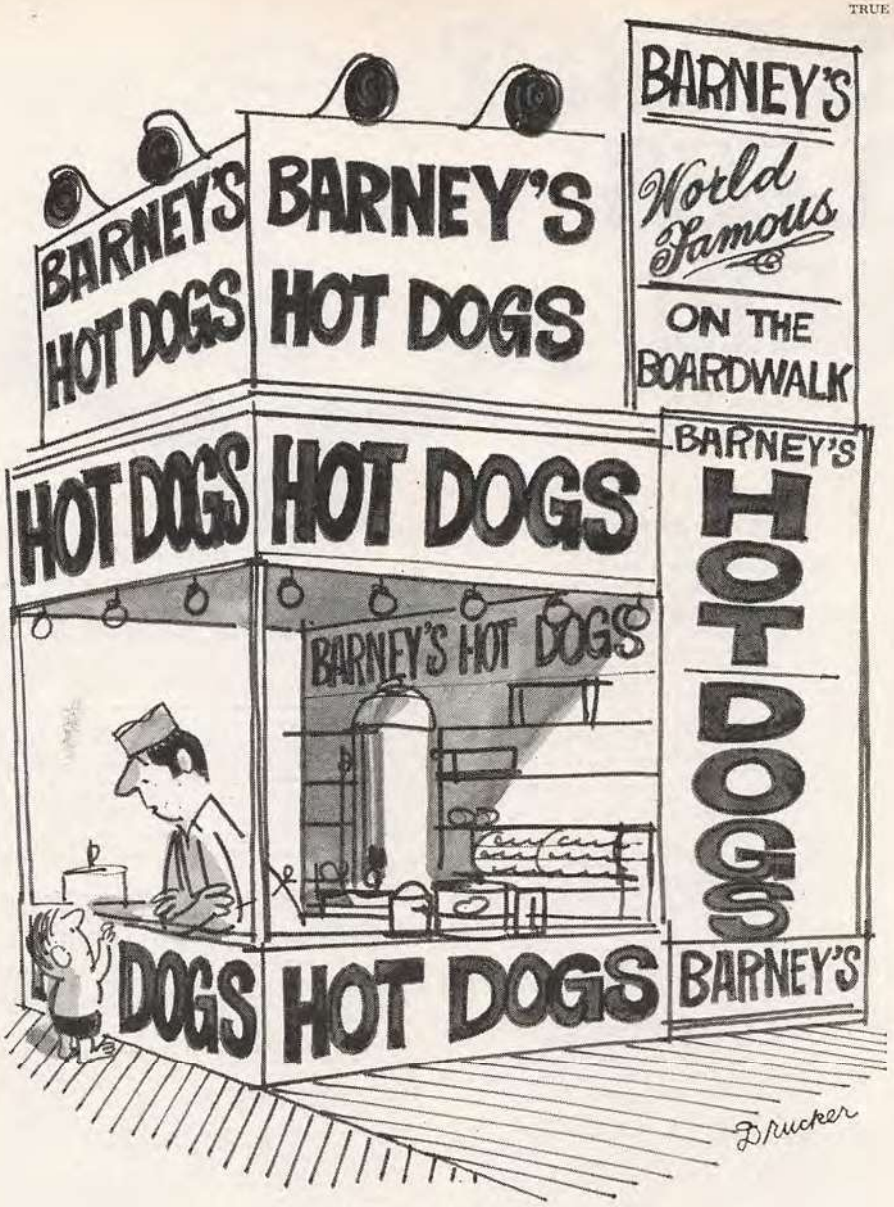

"I'm out of hot dogs."

Mirror, which will publish weekly progress reports.

Bruce helped to crew *Suhaili* to her port of departure, Falmouth in Cornwall, and during the trip around the south coast of England, we discovered that we are both keen chess players. I am taking a set with me, and we intend to play a match by radiotelephone as a further means of keeping my mind alert. One week I shall broadcast my move and the following Thursday, he will announce his. A game of chess at the rate of one move a week could last for months, unless either of us makes a stupid mistake early on. Perhaps it will last the whole voyage.

In the last week or two before leaving London, I was given a thorough grilling by a psychiatrist. He pronounced that I was "distressingly normal" but with an unusually high competitive urge which he thought might be due to being overprotected as a child. He didn't actually mention the dreaded phrase "Oedipus complex," but I caught a nasty glint in his eye! He hopes to examine me again immediately after my return to discover what changes have taken place after nearly a year's solitude. In the meantime, he has given me questionnaires to complete during the voyage as a further means of checking how my morale varies.

All this may give the impression that sailing a boat around the world is just a matter of setting the sails, adjusting the self-steering arrangements and slipping into the cabin to read. Any of you who sail know that this is a very false notion. As a Bermuda ketch, *Suhaili* sets some 666 square feet of plain sail between her two masts or, if I set the light sails, about 1,200 square feet of sail. Admittedly, the largest sail I have to handle is the mainsail, which is 300 square feet, but a slight increase in the wind force can entail great alterations to the sail plan. Under plain sail, *Suhaili* carries a jib of 135 square feet, a staysail of 84 square feet, the mainsail and a mizzen of 147 square feet. I also have two flying jibs, one of 180 and the other of 220 square feet and a small nylon spinnaker of 270 square feet. In light winds I always set a flying jib in place of the jib but if the wind increases above Force 5 on the Beaufort Scale, the flying jib has to come in if I am close-hauled to the wind. The wind can vary considerably, even in the trade wind belts. This requires constant adjustment to the sails, which means constant leaping out by day or night.

Any change in the sail arrangement alters the balance of the boat so that one also has to readjust the self-steering gear. On *Suhaili*, because she has a mizzen boom extending four feet over the stem, I was unable to fit the conventional fins and rudders and had to devise my own equipment. It is in the form of two air vanes that pivot on each side of the boat abreast the mizzenmast. They are connected by pulleys to a small rudder behind the main rudder. The plan is simple in construction and theory but suffers from a lot of resistance and can be relied on only in strong winds.

In a voyage around the world, most of the sailing is done with the wind coming from astern, and the only way in which *Suhaili* will sail herself unaided is when sailing against the wind. Thus I have to spend a great deal of my time steering her myself. Steering, combined with having to adjust the sails frequently and the general maintenance and upkeep on board, takes up many hours and does not leave much time for anything else. After all, if a man had only to climb into a boat, set the self-steering and sail, the voyage around the world would have been made long ago.

The moments that I dread most are when a really bad sea and high wind have been keeping up for days, and I reach the stage when I am too exhausted to hold the boat on course any longer. If you have seen the Atlantic in a Force 10 storm, when every wave is higher than the boat and there are no breakers because the wind whips the tops of the waves away before they can form, you will appreciate that one false move can allow the boat to swing round abeam the approaching wave to be knocked over as easily as swatting a fly. One can heave to, of course, and take in all sail, leaving the boat to bob around like a cork, but even then waves break over her and water pours in through even a hairline crack. It is at times like these that fatigue causes mistakes—and mistakes can very easily be fatal.

I am fortunate in that I know my boat; we are old friends and have already weathered Force 10 gales together. Like her larger cousins, the Norwegian lifeboats, she is an excellent sea boat and gives me far more latitude than most boats grant their crews. She covers up my mistakes and has more than once saved my life.

I am making *Suhaili* sound like a human being but then, to any seaman, a ship is a live friend. Mine is a particularly close friend to me and I would not ask for any other companion in my present venture.

As you read these words, *Suhaili* and I may be sharing anything from a flat calm to a fierce storm together, with the prospect of eight more months of strenuous work ahead of us before we can fully rest again. —**Robin Knox-Johnston**

GOING HUNTING? TAKE A BOAT!

[*Continued from page 65*]

game vests and started the long walk toward the canoe.

Most rivers afford a variety of game because wildlife like either water or the good cover that grows near it, or both. Naturally the *kind* of game varies with the area—grouse, woodcock and deer in New England; ruffed and sharp-tailed grouse, woodcock, snowshoe hares, squirrels and deer in Michigan; deer, ducks, quail, turkeys, squirrels and doves along some of the southern rivers. In many cases the only practical way to get at the best ranges of all the game is by boat.

I did some low-altitude flying over Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma last summer and looked down on many winding rivers I'd love to float. When migrating flights are in, ducks should be waiting at every bend. There'd be squirrels in the trees that overhang the banks, and quail and cottontails in the fields nearby.

In fact, there are streams in all parts of America that can be hunted by floating. A man doesn't need 100 miles of wild river for float hunting to pay off; a stretch of even two or three miles between bridges will get him away from car-based competition. Running 15 miles up- or downstream is plenty for an idyllic two- or three-day float, with ample time for hunting on foot and all the pleasures of camping along the water at night.

One rule must be observed, of course, by all hunters, both afloat and ashore. The rivers that flow through farming country are bordered by private land, and no sportsman hunts on private land without permission. The best way to get it is to decide first which stretch of a stream to float—a large-scale map helps—and to scout it out before the hunting season by making a fishing float trip. Then contact the owners of likely-looking covers in advance. It's surprising how many gates are opened by the simple courtesy of asking.

While Pete and I were floating the Snake through the densely populated, intensively farmed area of southwestern Idaho and eastern Oregon, the seasons were open on all kinds of upland game and waterfowl and the hunters were thick. Yet, thanks to the canoe, it was easy to pass by the stretches where we saw gun toters on the bank.

On all the islands we explored, we met only two other hunters.

The pheasants take advantage of their landlocked pursuers. They feed early and late in the fields along the river, then fly to the islands to spend the day in safety. One morning we even surprised some birds in the act. We spent the first hour of daylight hidden in the reeds at the upstream point of an island waiting for the early duck flight. Shortly after sunrise, half-a-dozen pheasants left the mainland and landed on our island less than a hundred yards away. We charged the spot and dropped a pair of cocks.

Occasionally the pheasants were too clever for us as well. Once it was my turn to wait at the tip of an island while Pete was to drift to the lower end, tie the canoe, and hunt back toward me with Rip, driving the birds ahead. Unfortunately halfway down the island the eager dog jumped out of the canoe and plunged into the waterside willows. I had to join in the shouting to get him back. The pheasants heard me.

Nobody had to tell them the enemy was at hand. Several flew off immediately. Then, after Pete reached the downstream end and started back, the remainder flushed off the sides instead of running ahead of a moving hunter, as they usually do. Crashing through heavy brush, Pete couldn't even see them, and none came close to me.

But on the next island everything went right. We floated in silently to the tip and Pete got out. I drifted quietly down. At the lower end of the island I tied the canoe, loaded my gun and let Rip go. Shouting and crashing brush, I started toward the tip, with Rip ahead breaking through the heavy growth.

The island was a couple of blocks long and 30 yards wide. I had gone more than half its length when I heard two quick shots and, seconds later, a third. The pheasants were flying off the tip.

Then a magnificent cock—he looked as big as a bomber in the afternoon sun—rose somewhere between us and flew straight back down the island, 25 yards high. I dropped him at my feet.

Minutes later, Pete struggled through to me. He was beaming. "I've got three cocks in the river!" he panted.

We called Rip and hurried toward the canoe. On the way I said, "You're through. You got one pheasant this morning—plus some quail."

"Yep. Four pheasants, six quail *and* two ducks. I'm not mad at anybody."

We retrieved his three birds—they were floating downstream scarcely 20 yards apart—and came back to the island. It had been a strenuous 30 minutes. We sat in the sun and enjoyed a cup of tea.

In the distance, from the mainland, we heard shooting. It was comforting to know that the islands still ahead of us would not be hunted before we got to them. Even the riverbanks were seldom hunted. Most hunters don't get more than a quarter of a mile from their cars.

One day Pete and I pushed a big covey of California valley quail off an island. They flew across the channel and lit, well scattered, on a narrow flat below a bluff. We followed in the canoe and started hunting. The place was ideal. Grown with low brush, weeds and grass, it had several boggy spots where springs formed shallow pools.

Scent conditions were good that day and Rip pointed one bush or weed clump after another. I doubt that anybody ever enjoyed faster or sportier upland shooting than we had. But the climax came near the end when I made a unique double.

Pete and Rip were off toward the bluff. I kicked through a clump of brush and flushed a quail, and as it rose, a second bird got awing from the muddy edge of a pool a few feet away. Its "Scape, scape," call was unmistakable. I killed the quail, then dropped the jacksnipe 10 feet farther on: a desert bird and a marsh bird, side by side.

From my home, the Snake River flows

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"Mind hurrying? My tranquilizer is starting to wear off."

nearly 100 miles north through farming country in Idaho and Oregon. Near the headwaters of Brownlee Reservoir, which stretches 62 miles along the river between the states, the fertile fields give way to rocky, grassy mountains.

As the country changes, so does the game. Chukar partridge thrive on the steep slopes above Brownlee. Quail inhabit the brushy draws. Deer feed undisturbed on the higher ridges. Pete and I decided to hunt the area. It would be nice to add chukars and, if possible, deer to our bag. Here again, the only possible way to get at much of this good hunting country was by water.

But we decided to switch the canoe for a boat with a bigger motor. We wouldn't be jumping ducks, and the boat would be both faster and safer on the wide reaches sometimes lashed by violent winds.

On the first morning we tied the boat in a cove and started climbing. This country is so steep that when the ground is frozen, cattle sometimes slide hundreds of feet into the reservoir. About the time we began to wonder whether we could climb another yard, we began to see chukar droppings. Then we saw one of the birds. It was sitting on a rock 300 yards higher, and taunting us with a derisive, "Ca, ca, ca, ca, ca, ca!"

There was no use in heading straight toward it, even though we felt sure a covey lay scattered in the grass nearby. Chukars can run uphill much faster than men. Instead we swung to one side, angling upward but not climbing directly toward the bird.

We rounded a point. Another covey of chukars, taken by surprise, were suddenly running everywhere. We charged, and they flew—in typical chukar fashion. After a little hop over the crest of a ridge, they pitched down and disappeared into the gulf below.

We were lucky to get off one fast shot apiece, and only the feathers floating in the still air told us our shots were good. Seconds later, the covey reappeared in view, across a canyon 1,000 feet deep, the birds only bright specks in the sunlight against a shaded hillside.

We looked over the ridge. Rip found one dead chukar 100 yards below, and we helped him hunt the other, then scrambled up again and went on.

When we were perhaps 2,000 feet above the boat, we angled back around the mountain and finally walked into the grass over which the cackling sentinel had earlier stood guard. There was not just one covey, but several, with 50 to 75 birds. When we put them up, they flew around the mountain.

We went after them. The singles were scattered everywhere on the steep, grassy slope. Rip had a chance to flush them—a covey seldom holds for a dog—and we walked back and forth around the mountain shooting chukars. This was hunting.

It seemed odd to be after these desert birds by boat, yet only by boat could we have reached the best areas for them.

There are many other streams and reservoirs in the West where a boat is the only means of transportation to some mighty good hunting. Sitting beside our campfire one evening, I mentioned to Pete that I would like to try the Rogue River, in Oregon, again. I had floated it once in October, fishing for steelhead, and spent a week. "But," I added, "I've always wanted to do it over and stay twice as long. I'd get a deer and maybe a bear. I'd like to shoot some of those big Oregon silver-gray squirrels. And band-tailed pigeons. Of course, I'd fish, too."

Pete laughed. "What makes you think you'd have time to fish? We were going for smallmouth bass and channel cats in the Snake, remember? We haven't fished one minute yet."

He was right. November days are short and you can't do everything. But I still think combining fishing with hunting would make a great float trip. I asked Pete where he'd like to do another float and was surprised at the answer.

"Some lazy southern river," he said. "Maybe the Apalachicola, in Florida. Good bass fishing—if you had the time." He chuckled. "And more than a hundred miles of river with deer, bear, wild turkey, squirrels and ducks. It flows through swamp country, but there are spots of high ground where you could camp."

One morning when we beached the boat we uncased our rifles, rather than the shotguns we had been using. It was time to try for deer. Before we had been walking 10 minutes, Pete spotted six of them.

They were far off, just under the peak of the tallest mountain in sight. Even with 10-power glasses, we couldn't tell whether they were bucks or does. Still, they were the first deer we'd seen. We memorized landmarks for the long stalk that would lead us to them.

Walking down a canyon until we were hidden by a ridge, we started to climb. The ground was frozen and slick and very steep, but we went up steadily. Soon the boat was only a speck far below.

At last we reached our final landmark, a big pile of boulders near the top of the mountain. The deer—if they hadn't left—were only half a mile away. We held a whispered consultation, so there would be no confusion once we got in range. We'd crawl around the point nearest the deer. If there was a big buck, I'd shoot it first. Then Pete would kill a young buck or fat doe for meat.

Pete looked at his watch. We had been three hours on the stalk. Our quarry could be 10 miles off now, yet we were eager to go on, grateful that the wind was still blowing from the deer toward us.

We eased past the point of a ridge, crept quietly through a draw and started out around the last point. Here the rolling rocks over which we had been stumbling for half a mile gave away to sandy soil with clumps of grass. They gave us cover.

We began to crawl. Inch by inch, the spot in which we had last seen the deer opened up to us. I was above Pete and a little ahead. Suddenly, through the grass, I made out the antlers, head and neck of a deer. It was lying down. They were here, all of them, in their beds for the day.

When Pete drew up beside me, he saw the buck, too. It was about 125 yards away. The antlers looked big. I began to tremble. Until this instant I had not believed the deer would actually be here when we arrived.

But there was still a problem. I didn't dare shoot through the tall grass because it would surely deflect the bullet. I lay still a minute, breathing deeply to steady my nerves. Then, worming around until my feet were toward the deer, I sat up quickly. The buck saw me, but too late. I squeezed the trigger. The buck sprang to its feet, took two steps, and fell.

Instantly does seemed to be everywhere—five of them that looked like 20. Pete killed a dark, slick-looking doe. She was running when he shot and she flew through the air for 50 feet, then slid 300 yards down the mountain.

We walked around to the buck, hung up on the only bush in sight. One antler had six points, but the other had apparently broken off a fork—it had only four.

We stood for a minute looking down at the buck. Getting him was still hard to believe. At last the realization dawned that our trip—10 wonderful days of boating and hunting—was over. It was a great way for it to end.

Suddenly I felt the need to relax. Pete did, too. He said, "Now we can really enjoy our pipes."

So we sat down for a last smoke. From this moment it would all be downhill, getting our deer back to the boat and camp.

—Ted Trueblood

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the little man with the dollar machine

The professional counterfeiter makes big bills and usually doesn't last long. But it took the Secret Service 10 exasperating years to nab a low-pressure amateur who quietly turned out crude one-dollar bills in his kitchen

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU MYERS

■ The United States Secret Service has had decades of success in tracking down professional counterfeiters, but there is one case in its records that the Service would like to forget. As long as they were chasing pros, the men of the Service were always masterful. Then one day in 1938 they came up against an amateur. For 10 years thereafter the Service spent more man-hours than on any previous case in its history, pursuing a bungling little man whose bogus dollar bill was so clumsy that even the name Washington was misspelled on the counterfeits.

The whole incredible business began in the late summer of 1938. Edward Mueller, a 63-year-old junkman, who lived with a black mongrel dog in a couple of rooms on the top floor of a six-story tenement on New York's West 96th Street, faced a fiscal crisis. Mueller's business had fallen off and he found he needed an extra $40 a month to make his modest ends meet. He had about $5,000 in the bank, gathering interest, but he was a miser type and didn't want to break into one cent of it.

So Mueller decided to *make* the money he needed. He began spending his nights at the public library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, boning up on engraving and printing. Then he went out and bought a couple of copper plates, engraving tools, acids, inks, paper and a small secondhand press. Finally, with only his mongrel dog looking on in the kitchen, Mueller ran off his first month's supply of one-dollar bills.

Although Mueller's first counterfeit job was not quite as outrageous as another bill he was to produce later by way of improvement, it was bad enough to make the father of our country do a turn or two in his grave. Printed on cheap bond paper, the bill presented George Washington with a left eye that looked bloodshot and a right orb that was to be officially described in a Secret Service bulletin as almond-shaped. George's shirt front looked dirty enough to stand up by itself and the letters in his last [*Continued on page* R4]

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THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE DOLLAR MACHINE

[*Continued from page* R2]

name were misshapen and crudely outlined.

When, one day in late October, Mueller passed the first bad bill in a cigar store near Columbia University, his appearance was in his favor. He was a little man standing only five feet three, his shiny bald head conspicuous because he never went to the expense of buying a hat, and he had a guileless round face distinguished by a constant toothless smile. Wearing baggy clothes, he looked less like a criminal than a burlesque comedian.

Flashing his smile on the man who ran the place, Mueller made a 25-cent purchase and shuffled out with 75 cents change.

That afternoon a bank teller spotted the bad bill when the store proprietor was depositing his day's receipts. The long period of travail for the Secret Service had begun.

The Service opened the case the following day by interviewing the cigar-store proprietor. No, he didn't remember the bill passer. And, no, he had not examined the bill. Who looks twice at a dollar bill?

The problem of dealing with the bad-buck passer was to fall upon the broad, well-tailored shoulders of James J. Maloney, the handsome supervising agent of the Secret Service in the New York district. Maloney, a highly capable man with his eye on the job of chief of the Secret Service, had no inkling of the trouble that lay ahead.

"The man has to be nutty to bother with one-dollar bills—and it's the worst counterfeit I've ever seen," Maloney remarked. "This shouldn't be much of a problem. He won't pass six of 'em before he'll be caught in the act."

Forty of the bills were foisted that first month. And Mueller was not only not caught in the act, but he was not so much as given a second glance by any of the people he offered the bills to—in groceries, subway change booths, bars, newsstands and tobacco shops. Detection came only when receipts were counted at day's end or when the bills reached banks.

Month after month passed and the bad bucks continued to turn up, averaging 40 a month, always in the vicinity of Columbia. Nobody was paying a damned bit of attention to the bills except deposit clerks in banks and Maloney and his eager beavers. By now, Mueller was being called Eight Eighty, from the number of his official file; in time he would be called Old Eight Eighty.

It had been during Maloney's first year of tribulation that the problem took a turn that dried up his mouth. The counterfeiter, apparently satisfied with the back of his product but not with its face, had made a new plate for the front of the bill. Washington's bloodshot left eye now looked better and the almond-shaped right now looked more occidental. Also the shirtfront had been to the laundry.

The criminal, however, had apparently been so preoccupied with improving George's portrait that this time he had misspelled his last name. The new, improved bills were now being passed with the name spelled Wa*h*sington.

Maloney, seeing the new bill, felt the first twinges of encouragement. "A bill with Washington's name misspelled," he said, "may be our break. This is something that will be immediately *noticed*."

He was wrong. Storekeepers were as happily oblivious to George's name misspelled as they had been with the correct spelling.

By the second year, Maloney had so many agents running hither and yon through the suspected area that they were bumping into one another. He had a big map on the wall of his office, with pins stuck in some 500 places where the counterfeiter had struck.

The chief was even calling in veteran reformed counterfeiters, showing them the "bad Washington," and asking them if they had any idea who might be putting it out. Nobody could help. One old pro left Maloney with a disturbing thought when he said the bill was *so* bad that a capable pro could be making it just for the hell of it.

The counterfeiter, meanwhile, was not hurting the career of James J. Maloney. Maloney had been putting such terrific pressure on professional counterfeiters that he had built up a strong record for himself. In November, 1943, five years after the first bad buck had appeared, Maloney was appointed assistant chief of the Secret Service and shifted to Washington.

Time marched on and so did the counterfeiter. It wasn't until the troublemaker was in the ninth year of his operations—by which time Maloney had become chief of the Secret Service—that two investigators got so much as a description of the man. They dropped into a grocery store one cold December day to routinely examine the grocer's ones. Right off the top of the little stack came a Wahsington.

The two T-boys asked the grocer if, since the bad bill was obviously the last one he had taken in, he could give them a description of the man who had passed it. The grocer could indeed remember the passer—a little bald-headed man with a round face and no teeth.

"That was him," said the grocer, "who was walking out when you walked in." By then, the little man was gone.

The Secret Service might have gone on missing their quarry had they not eventually been presented with a road map leading directly to him. A few days before Christmas of 1947, fire broke out in the tenement flat where Edward Mueller lived with his dog. Mueller, now 73, was out at the time, passing his daily bills and working his junk route, but smoke killed the dog.

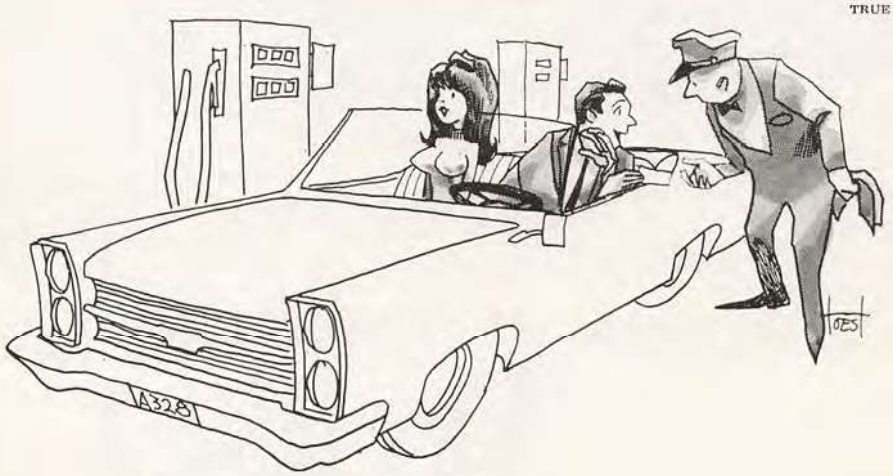
The firemen, upon quelling the blaze, addressed themselves to a sport dear to the heart of all fire fighters: grabbing everything liftable and tossing it to hell out of a window. Thus Mueller's little printing press and a batch of freshly printed bills, which the firemen did not spot among all of the man's accumulated junk, landed in a heap in back of the building.

Some kids found the bills and, figuring them to be play money, divvied them up. The father of one of the kids, seeing one of the bills, spotted it as a counterfeit, passed the word to the Secret Service, and the cat was, at long last, out of the burlap.

After the fire, Mueller had gone to live with a married daughter out on Long Island. But he visited his burnt-out flat regularly. When a couple of righteous-looking badge flashers dropped in on him at the tenement, he flashed his usual toothless smile on them and confessed.

Mueller, pleading guilty, drew a year and a day—wondrous news to Chief Maloney, the thorn now out of his side. Because of Mueller's age and good behavior, he was released from prison after serving a third of his time. Later Twentieth Century-Fox made a movie about his exploits, calling it *Mister 880*. The picture starred Edmund Gwenn.

Everything considered, Mueller made out all right. He never did have to break into his savings—and the movie people gave him another three grand for permission to portray him. He lived out the rest of his life with his daughter, spending his genuine dollars sparingly, and died at the ripe old age of 80.—**Alan Hynd**



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THE PRISON SCANDAL THAT WON'T STAY BURIED

[*Continued from page 37*]

all without a marker to tell your name or when you went into that homemade box. Even now, with the story out in the open and all over television and *The New York Times,* some cons say, "I don't know nothin' about *no* bodies or *no* Bodiesburg, mister, *nothin'*."

Like any secret place of terror, Bodiesburg is wreathed in legend and short on hard facts. There are wild stories about 20 prisoners being killed and buried on one bloodstained night. There are cons who say there are 2,000 skeletons out there, and others who say only 30. The one thing that is certain and beyond doubt is that Reuben Johnson said he helped bury three cons and they dug three holes right where Reuben pointed and found three skeletons.

That was January 29, 1968. Since then nobody has dug any more holes and it looks now like nobody ever will. Tom Murton, the new prison boss who said, "Go ahead and dig and find out the truth," is gone from Arkansas, fired from his prison job, blistered by a grand jury, and accused of such awful crimes that you can't even find them in a law book. He was charged with being uppity, with declining with malice aforethought to plant cucumbers at Cummins when the board *told* him to plant cucumbers, and with purchasing 24,000 individual packages of Krispy Krunchy cereal for the convicts when any fool knows cereal is cheaper bought in bulk.

One reason nobody digs at Bodiesburg is that a new ruling, issued by the attorney general, says it is against the law to go digging up dead convicts without a proper court order. And who is going to whereas the court when people say they never should have dug at Bodiesburg at all because it just gave Arkansas a bad name? Dig there now, the politicians say, and all you do is dig your own political grave. This great state may be in short supply on a few things, but bad publicity is not one of them. First the school trouble at Little Rock, with Gov. Orval Faubus waving his arms and defying the U.S. government and Eisenhower sending in the troops. And now bodies at Cummins prison farm and all that convict talk about prisoners being killed and buried secretly in the night.

So some just say that digging up the bodies was nothing but a publicity stunt for a book Tom Murton is writing. Others claim that whatever happened at Cummins was a long time ago, and why poke up an ancient scandal. And some declare that Bodiesburg never existed, that the skeletons were from an old forgotten pauper cemetery. This is the version Arkansas likes best because it provides a *decent* explanation, one you don't need to feel so *apologetic* about.

But if you go down to Cummins (and few folks do) and drive out on top of the high levee and look down at the place where they dug, something hits you between the eyes. There are just three holes there—one, two, three in a row. They didn't have to dig around or run a search trench like archeologists exploring a strange site. If Bodiesburg is just a forgotten pauper cemetery, how come Reuben Johnson could point to three little old places and Bingo? And how come one body had its head off, and another had its legs broken?

How come nobody can find "escapee" Jake Jackson alive, the con Reuben says he buried on Christmas Day, 1946, when a warden killed Jake over some gambling money? Reuben says he put him in a box and buried him in Hole Number One at Bodiesburg. The prison records say Jake escaped in a Jeep that Christmas Eve, but the cons claim the wardens always wrote something like that. All the folks who don't believe in Bodiesburg have to do now is find Jake Jackson whole and hearty—or else sick and dying—and everybody will know for sure that Reuben lied. The minute Jake Jackson shows up, old Bodiesburg will turn into a pauper cemetery and get off folks' conscience.

The trouble is the state police looked everywhere, checked his kin and friends and other prisons and even the FBI, and in 12 long years there hasn't been a whisper about Jake.

Jake Jackson, won't you please come home? They *need* you, man.

The truth about Arkansas prisons began seeping out early in 1967 after Rockefeller replaced Faubus as governor. Late in 1966, things got way out of hand down on Tucker Farm and Faubus had to send in the state police to take over. The police ran a quiet investigation, talked to dozens of cons, checked out their stories, and filed a long report with Faubus. It ran 67 pages, each stamped VERY CONFIDENTIAL, and it read like a clinical report on the camps where the Nazis made lampshades out of human hides and melted down the gold teeth they extracted from Jewish prisoners. The report landed on Faubus' desk just two months before election time, and Faubus suppressed it.

Winthrop Rockefeller got a copy after he took over and it turned his stomach. It said that prisoners were being flogged and tortured and exploited as slave labor and starved and shaken down for money by both wardens and trusties. The food handling was filthy, with flies over everything. Although the convicts raised huge amounts of vegetables and livestock on the farm, they were fed a diet that made a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp look good. They got one egg a year, meat once a month, and the rest of the time stuff like watered-down rice and some flat corn bread, or field greens with bugs in them. Many of the men were 40 to 60 pounds underweight and they had to work 12 hours a day in the blazing sun, six days a week. If they didn't keep up with the work, they got flogged with a thick leather strap four feet long. If they were *lucky* they got flogged. Some prisoners were beaten with a baseball bat, or chains, shovels, hoes, or a piece of two-by-four. Some had their heads stomped out of shape.

A man could get flogged for anything—missing a cucumber when he was on the picking line, or just eating a cucumber when he got hungry.

He could get flogged if a trusty told him it would cost $2 a week *not* to get flogged and he didn't get up the $2.

He could even get flogged *more* if they were beating him with that thick old strap and he didn't yell "Oh, captain!" each time the strap hit his butt.

If his luck was bad, he got whipped by a trusty called "Cheater." Instead of using the flat of the strap, Cheater turned it sideways and cut pieces out of a man with the edge.

For the *serious* offenses, they would hold a man down and crush his fingers,

TRUE

"Everywhere you go, rich doctors!"

"It's a vacuum cleaner for heads."

ears or nose with a pair of pliers, or drive needles under his fingernails.

Worst of all was the Tucker Telephone. It was an old-fashioned wall telephone with one of those cranks for ringing the operator. When a convict made real trouble, like trying to sneak word to the outside about what was going on, they would put him on the Tucker Telephone. It was rigged to a couple of batteries and had two wires connected to it. They would strip a man, strap him down on a table so he couldn't move, and attach one wire to a bare toe and the other to his genitals. Then they would start grinding that crank and *Geeeezuzzz!*

They could just "ring you up" a little or "give you a long-distance call." After just a couple of turns of the crank, a convict would be screaming his lungs out and voiding his bladder and bowels like a baby.

Convict after convict told the state police that the man who ordered prisoners "rung up" on the Tucker Telephone and often ground the crank was the prison head himself, Jim Bruton. There were times when Bruton was beating a convict or "ringing him up," the convicts said, that he would seem to lose control and the trusties would have to hold him until he composed himself. Said a state policeman later: "It was hard to believe the stories convicts told about the prison superintendent, until we heard some of the tape recordings."

The recordings were made by a convict trusty who had worked hand-in-glove with Bruton. He admitted that he had an "arrangement" with Bruton to shake down convicts for money and run a shylock loan service. But the beatings and the telephone torture bothered him, and he surreptitiously planted a tape recorder and preserved some of the Tucker atrocities on tape. In stilted police language, the confidential report related:

> "Inmate Reaves produced a tape recording that he stated was of 14 whippings administered by Mr. Bruton to inmates for not picking enough strawberries during the past season. Upon listening to the tape recording, it was determined by voice to be of Mr. Bruton administering whippings to inmates on the bare buttocks and without benefit of a board hearing, as prescribed in the prison regulations. Mr. Bruton's voice and demeanor during the course of said whippings seemed to be that of a very excited person bordering insanity. He swore and screamed throughout the whippings and repeatedly asked the inmate in question, 'What's your sorry old name?' Mr. Bruton's voice was hysterical, and his language very profane during the entire time of the whippings. His excitement seemed to increase by degrees then diminish and begin all over again."

To back up the convicts' statements and the tape recordings, the police went hunting for the Tucker Telephone. They found it in Jim Bruton's house on the prison grounds in an upstairs bathroom. Apparently Mr. Bruton perceived, when not in a state of excitement, that the Tucker Telephone was not an acceptable means for maintaining discipline. The telephone was hidden in a hat box concealed on the top shelf of a linen closet.

For an inmate with money, prison life at Tucker under Jim Bruton could be fairly pleasant. A man could buy a soft job for the right price and keep off the "long line" out in the fields under the blazing sun. One con bought himself a job in the laundry for $1,000. You could buy decent meals for cash, and whisky on a one-for-one basis; buy a fifth for the warden and you could buy a fifth for yourself. If you needed a woman, on visiting day you could take a girl into a little room rigged up over Bruton's office. The price: $50 cash, in advance.

There were ways to get money. If you made a deal with prison officials, you could run gambling with marked cards or crooked dice, or sell edible food, or operate a friendly prison loan service: only 100 percent interest per week and a beating for the customer who missed his payment. If a convict didn't have anything going for him, he sold his blood once a week for $5 per pint. There was this old doctor who had a contract with a blood-plasma outfit and a monopoly on buying blood from the convicts. When Rockefeller threw him out, they checked the records and figured he was pulling down $150,000 a year. The doctor was highly indignant. He went barreling up to Little Rock and complained they were *dee*-stroying the free enterprise system.

When all these seamy facts were spread out before Faubus, he just let Jim Bruton and three others resign. But after Rockefeller took office, Bruton and two of his wardens were arrested and charged with excessive punishment of convicts; to wit, Tucker Telephoning, flogging and stomping. The flogging charge raised a rather fine legal point. Although prisons in general abandoned beating convicts 30 or 40 years ago (even Georgia and Alabama had given it up), Arkansas still legally clung to the strap. The regulations, however, provided that no con was to get more than 10 blows at a time. Bruton and his boys therefore were charged with a technical violation—a kind of bowler's foot fault in not stopping when they reached the balk line at 10.

When Winthrop Rockefeller took office, he gave prison reform top priority. In his inaugural address he declared, "No burden rests more heavily on the conscience of Arkansas, hour by hour."

He has had it uphill all the way. One of his first acts was to name John Haley, a Little Rock lawyer and a compassionate man, chairman of the State Board of Correction. But for the first year, Rockefeller was stuck with four Faubus holdovers on the five-man board. "They got along like the Arabs and the Israeli," says a Pine Bluff newspaperman. "The board wouldn't even abolish the strap. Then a proposal came up to brand the cattle on the prison farms to stop the wardens from selling livestock and pocketing the money. The old boardmen voted to keep on flogging the cons but they flat out turned down branding the cows on the ground it was cruel and inhuman."

Public clamor for prison reform was somewhat short of deafening. Arkansas lies in the heart of the fundamentalist Bible Belt. (Jim Bruton was a regular churchgoer and his former minister recalls that he would now and then lay a $50 bill in the collection plate.) There is a deep-running belief among the good folks of Arkansas that a man who lands in prison is a sinful man who deserves what he gets. There is also a stubborn conviction that convicts do not tell the truth, especially Negro convicts. The result was to dismiss the prison horror stories as "just convict talk."

To push his reform movement along, Rockefeller released the Faubus-suppressed report on the medieval events at Tucker. Arkansas newsmen say the general public reaction was resentful embarrassment instead of indignation. Says one reporter: "People here reacted the way the Germans did to disclosure of the Nazi murder camps. They didn't want to hear about what had gone on and resisted looking at the problem head-on. The Germans didn't have any choice; they had to face up to Belsen and Dachau. Rockefeller made people face up to Tucker. They didn't appreciate it any more than the Germans liked what the allies made them do."

The thing about the prison scandal that hurt Arkansans most was that it demolished a favorite tenet in their credo. Many believed they had a model prison system and that prison experts actually came from other states to study (and even marvel at) the efficiency of Cummins and Tucker. When outsiders mentioned the prison farms, the local people would boast that they had the only penitentiary system in the country that made money.

Arkansas is a poor state and a proud state; it stands 49th in the nation in per capita income, with only Mississippi below it. The notion that its prisons excelled was gratifying both to the state's thin purse and the state's pride. The prisons not only supported themselves; they annually pumped from $200,000 to $400,000 profit into the state treasury. Once a year, the men who ran the prisons would come up to Little Rock at budget time, fresh shaven and wearing their Sunday suits, and pridefully read off the figures. The lawmakers would tell them how fine that was and then set their new budget, always far down on the cheap side. The prison men would go back down to Cummins and Tucker and do what they had to do to get by on short money and still produce that fine profit.

Under Faubus, the state ran the two farms with only 35 paid employees, including the clerks, the bookkeeper, a part-time chaplain and a part-time executioner. Wardens drew $65.38 a week, matrons only $46.15. No professional penologist would touch a job for that kind of money, and Cummins and Tucker were mainly staffed with whatever came along. What came along were people who couldn't make the grade anywhere else, or retired "lawmen"—old deputies or ex-sheriffs from rural counties who needed to eke out a piddling little pension. The paid wardens weren't much better off than the convicts they bossed, and that is something no proud and free man can rightfully endure. There wasn't anyone else to take it out on, so they took it out on the cons.

The short budget meant built-in trouble. Any man who knows a hoe from a harrow can tell you that farming two plantations the size of Cummins and Tucker is a big-time operation. Cummins has 16,000 acres down in the cotton-and-rice country of southeast Arkansas, and Tucker, 45 miles away over in Jefferson County, has 4,500 acres. Nobody can farm 20,000 acres with the 35 men the budget allowed—let alone operate two penitentiaries that hold 1,400 men.

To make things worse, neither the Cummins nor the Tucker farm was fenced; fences cost money. There was plenty of convict manpower to farm the land, but nobody to oversee the cons and keep them from lamming right off the farm. And when you work a prisoner from dawn to sundown six days a week without pay, feed him on buggy old greens and beat him with a strap, after a few years he begins to get the notion that life can be easier elsewhere.

To keep them down on the farm, Arkansas gave guns to a couple of hundred convicts and made them wardens. They armed men who had been sent up for manslaughter, rape, robbery and assault and put them in charge of other convicts. This split the prisoners into two bitterly hostile groups, the nobodies or "rank men," and those who had the guns and authority. The rank men yearned to become wardens and the wardens had nightmares about what would happen to them if they were demoted back to nobodies. The paid or "free world" wardens played each group against the other.

The prisoners farmed the land, and the paid wardens and armed cons farmed the prisoners. The rank men were made to pay for everything—filthy old clothes, ill-fitting, busted-down shoes without shoelaces, medicine. To get up the money, they sold their blood to the free-enterprising doc—or did worse. Homosexuality was rampant, with the standard fee $1. There were touches of macabre humor in the prison wheeling and dealing. One warden had an old heap of a car that would barely run. He offered to sell it at five times its worth to some cons. They scraped up the money, bought it, and escaped in it.

Rockefeller wangled enough money his first year to raise salaries a little and increase the paid staff from 35 to 113. The quality of the food was improved and the field labor eased off a little. These minimal reforms, however, ended that fine profit the prisons had been yielding. In 1967, for the first time in man's memory, the prisons ran in the red.

Rockefeller swept out the old Faubus men. To head up Tucker, he brought in Murton, a professional prison man. Passed him right over all the Arkansas folks and put him in the Number Two position in the penitentiary system. Murton had an M.A. degree in criminol-

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ogy from the University of California at Berkeley—("Berkeley!")—and had been a jail superintendent in Alaska before joining the faculty at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. He was 39 years old, with strong ideas about how prisons should be run. Almost all of them collided head-on with the way Arkansas had been running Cummins and Tucker all those years.

He turned things upside down at Tucker, busted most of the armed trusties from the old regime, and abolished the strap even though the legislature voted down a bill to outlaw it. The old-line legislators fumed and called Murton a "bleeding-heart do-gooder" who was coddling the cons. Even the friends of prison reform got edgy about his boldness. He went around the state making satirical speeches about "okra therapy" and "pickle-picking penology." He got into a row with the prison board about how many acres to plant in cucumbers, a good profit crop, and plain-out defied them.

"No one would accuse Tom Murton of being a politician," said Tucker Steinmetz, a Pine Bluff reporter who covered Murton's stormy career. "The one word everyone used to describe him was 'abrasive.' He saw everything as right or wrong and refused to give way on even the smallest matter when there was a difference of opinion. His favorite saying was 'You can't compromise on principle.'"

At Tucker farm, Murton heard the rumbles that there had been worse things going on than the Tucker Telephone. Convicts told him that prisoners had been killed at both Tucker and Cummins and secretly buried. Murton ran some excavations on Tucker farm and found nothing, but the stories stuck in his mind. When he was put in charge of Cummins about 10 months later, he heard the same stories from Dr. Edward Barron, the medical director for the prison system.

Doctor Barron had made a review of the death records at Cummins and was struck by a number of odd circumstances. There was a strangely large number of young convicts listed as victims of "organic heart disease" who had shown no heart trouble when examined on entering the prison. During one four-day period in 1959, according to the prison records, seven convicts had died of "heart disease." Other death certificates listed no cause of death and some seemed to have a forged physician's signature. Four men were recorded as having died of sunstroke on a single day, and there were 12 cases of death by drowning, two by lightning, and two men listed as having been killed by falling trees. Several hundred names carried only the notation "escaped."

Convinced that Rockefeller and Murton would protect them from reprisal, the convicts began to talk. "So-and-so didn't escape," they said. "He went to Bodiesburg." They flatly contradicted the prison records in many instances, declaring that convicts listed as dying of natural causes were murdered. One inmate told of blundering onto an unmarked grave while doing some excavating. "Lifted the lid on the box and there was a skeleton," he said. His guard told him, "Cover it up and forget what you saw."

The convict who detonated the Bodiesburg scandal is a 59-year-old Pine Bluff Negro who has served 32 years in Arkansas prisons. Reuben Johnson had only one year of schooling. He went up for killing his own brother, did his time, and took a second fall for 10 years for robbing a Pine Bluff liquor store. From the viewpoint of the good, God-fearing citizens of Arkansas, Reuben Johnson was exactly the wrong man to inflict national embarrassment upon their state and its "model" prison system.

The unforgivable thing Tom Murton did was to put his faith in Reuben Johnson *before* a single hole was dug at Bodiesburg. The week before Reuben led the digging party to the three graves, Murton gave a long interview to Walter Rugaber of *The New York Times*. The *Times* ran the story on page one. Murton called Cummins prison farm a chamber of horrors where "a guy woke up in the morning and didn't know whether he'd be back that night." He told the *Times* man there was no doubt in his mind "that there are people buried out there," or that prison authorities in the past had covered up killings with false reports of escapes. "There is no portion of this penitentiary that you could not grab hold of and find corruption," Murton said. "Anything that man has done to man down through the centuries has been done officially here." Murton said they were going to start digging for bodies in a few days.

The *Times* story ran on January 28. The next day, with a CBS television crew recording the state's embarrassment on film, the diggers went on to Bodiesburg. Like Minnesota Fats calling a five-cushion bank with the eight-ball in the side pocket, Tom Murton went out on the far end of the limb with the way he handled Bodiesburg. He would have been the laughing stock of Arkansas if there hadn't been anything in those three holes except dirt. Instead, they dug at the three spots where Reuben pointed and found three bodies. There is only one thing worse than being arrogant and unpopular, and that is being arrogant, unpopular and *right*. When the grisly find at Bodiesburg was announced, back into Arkansas came the whole pack of outside reporters, writers and TV men, and it was that Little Rock-Faubus disgrace all over again.

Reuben identified the three bodies as those of Jake Jackson, shot down by a warden on Christmas Eve, 1946; Elder Butler, killed by a shotgun blast in the stomach by a trusty in 1946; and an inmate Reuben knew only as "Bradley," decapitated by another convict in 1945. Reuben declared that he had witnessed the murder of Jackson and had buried all three bodies himself.

Instead of trekking penitently to the confessional, Arkansas landed all over Tom Murton. The grand jury in Lincoln County, where Cummins prison had festered all those years, hastily convoked its own investigation of the prison and old Bodiesburg. It issued a report that was just about an inch short of an indictment of Murton. It found that the prisoners, under Murton, "are eating better than ever, even to excess." It dismissed "allegations of brutality in past years" as unfounded slander "from known troublemakers." It disposed of Bodiesburg by declaring that "this whole episode was designed as a publicity stunt for the personal benefit of Mr. Thomas O. Murton." It recommended that Mr. Thomas O. Murton be fired forthwith, and that the prison resume flogging convicts with the strap.

The state senate also put Tom Murton in his place. It brought in one Charles Clark, a Little Rock filling-station operator and a man with unquestioned credentials as a prison authority. Clark, who described himself as a former thief and "hustler," had done time in four

TRUE

"I'm worried about the giraffe."

prisons, including a stretch some 10 years before at Cummins. He told the senators, in a three-hour speech, that—yessir!—Cummins was one of the finest prisons in the country. He endorsed the old 12-hour work day ("It cuts down fighting because it makes you too tired") and praised the practice of flogging cons. He even endorsed the Tucker Telephone as an effective aid in maintaining order. "I've been wired up plenty of times," he said. "It feels like you're being hit in the back with a sledgehammer." When he concluded, the senate gave the hustler a standing ovation. "Y'all give me the address of your filling station," said one state senator. "I want to buy my gas from a man like you."

On March 7, after agonizing for days, the prison board fired Murton. The board that removed him was an all-Rockefeller board and it included a Negro appointee (the state's first) and a longtime personal friend of Murton, the preacher who married Murton and his wife some 14 years before. It cited a long bill of particulars, including insubordination, overspending his budget, "full utilization of satire and contempt," informing the board that "they cannot fire him because he and prison reform are one

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

and the same in Arkansas," and "having an abrasive personality." The board scrupulously avoided censuring him for the one thing that had got backs up all over Arkansas. They found no fault with his digging up the three skeletons at Bodiesburg, but they didn't commend him for it, either.

When his board ousted Murton, Rockefeller deliberately avoided the press "to let things simmer down." He says now that "Murton was an excellent penologist but he just didn't fit in and couldn't get along." He refused to discuss Murton further and will make no public comment on Bodiesburg. "The important thing is that prison reform in Arkansas continues," he told this reporter, "and on that there will be no change in direction and no turning back." Whatever happened at Bodiesburg in the past, says Rockefeller's prison board chairman, John Haley, "our goal is to remove the causes. We are concerned with what is happening to prisoners today."

But to haul the Arkansas prison system into the 20th century will take money, and the same legislature that applauded hustler Clark's high praise for Cummins prison holds the purse strings on any extensive prison reforms. This May, Rockefeller asked for new taxes—chiefly three cents a pack on cigarettes—to upgrade the prisons. The legislature turned him down cold. He tried two cents a pack and they said "No" again. They wound up giving him half of what he had asked for, and for one year only, and they took most of it out of his own contingency fund. Said Rockefeller: "We will simply have to go more slowly than we would like to go."

What looks like the last word on the prison scandal was written by a local judge when Jim Bruton came to trial for Tucker Telephoning. In a 15-minute hearing that didn't get around to any evidence, the judge dismissed the case on a legal technicality. His Honor pointed out that Bruton was accused of a felony in exceeding the prison board's limitation of 10 blows with the strap on a convict's butt. If overwhipping a con is to constitute a felony, said His Honor, then the legislature will have to say so, not some appointive prison board that might keep changing the rules.

In the 68 pages of clubbings, stompings, Tucker Telephoning, excessive lashings, and assorted atrocities spelled out in the Tucker investigation, no trusty, convict warden, free-world warden, or prison official has gone to trial in Arkansas. Winthrop Rockefeller, when asked, says, "This is an outrage," but he points out that prosecution of crimes is not a gubernatorial function.

Tom Murton has only the harshest of words for the developments in Arkansas since his departure. He charges that there is "a total conspiracy in Arkansas to suppress the truth about the prison system." Although he was replaced by a professional penologist, Victor Urban, whom he brought into the system himself as an assistant, Murton now says flatly that "True reform is dead." He declares, "It is obvious to anyone that there are more bodies buried" in Bodiesburg. "Reuben Johnson is telling the truth," he says, "and so am I." He predicts that Cummins will blow wide open again. Meanwhile, he is writing a book and is helping to ready a movie based on his experiences in Arkansas.

Down under the shoulder of the levee, the three graves still stand empty and lonely. Reuben Johnson, the World's Greatest Bodiesburg Authority, has been transferred from his arena of expertise. They moved him up to Tucker farm, ostensibly for his own protection. Nobody said so, but it also looks as if they won't need his guide service any more.

It took the Germans a generation to grow the scar tissue over Dachau and Belsen, but in Arkansas folks seem to heal faster. (After all, mister, nobody proved anything about those bodies and nobody was *convicted* of anything.) Not long ago, a writer visited Cummins and asked to see Bodiesburg. The warden thought this over and then drawled, "All right, mister. I been told to show you anything you want to see." They went out and got in a Jeep and headed for the place that had made front-page news all over the United States and Europe. Although it is only a little old mile from the prison, the warden had to stop and ask the way.

—James Phelan

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THE JOB-HOPPING MALE

[*Continued from page* 53]

same conversation over and over again:

"I think I owe something to the company," says one man. "I feel bad about quitting. After all, the company has done a lot for me. . . ."

"The hell with the company," says his friend. "Your first loyalty is to yourself. If you have a chance to improve your position, you should take it."

Even personnel directors agree that a man should be loyal to himself. "When a man talks about loyalty to the company, it makes me nervous," says affable Paul Mitzner, vice-president and personnel chief of State Farm Insurance. "I'd much rather hear him talk in terms of intelligent self-interest. Naturally I want every good man to stay at State Farm, but I want him to stay because he honestly feels the company is serving his own interests, not because of some fuzzy idea about loyalty. I don't want any man in this company to get trapped in some dead-end job, and stay because of sheer loyalty, and finally become one of those sad old men who have quit trying and are just marking time till they retire."

Mitzner expresses a modern corporate view. Hardly any company worth working for in the 1960's expects to gain your loyalty without giving you something to be loyal about. It is almost universally expected that you will leave if an attractive opportunity comes your way and your present employer can't match or better it. Even 25 years ago, a man was considered flighty if he had quit more than two or three jobs in his lifetime, but today a man can have worked for as many as a dozen companies. In careers the choice is wide open: you can marry or you can wander. Which of the two should you do?

"It's a good question and a massively important one," says Bill Battalia, founder of Battalia, Lotz & Associates, a successful executive-recruiting firm in New York. "Company wedlock and job-hopping both have advantages if handled right—but tragic disadvantages if handled wrong. A man should decide which career style fits him best, and he should know why, and the right and wrong ways of handling each style. Ideally he should have all this straightened out before he is 40. In general, 40 is the age when really big jobs begin to open up for the man who has handled himself right."

It is also the age when the man who has handled himself wrong begins to know it. American business is strewn with these men, both wedlockers and job-hoppers, who have gone off the track. Some have wedlocked when they should have job-hopped—and vice versa. Others, while apparently in the right career style, have managed it badly or made some disastrous mistake. "Forty isn't too late to change, of course," says John Waugh, a 48-year-old chemical-company executive who made a bad move two years ago and is now jobless. "Men in my age bracket can rectify mistakes, go on to high success. I hope to do so. But too many, when they find themselves dead-ended or stalled, get discouraged and quit trying. It's sad. Any man, no matter what his age, can learn the rules of the job-hopping game and start afresh."

What are the rules? Men who seem to know what they're talking about—men in mid-career who have played the game and watched others—agree that there are two broad areas of strategy: knowing your career style and knowing how to manage it.

Dave Phillips of State Farm has thought long and hard about the question of which style. In general, he believes, the wedlock style often works well for men who are in the mainstream of a company's business, while the job-hopping style does better for men in supporting activities.

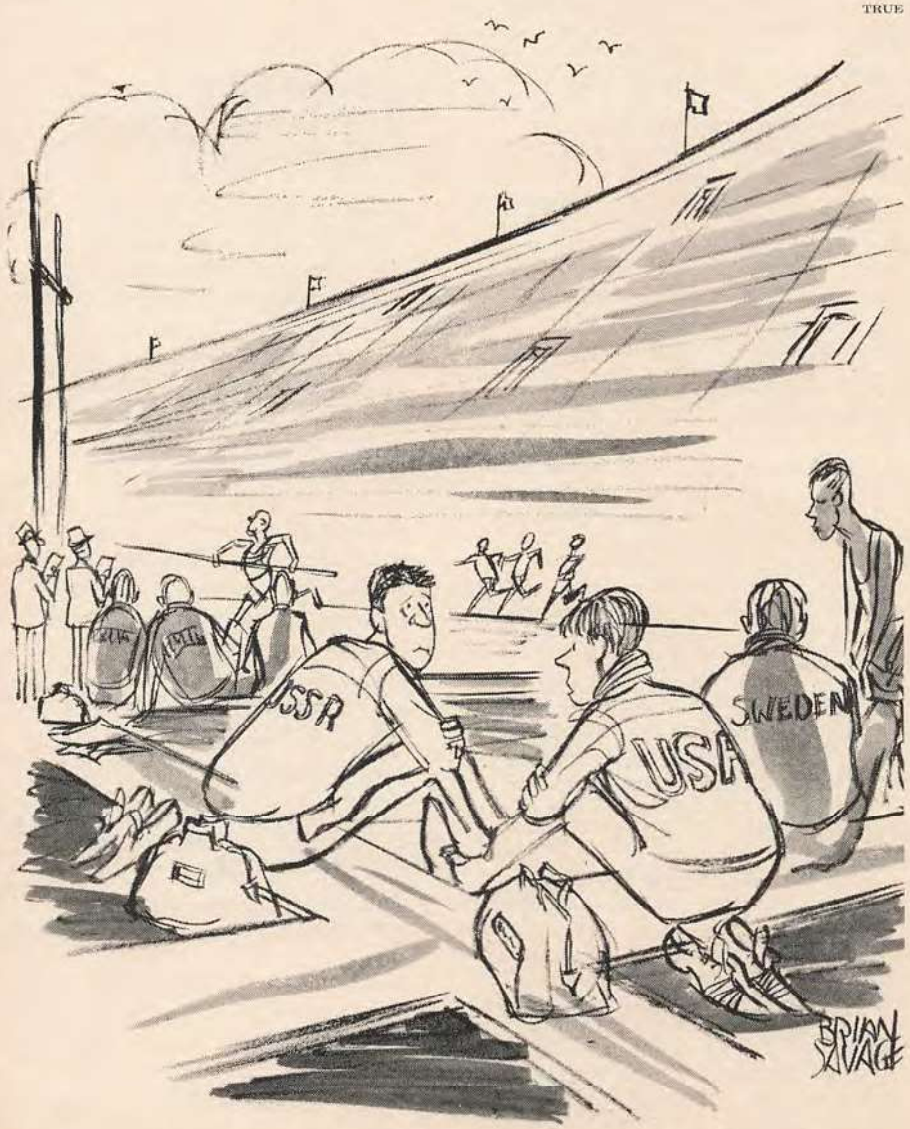
Dave himself is a public-relations man. The only kind of company in which this kind of activity would be in the mainstream would be a public-relations or advertising agency. It would normally be classified as a "supporting" activity in an insurance company, for example, or an airline or a manufacturing company.

Paul Meyer, a self-made millionaire who now runs a career-counseling service in Texas, the Success Motivation Institute, puts the same thought in another way. "In every company," he says, "there is a certain track that leads to the presidency. You should study that track in any company where you're employed. In a manufacturing company, for instance, the president and the top executives may be mostly men who came up through production or sales. If you are in that company and are moving well along the presidential track—that is, you're in production or sales—then it may be wise for you to marry the company. If you're off the presidential track, keep an eye open for other opportunities."

This was Dave Phillips' philosophy from the beginning. He knew he wasn't likely ever to be president of any company he worked for. He knew that, as a public-relations man, he would always find a ceiling over his status and salary. "Therefore, the only way for me to grow was to move often. I moved into progressively bigger public-relations jobs with progressively wealthier companies."

A. Clark Daugherty, by contrast, stayed at the Rockwell Manufacturing

TRUE



"Before you defect, I think it only fair to tell you that there is no such town as Peyton Place."

Company for his entire career and became president. "The whole strategy made sense for me," he says. "I was in sales and marketing, always near the center of the company's business. As long as the company kept moving me along, there was no percentage in job-hopping. By staying, I got to know a lot of people in the company very well, and to know the company's business the way I know my own backyard. This helped me become president."

A survey made last year by the American Institute of Management backs up what Phillips and Daugherty say. The survey seems to show that the man who job-hops least often is most likely to work his way up to top management.

AIM picked 200 presidents at random, combed through their biographies and counted the number of companies each had worked for. Here are the results:

48.5% had worked for 1 company
21.2% had worked for 2 companies
14.7% had worked for 3 companies
8.3% had worked for 4 companies
2.0% had worked for 5 companies
5.4% had worked for 6 or more.

In other words, nearly half had risen to the presidency as A. Clark Daugherty did, by staying with one outfit. Fewer than one-fifth had worked for more than three companies. By contrast, Dave Phillips in his out-of-the-mainstream career has worked for eight companies; in his profession, this figure is by no means high.

"As business expands throughout the world and companies grow more complex," says an AIM official, "it takes longer for a man to learn all he needs to know about a company to become one of its chief executives. Thus, the tendency seems to be for presidents and other top managers to be one-company men."

Compare AIM's 1967 survey with a similar survey made in 1950. Of 200 presidents analyzed then:

36.5% had worked for 1 company
19.5% had worked for 2 companies
17.6% had worked for 3 companies
6.9% had worked for 4 companies
4.4% had worked for 5 companies
15.1% had worked for 6 or more.

Although presidents weren't notably job-hoppers back then, their wedlocking tendency had grown much stronger by the time of the 1967 survey. What the surveys don't show, of course, is that the great majority of these presidents undoubtedly were in the mainstream tracks of their companies from the start.

It's up to each man, says executive recruiter Battalia, to determine where his profession fits in to his particular company. In some companies, lawyers can get to be top managers; in others, law is a supporting activity. In some industries—advertising, for instance—job-hopping is the standard career style for young men aiming at the top. A man may even be suspected of stagnation if he stays in one agency more than five years. Yet there are agencies where wedlocking can be made to pay. "The important point," says A. Clark Daugherty, "is that you shouldn't just drift or let yourself be pushed into one career style or another. A man's career should be planned."

Battalia agrees, then emphasizes the second broad area of strategy: "Know how to handle your career style once you've chosen it." How can you wed or hop successfully? What are the rules? What kinds of men get the big jobs? What kinds don't? Which career strategies have worked and which haven't?

There is nothing automatic about career success and failure, of course. Luck and other factors can boost you to the top or smash you, regardless of whether you have planned your strategy well or badly. Says Bill Herman, a New York private detective who specializes in screening executive job candidates, "Neither I nor anybody else can immediately tell, listening to a man's career history, whether he has risen by honest skill, by luck or by blackmailing his boss. This kind of information gets revealed in the later stages of checking out a job candidate. I remember one young fellow who had stayed at the same company all his career and was pulling down something like $30,000 a year at the age of 32. On paper he looked great. On checking, it turned out his high pay was mainly a result of a homosexual relationship with the company president."

Men in the business of hiring and firing are strongly aware of the random factors that get tangled into men's working lives. "There is nothing cut-and-dried about a career," says Bill Battalia. "You can't sit down at the age of 20 and outline your next 45 years on a sheet of graph paper and reasonably expect everything to happen as planned. That's ridiculous. But I will say this. In most situations, a man who has planned his career well has a competitive edge over one who has planned badly."

In Battalia's office in New York the effects of good and bad planning—and of luck—show up starkly. Hundreds of men are screened here for big jobs every week. Battalia and his professional colleagues in other offices are executive recruiters, not employment agents. They are paid by companies seeking men to fill jobs (usually in the over-$15,000-a-year range), not by men seeking jobs. Nonetheless, men who want to change employers send their career histories or résumés to the recruiters, each hoping that some company might want a man of his qualifications and offer a mountainous salary.

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One day recently Battalia, a tall, dark man who used to be personnel director of a large manufacturing outfit, had four résumés laid out on his desk. At TRUE's request, he was about to give a lesson in wedlocking and job-hopping. "Now, remember that I haven't met any of these four men in person," he said by way of preamble. "I'm going to form snap judgments about them, based on their résumés alone. Unfair, you say? Remember this: the judgments I made are probably those that would be made by any company considering hiring them. If a man wants a big job, his career history must be able to stand alone. If it doesn't, he never gets to the next stage, the personal interview."

At the time Battalia was seeking a $30,000-a-year-plus engineering executive for a medium-size electronics company. Two of the résumés before him belonged to men who had the education and the experience required. Both happened to be wedlockers.

Executive A was 49 and had been with his company 22 years. For the past eight years he had had the job of supervising a production process at a small plant. He was earning $16,000 a year.

Executive B was 46 and had been with his company 23 years. He had been promoted at least once every three years. For the last two years he had supervised all production at a large plant. He now made $27,000 a year.

"This guy," said Battalia, pointing to Executive A's résumé, "has done it wrong. It's obvious he reached a plateau earlier in his career. From then on he has apparently been satisfied with getting his automatic $500-a-year raise. That doesn't look good. It suggests he might not be able to tackle a new job even if somebody offered him one. He should have job-hopped when he first hit that plateau, but he didn't. Why? Afraid of change? Unsure of himself? Unwilling to meet new people and new situations? These are things that would cross any prospective employer's mind. Nobody will hire this man for any bigger job. He's dead."

Executive B, on the other hand, looked good on paper. He, too, had stayed with the same company, but his lack of mobility didn't smack of stagnation or a paucity of guts. It was apparent that he had stayed because the company had continued to boost him along. He had kept growing. "This guy," said Battalia, "assuming he stacks up as well in person as on paper, has a future. He can stay or hop: it's his choice. The other one doesn't have a choice."

In short, according to Battalia, if you decide on company wedlock as your career style, be sure it's a "growing" wedlock. If you see signs of a slowdown in your climb, if you sense your salary slipping, get the situation changed or get out fast. Executive A's dilemma seems to show that if you don't get out fast enough, you may never get out at all.

The other two résumés on Battalia's desk outlined the careers of job-hoppers who were sales executives. Both were in their early 40's. Both had started as industrial-equipment salesmen and had hopped their way up to jobs in which they were now overseeing the work of other salesmen.

One man had worked for 12 companies in his 20-year career and was now earning about $20,000. He had hopped regularly every one or two years.

The second man had worked for eight companies. He had hopped often while in his 20's and early 30's. But he had held his previous job four years and his present one six. He was earning $32,000.

The first man was in trouble. "You see what his record tells," said Battalia sadly. "His first job might have paid him $5,000 and he has hopped 11 times to get raised by $15,000—a little more than a thousand each time. He hops for quick, small raises instead of big raises and real personal growth. Now he's in a trap. No company will hire this man now for a bigger job than he has. Any prospective employer will think, 'Hell, I'd no sooner have this guy pulling his weight than he'd hear of some other job paying a lousy thousand bucks more, and he'd quit.' "

But the second man was in fine shape. "Nobody holds it against a young fellow if he job-hops often," Battalia explained. "You figure he wants to do some experimenting in his early years, try this and that, find his niche. But you expect he'll hop more slowly as he gets older and more sure of himself. You also expect that his jobs will get progressively more important, so that it'll take longer for him to get settled into them. This man has an ideal job-hopping record: he hopped fast when he was young, then slowed down."

Moreover, the second man had obviously not hopped for mere thousand-dollar raises. Each of his last four or five hops, judging by the job titles, had been for reasons of tangible personal growth. He had hopped into ever higher positions, with salary jumps of at least $3,000 each time. Nobody could accuse him of being unstable, having trouble getting along with people or failing to master his various jobs. This man was worth hiring.

Indeed, he may have a new employer already. Battalia planned to interview him, along with several other candidates, for a job paying in the $40,000 range. For this careful and successful job-hopper, getting the new position would represent a magnificent $8,000 raise.

"The question of whether to hop or wed is an individual one," said Battalia. "The generalizations I've made are useful as a basic guide, but there are many other factors woven into every man's job and every job change. If a man decided on company wedlock as his career style and then finds himself dead-ended, obviously he'd be foolish to stay where he was. He might find it necessary to turn into a job-hopper in mid-career. In the same way, a job-hopper might land in a company that latches onto him as presidential material and bounces him upward. In that case he would be foolish not to stay. Success requires more than just a set of rules. You have to tune those rules to your own situation, using your own wits."

Wits may be the main ingredient of success. Most men move upward in their careers as they age. Some creep upward by virtue of seniority alone. Some go faster by virtue of luck, blundering into opportunities that they don't seem to deserve. "But in the long run," says A. Clark Daugherty, "the man who goes farthest is the man who uses his head."

—Max Gunther

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AMERICA'S TOP DISC JOCK

[*Continued from page* 59]

throw record of 206 feet, 5¾ inches. Another time, a Long Island bus hit Oerter and knocked him 15 feet. He got up, shook his head and walked away.

A few hours before the Tokyo action he called in a trainer and ordered him to start taping. "I want a double thickness of tape from my belly to my armpits," he said. "And get me a package of ammonia capsules."

"You're crazy, Al," said the trainer. "They won't let you in the ring."

"Who the hell won't?" snorted Oerter. "Avery Brundage?"

When he made his surprise appearance, the 12 finalists fell quiet, Szecsenyi included. It's always quiet when the six-foot-four, 260-pounder appears. He doesn't strut and doesn't talk. Psyching opponents with showmanship isn't his style. But, though the other competitors knew Oerter was weakened and racked with pain, they felt some of their confidence drain away at the sight of him. Oerter is a slab of hard meat who just gives the other "whales" a deadpan look and makes his message clear: he didn't come to lose.

Crouching for his first attempt, he spun half around, then whirled a full 360 degrees—an explosion of speed and power executed with grace. He got his back into it and sent the four-pound, 6.4-ounce platter flying 198 feet, two inches. As he cut loose Oerter yelled and fell to his knees in pain, grabbing his side. He'd reinjured his ribs.

The throw broke the existing Olympic record, but it wasn't as good as one by Danek, the Czech—by about five inches. And many others were to be heard from.

For six hours the duel dragged on. Oerter broke open an ammonia cap, the kind used on befuddled prizefighters, inhaled and kept going despite the stabbing ache and dizziness. His uniform was sweat soaked. Between turns he leaned on any handy upright, unable to sit down, nauseated.

A medical advisor to the U.S. team sent word to Al that serious internal hemorrhaging was likely, that he could injure himself permanently. Oerter didn't reply. After nine throws he was still in second place. But he was watching the flags on the stadium rim, studying the wind. "Wind velocity and direction," he has said, "are to a discus man what they are to a glider pilot. They're a 75 percent factor."

At length, only Danek, Szecsenyi, Oerter and two other Americans—Dave Weill and Jay Silvester—were left in the running. Then it all ended, quickly. Catching a small quartering, or cross-field, wind, Oerter got the front lip of the beveled disc up at an almost perfect angle and sent it soaring high into the Japanese twilight—out there 200 feet, 1½ inches.

It was the crusher. It set a new Olympic mark—by almost six feet—and was nearly two feet beyond what anyone else could do on that long day. A healthy Oerter can do better, but it was enough to add another victory to an astonishing string.

In Mexico City, 32-year-old Big Al Oerter will be going for something no one in history has accomplished.

A win in Mexico would give him four consecutive gold medals stamped "Champion Olympique." Before his 1964 victory in Tokyo, he had won at Rome in 1960 and at Melbourne in 1956. Since the revival of the ancient Greek sportsfest at Athens in 1896, some 35,000 athletes have participated and none has ever scored four first places in one permanently scheduled track or field event. "Doubles"—repeat wins in two consecutive Olympics—are fairly common. Three straight championship finishes almost never happen. Back in 1900-1904-1908 an Irish-born New York cop named John "Himself" Flanagan took the hammer throw three times in a row. Flanagan and Oerter are the only triple victors in the book. Quibblers may point out that, long ago, Ray Ewry of the U.S. piled up eight Olympic "golds," but Ewry did it in the standing high jump, standing broad jump and standing hop-step-jump, lightly regarded events which were discontinued in 1912. Others who competed until they were bald, such as Finland's Paavo Nurmi and Hannes Kolehmainen, collected as many as six firsts, but no more than two in a single event. The Finns entered half the races on the pro-

[*Continued on page* 97]

man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

Tom Burnside

Our highway speed averages today are increasing—but not during commuter hours.

Reader Harvey Miller asks: "I've read that New York City traffic actually moves more slowly today than it did in horse-and-buggy days. True? How do other cities compare, and is there a similar slowdown trend in rural areas?"

True, Mr. Miller. The average speed of a car in New York City traffic today is 8.5 mph., as compared to 11.5 mph. for horse-drawn vehicles in 1907, according to the city transportation administrator's office.

But cars are moving faster than ever before on rural streets and highways, says the latest U.S. Bureau of Roads survey. This is due to improvements in cars and roads, notably the interstate expressways. Twelve percent of nonurban vehicles now travel 70 mph. or over. The percentage of cars exceeding 60 mph. on rural roads has tripled in the past decade. New Mexico shows the highest nonpeak hour average (rural) speed of 65.1 mph., followed by Nevada (64.7 mph.), and Kansas (64.2 mph.). Slowest states are Tennessee (42.1 mph.), Pennsylvania (48.7 mph.) and New Jersey (49.5 mph.). There are exceptions, of course, especially during holiday weekends, or when cars break down. Last summer, on New York's ironically named Route 17 "Quickway," a truck breakdown created an 11-mile traffic jam.

But the big cities are where the crunch really is. Boston's streets show an average peak hour speed of 14.8 mph. mornings, 10.9 mph. evenings, and an average daytime speed of 13.9 mph. Philadelphia traffic crawls at an average 10 mph. during rush hours and only 17 mph. otherwise. During off-peak hours, cars in Cleveland average a respectable 26.4 mph., but 10 mph. less during rush hours. In the nation's capital, say traffic officials: ". . . the lot of the southeast and eastbound motorists has sadly deteriorated" in the last few years. On Los Angeles' spaghettilike network of freeways, traffic generally zips like the chariot race scene from *Ben Hur*, but goes into slow motion during commuter times.

When a section of New York's West Side Highway was recently closed for repairs, it took motorists 30 minutes to travel 30 blocks. A reporter observed one driver reading Tolstoi's immense novel *War and Peace*. "I'm up to page 82," the motorist commented. "Maybe I'll finish the book before I reach my office." The prize drivers' hangup is this city's Long Island Expressway, nicknamed "The World's Longest Parking Lot." The expressway handles over 185,000 cars daily, and with endless repairs being made to its inner sections, a 15 mph. average is considered real speed within the city limits during rush-hour periods.

In New York as in other big towns, motorists have learned to depend heavily on radio traffic-condition programs that tell commuters how to avoid snarls in the molasseslike rush-hour hangup.

Q: What is a "temperature inversion," the situation that is supposed to be a hazard in areas with air pollution problems? *Edgar A. Dale, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

A: A temperature inversion occurs when the normally cool upper layers of air become warmer than the lower layers. When there is no rain or wind to move this warm upper layer, it prevents the dirty air at ground level from rising and dissipating. Los Angeles is a prime example of a metropolitan area with a chronic inversion situation, but it can happen anywhere. When it lasts for several days in areas of heavy air pollution, people who are well get sick from respiratory ailments, the sick get sicker and some of them may die.

Q: What is the average weight of the cattle we use for beef in this country, before and after slaughtering? *John Illinicki, McKees Rocks, Pa.*

A: The latest available figures show that the estimated average live weight of all cattle slaughtered in the United States was 1,009 pounds. The average carcass weight was 578 pounds, but the "lost" weight includes many valuable by-products such as hides, hearts and livers.

Q: Have any full-size replicas of Columbus's ships ever been built? *Harold S. Ward, Baton Rouge, La.*

A: An exact copy of the *Santa Maria*, the flagship of Columbus's fleet was built in Spain for the 1964-65 New York World's Fair under the supervision of the Smithsonian Institution. It is now docked at the Washington, D. C., waterfront and is open to visitors. The 110-ton vessel is 80 feet long with a 25-foot beam and a mainmast 80 feet high.

Q: I remember reading some time ago about a young man who was raised by kangaroos in Australia; it was alleged that he could run over 20 mph. for quite a distance. True or false? *C. J. Byrom, Kansas City, Mo.*

A: False. Kangaroos are marsupials, and their biological problems of "raising" a human child would be insuperable. And kangaroos don't run; they leap.

Q. I have been told that huge fish, weighing hundreds of pounds, have been spotted in the depths of the Mississippi by skin divers. If this is true, what kind of fish are they? ***C. W. Van Alstyne, Riverdale, Ill.***

A. No reports of such sightings have been confirmed by official sources, but if there are huge fish in the Mississippi they're probably sturgeon or alligator gar, which can weigh as much as 200 pounds.

Q. How fast can a person travel on water skis? ***Matthew Lyle, Hialeah, Fla.***

A. The speediest water ski run on record was made last year by a Californian named Chuck Stearns. On a single ski behind a hot-rod towboat, he was timed over a measured course at 119.52 miles per hour.

Q: Was there really such a German ace as The Red Baron in World War I? ***Linda Rader, Kneeland, Calif.***

A: Baron Manfred von Richthofen, who flew a red Fokker plane, and who was the leading ace of World War I with 80 "kills," was known as The Red Baron.

Q. What has happened on the island of Juan Fernandez since Alexander Selkirk, the real Robinson Crusoe, was marooned there in 1704? ***H. G. Hill, Coconut Grove, Fla.***

A. Màs a Tierra is the largest of the Juan Fernandez group of islands which lies about 400 miles off the coast of Chile. Alexander Selkirk was marooned on the island for more than four years after quarreling with the captain of his ship. Daniel Defoe heard the story and used it as the basis for his classic novel. Today the 300 inhabitants of Màs a Tierra live mainly by supplying water, food and wood to passing vessels, and by canning lobsters for export. In 1914 the island's principal harbor, Cumberland Bay, was the scene of a naval battle in which a British squadron sank the German cruiser *Dresden*.

Q. How many former state governors now serve in the United States Senate? ***Joe Brady, Beaumont, Tex.***

A. The present number is 18. Ten are Democrats, eight are Republicans.

Q. How much air do we breathe each day? ***William B. McCartney, San Francisco, Calif.***

A. The average person breathes about 35 pounds of air a day; that's six times as much as the food and drink he consumes.

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Wide World

Q: How many American cities still have street cars? *Dan Mellinger, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

A: Five American cities still have trolley cars in operation. Those that are surface rail are in Boston, New Orleans, Pittsburgh and San Francisco. Newark also has trolley cars in operation within its subway system.

Q: How big is our National Wildlife Refuge system? *James Tinker, Patchogue, N. Y.*

A: As of July, 1966, the system contained a total of about 28½ million acres located in all but five of our 50 states. The acreage makes up a total of 312 refuges, primarily for migratory birds and big game.

Q: How popular is fox hunting in England? *Robert T. Emerson, Jamestown, R. I.*

A: In spite of active protest movements against the sport in recent years, some 40,000 Englishmen (and women) saddle up and ride to the hounds.

Q: Who was the first United States military pilot? *Alvin Richards, Chestertown, Md.*

A: Benjamin Foulois, then a Signal Corps lieutenant, was put in charge of the Army's first plane in 1910, with orders to teach himself to fly it. At a dinner in his honor a few years ago Foulois, who retired as a major general, recalled his first flight: "It was my first solo flight, first takeoff, first landing and first crack-up."

Q. Was the trial of Loeb and Leopold by jury or by judge alone? What was the charge and who set the penalty? *John McGowan, White Pigeon, Mich.*

A. Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold were tried by a judge, with no jury. Although they pleaded guilty to the charges of kidnapping and murdering Robert Franks, Illinois law required the state to prove the crimes in court before sentence could be passed. They appeared in 1924 before Chief Justice John R. Caverly of the Criminal Court of Cook County, who sentenced them to life for murder and 99 years for kidnapping.

Q: If the female branch of the family is referred to as the distaff side, what is the male branch called? *L. Holmquist, Rochester, Minn.*

A: The sword side.

Q: Was there really an old pioneer man called "Liver-Eating Johnson"? *R. E. Arnold, FPO 96601, S. F., Calif.*

A: Yes. His real name was John Johnston, but he earned his reputation throughout the countryside as "Liver-Eating Johnson." Reputedly he killed over 300 Indians, mostly Crows, scalped them and ate their livers raw, to avenge his wife's murder by their tribe.

Q: Where are the remains of Leif Ericsson, the Viking who is believed to have explored America centuries before Columbus? *Harold Lee, Pomfret, Conn.*

A: Probably in Greenland. A large number of graves were recently excavated in a 1,000-year-old churchyard near Julianehaab, Greenland, on farmland that had been owned by Leif's father, Eric the Red. The graves were unmarked, but it is known that the church belonged to Eric and archaeologists believe that one of the nine skeletons found nearest the site of the church is the remains of Leif Ericsson.

Q. Can a person get a suntan or burn through ordinary window glass? *Albert Knox, Pittsburg, Kans.*

A. Only persons with extreme sensitivity to sun.

Q. What was the desertion rate in our armed forces during World War II? *David A. Hendricks, Phoenix, Ariz.*

A. Of 11,482,316 men and women in uniform from January 1, 1942 through December 31, 1947, a total of 29,521 were convicted of desertion.

Q. Why six feet deep for graves? Why not five, or seven? *Robert D. Rodriguez, Houston, Tex.*

A. "Six feet under" is more a slogan than a practice. The depth of a grave is usually established by state laws, and the average is probably closer to five feet deep than six.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE welcomes any reasonable question, and will publish the most interesting questions and their answers in these columns. Address your inquiries to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-10, 67 West 44 St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Q: Are there any states where cigarettes aren't taxed? *Stanley Van Orden, Little Rock, Ark.*

A: Just one—North Carolina, where the growing and manufacture of tobacco products is a major industry.

Q: Is it true that it's possible to buy prefabricated English pubs in this country? What would be the cost? *Franklin S. McKay, San Francisco, Calif.*

A: In response to the growing popularity of English-type drinking establishments in the United States, London furniture manufacturers Leslie Costick and Ralph Shafran have put together prefabricated pubs that arrive complete with everything from dart boards to mullioned windows. They come in a variety of styles and the prices start at a hefty $500,000.

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OCT. '68—TRUE—S. CAL., WC

[Continued from page 93]
gram, and they had no repeat wins. Versatility is fine. But to reign as the official world champion at a single highly specialized skill for 12 years, and with a shot at 16 coming up—phenomenal.

"Oerter's the most durable star in sports today," says Payton Jordan, head coach on the U.S. track-field team of 1968. "Just the fact that he has a *chance* to take it all again in Mexico is hard to believe."

It's far more difficult to be a longtime champion in an amateur sport than in a professional one, since the amateur can't make his sport his vocation, as can ballplayers, golfers, jockeys, fighters. Supporting a wife and two children, Oerter earns his living as a systems analyst for Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation of Bethpage, Long Island, supervising the feeding of data on missiles and space components into IBM machines. The job is a precise, high-security one, requiring many overtime hours. He wedges practice time into evenings and off hours, but track meets often require him to be away from his job. He has sacrificed, he estimates, "three or four years" of job time and career advancement to train and travel.

This dedication isn't for the sake of a clamoring public; Oerter seldom gets cheered. "In parts of Europe and Scandinavia," he says, irritably, "a weight man is a national hero. Here you're nothing. You could eat a disc instead of tossing it and nobody would notice." This June he twisted a knee a day before the Olympic Trials opened in Los Angeles. Coaches urged him to try only hard enough to qualify for the squad, an easy matter for him. As always, though, Oerter bore down. Limping, he sailed one past the U.S. mark of 213-feet-9 in the unofficial warm-ups and, in the finals, threw 197 feet, 10 inches. Only one entrant did better: the fast-rising Jay Silvester of Logan, Utah. As Oerter left the Coliseum, the crowd was up and screaming—for Tommy Smith, the sprint king, who'd just won the 200-meter dash.

"You learn early not to care that you're mostly a curiosity, a sort of nut attached to a wheel," says Al. In England, another country where monsters of track aren't totally appreciated, he once launched a disc virtually into orbit—officials swearing that it carried more than 220 feet, smashing every known record. However, it curved foul. And it went on to hit and almost bisect a stadium attendant. When they carried the guy out on a litter, 30,000 fans stood and booed Oerter.

With the Greeks it wasn't that way. From the sixth century B.C. onward, *diskos* greats were featured above all other Olympic competitors, and the rules of the Games were even carved on the stone saucers. The champion had his pick of women, was exempted from paying taxes forever, and had statues built to him—Myron's famous *Diskobolus* was one of the great art works of ancient Greece. Legend tells that Lycurgus of Sparta was named king after a *diskos* triumph. Modern European slingers have cashed in nicely, too. When Adolfo Consolini of Italy won the 1948 Olympic discus title, admirers bought him a chain of sporting-goods stores. Czech authorities made a factory boss of Ludvik Danek after he set a world mark of 211 feet-plus in 1964. Russia's current best thrower, Kim Bukhantsev, is a pal of the boys at the Kremlin.

So why does Oerter keep it up? He has represented his country since he was 20, or all of his adult life, and has little more to show for it (clock-radios and wristwatch prizes excluded) than a money deficit, a chronic neck injury and a history of battles with the Amateur Athletic Union, with which he's feuded since college days. Today Big Al won't even speak of the A.A.U., so great is his disgust. He refers you back to his last published quote, in 1965: "I hate the A.A.U. And the Olympic Committee and National Collegiate A.A. are no better. You can't trust their word. They think they own you body and soul. Well, the so-and-sos don't own me."

Other trackmen who feel the same endure the domineering U.S.O.C. and A.A.U. for a few postcollege seasons, then, with rules and restrictions coming out their ears, hang up their spikes. Al has been around four times as long as the average performer. Why?

"It's a personal thing," he counters grudgingly. "I don't care about the trophies or the patriotic crap the U.S.O.C. sells. I've done my part."

Throwing the discus, he implies, is a sort of love affair. "The discus feels good in your hand. When you can control your body and control the terrific tension that develops so you can send it into free flight for long distances, well, then you feel—free."

Oerter is impatient with the stupid questions he's often asked ("What's your chest size?" "Is it true you can lift a horse?"). He says, "We're just big animals to the public, which think the discus throw is a muscle event. It isn't. It's a matter of agility and technique more than strength. You must drive at full speed across the confined space, an eight-foot, 10-inch circle, and your feet must follow an exact pattern. While you're spinning, you've got to hold a line bisecting the ring, bring centrifugal force into play, keep a low but expanding center of balance, figure aerodynamic-wind factors to get the right angle of climb on the disc and do a toe-dance reverse on the follow-through which stops your forward momentum in a split second. You've got from two to 2.2 seconds to do all this. Anything slower, you're nowhere. That's why there are less than 60 or 70 throwers in the world who are able to beat 190 feet consistently."

Becoming a world champion athlete didn't seem a likely prospect for Oerter when he was in his early teens. At Sewanhaka High School on Long Island he was a skinny five-feet-10, 150-pounder with personality problems. The son of a master plumber, Al had planned to become an apprentice plumber after high school, until he met a coach named Jim Fraley. "He was a natural from the first time he took hold of a disc," Fraley says. "However, he was so shy that he didn't say 10 words a month. When he grew big and made a name, we made

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sure he went to college. Without social expansion Al might have been mute all his life."

The University of Kansas gladly gave him a track scholarship in 1955, after he broke the national scholastic discus record. At K.U. he learned how tough an athlete's life can be. Because he weighed 235 he was ordered to report for football. Oerter wouldn't do it. His refusal set the campus against him. Coaches called him "disloyal"; the student newspaper asked, "Is he afraid to play?" Al was in engineering school, needed time for studying and refused to knuckle under. "He told them," says Wes Santee, a noted U. of Kansas miler of that time, "to shove it. And that experience was the start of his belief that most people who run amateur sports stink."

When he was only a sophomore, Oerter qualified for the '56 Olympics in Melbourne. The U.S. Olympics Committee, looking for a side dollar, scheduled squad exhibition meets prior to the Games involving a lot of travel. Oerter said he wouldn't go along and didn't. He was browbeaten, threatened. "This is the last trip out of the country you'll get!" shouted one badge-wearer.

Except for what happened next he'd have been in serious trouble. As a rookie in the big show at Melbourne, he was expected to finish fifth or lower. "I was nervous and figured I had only one long one in my system," he explains, "so I made it my first one." He hit 184 feet, 11 inches, beating the Games record by some four feet and scoring an upset victory. At the world-class level few had ever won so easily. Officials were delighted. They stopped hating him. Temporarily.

In 1960 he almost didn't reach the Rome Olympics. For one reason he was almost given up for dead after an auto crash. Al's head went through the windshield and his throat was cut almost from jawbone to jawbone. "My jugular vein was nicked, but I was in delirium and wouldn't let the doctors help me," he says. "I kept tossing nurses and orderlies around while I bled all over the place. They sent for a preacher to say some last words. Finally, six orderlies pinned me down and a surgeon got clamps in me and did some sewing that saved my life."

The second reason was the way "Awful Oerter" (the A.A.U.'s name for him) had behaved in Moscow. In 1958 he traveled to the Soviet capital with an all-star team with the express understanding that he'd throw only against the U.S.S.R. and not in subsequent meets scheduled elsewhere in Europe. His job at Grumman required his return. After he'd defeated the Russians, he was told that the deal was off. "You're going on," the A.A.U. said. "We need the points you can score."

"Well," answered Al, "you'll have to drag me aboard that plane. Now how many liars do you think it'll take to do the dragging?"

No one volunteered; Al came home. And at Rome two years later the only thing that made him popular was his flip of 194 feet, 1¾ inches, a new Olympic record and one of the first indications that man was capable of 200 feet in the discus. Two hundred had been a barrier to compare with the four-minute mile.

Not long after Rome, Oerter suffered a slipped disk of the fifth lumbar and a nerve disorder of the neck which doctors couldn't cure. Pain shot down his left side when he threw, then partial paralysis of the left arm set in. He is right-handed, but in discus-throwing the left is the "whip"—or balance-controlling arm—and without use of it no trainer could see how he could continue effectively. For most of a year Al was sidelined. "Then the idea of supporting my neck with a football-type roll of plaster and rubber came up," he says. "It looks funny but it's a help." Wearing it he resembled a Clydesdale set to haul a beer wagon. When he entered the 1962 Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles the officials said, "We're not sure this thing is legal."

"Oh, ——," said Al. "Show me a rule against it."

While the A.A.U. stood around arguing, he stepped in and sent one 5½ inches past the 200-foot barrier.

At Mexico City, with ABC television cameras trained on him, he'll wear the horse collar. Without it he can't stand the jolt that goes down his spine when his head snaps back at the point of release. "Al won't alibi," says Payton Jordan, "but that collar costs him more than a few feet of distance. It restricts him so that he can't get his arm up and tilt the disc into a climbing attitude in a crosswind."

Presently, Oerter finds himself an object of real interest for the first time; fans, finally realizing how much he has accomplished, have made him a sentimental favorite in the XIX Games. They want that unprecedented fourth championship for him. What is the prospect? Not good, say experts.

This time he'll be an underdog, due to burly (and also untalkative) Silvester, who last May in California threw an amazing 218 feet, four inches. If approved by international authority, the throw will be a new world record. Meanwhile, a Latvian-born Canadian named George Puce, West Germany's Detlef Thorith and Italy's Silvano Simeon have tossed 211 feet or more. The dope charters feel that the field has crept up on Oerter and perhaps passed him.

"You know," muses Parry O'Brien, the retired two-time Olympic shot-put champ, "it's remarkable what happens to the contenders when they go up against Oerter under the pressure of the Games. They're not the same performers they were a day or two earlier. To psych them out of their good form all he has to do is show up and give them that stare of his. Man, do they freeze!"

And perhaps Big Al has been keeping a surprise in reserve. Not long ago O'Brien, who also acts as a television commentator on track-and-field matters, shoved a microphone at Oerter and tried to elicit an interview.

"How do you feel? How's the neck?" inquired O'Brien.

"It's okay," said Oerter.

"Do you think you can win in Mexico?"

"I'll show up," said Oerter, tight-lipped.

O'Brien, struggling with a nothing interview, reached out for something else of interest:

"What's your best practice throw lately?" he asked. "I'm sure the public would be interested in that."

Big Al looked bored. "Oh, in a good wind, about 236 feet." Nodding briefly, he walked away from the camera.

There was a stunned silence from O'Brien and, presumably, from the audience. From Lycurgus of Sparta to Szecsenyi the Bear and Jay Silvester, no mortal ever managed anything close to that. Possibly Big Al will make history in this Olympics. If so, dig up Myron. Find a new Pindar to write his praises. This is a guy who should be remembered in marble and poetry. —Al Stump

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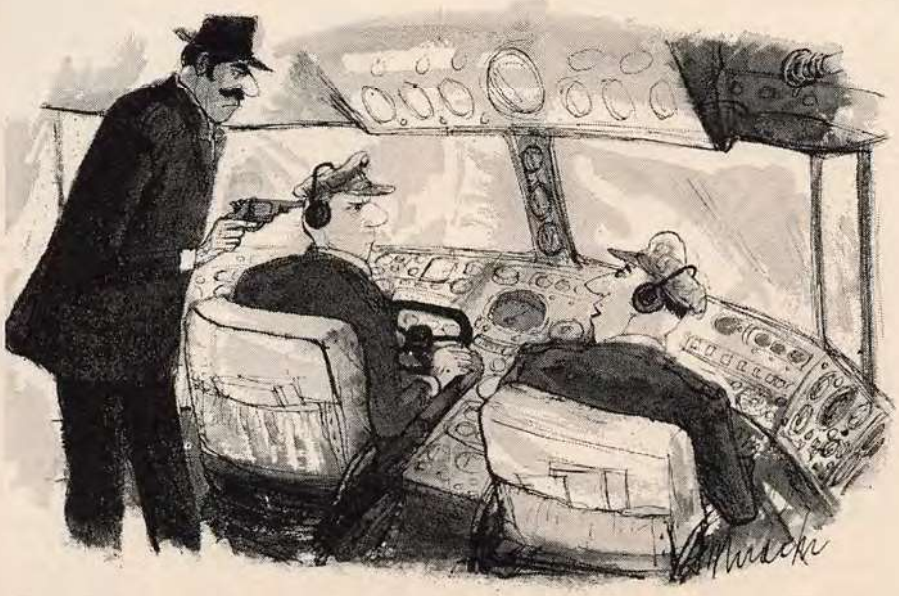

"I wonder what the chances will be of picking up a few cigars while we're there."

TV'S "LAUGH-IN"—WHAT IS ITS SECRET INGREDIENT?

[*Continued from page 69*]

public-relations man, "that's the kind of exposure that makes a sponsor blow his mind."

And finally, though the figures may dazzle the executive floor at NBC, they don't even begin to tell half the show's impact—not the real half, anyway, that the rest of us see. Figures don't tell of a certain judge in Westchester County, New York, who actually tried to devise a way to enter his courtroom before the spectators did, because he was certain that as he walked in they were muttering, "Heah come de judge" under their breath. And figures don't account for the poster on the wall behind the defiant protesters at Columbia University, hastily scrawled and reading simply, "Sock it to me." For the *Laugh-In* is not only the most successful comedy to appear on NBC since the heyday of Uncle Miltie, it has become part of the fiber of our culture. And also the Number One regularly scheduled show on the entire tube, which isn't so bad, either.

Ver-ry inter-res-ting. . . .

So how come?

Perhaps the first clue might be to look at Dan Rowan and Dick Martin themselves. We all know what successful comedians are like, we know the backstage scene by heart: pandemonium, a strident voice surrounded by 13 different agents, accountants, managers, lawyers and assorted cronies who grab their sides and fall over when the great man so much as asks for his Gelusil; and the man himself biting his manicured nails in his four-hundred-dollar suit and Lew Magram shirt with collars up to his ears, everything lacquered and tanned and glowing, buffed to a high gloss but still insecure, perpetually at the edge of panic.

So it probably would be disappointing to open the door to the Rowan and Martin dressing room and find no corporation, no hysteria, just a coupla guys wandering around absentmindedly in their skivvies. Someone says "Sit," sticks a drink in your hand. There isn't a necktie in sight. No one shouts. Rowan stands mostly; Martin is very good at sitting. His feet are up. Both men seem to listen when they listen. Eventually they put their dinner jackets on. "Listen," says Martin, "you gonna hang around? Great, then we'll catchya at the break." He wanders out toward the stage; for a minute you almost expect to see a golf club in his hand.

"Which is the funny one?"
"Martin."
"Oh . . . which one is Martin?"

Rowan is a rather complicated one, a complex, many-folded man, with the gentle velvet voice and the eyes often veiled, something always there—but what? Caution, intelligence, maybe some ambitions he hasn't mentioned even to himself. He loves to sail, lives in a modest apartment so he can be only minutes away from his boat—and is very much attached to his wife Adriana, an Australian ex-model of Dutch descent, with a teardrop-shaped face and a quick concern for her husband.

Martin, on the other hand, is the one with the open face, the epitome of the casual life. He has a way of hooking the earpiece of his sunglasses through his shirtfront so that he doesn't have to carry them. And that is Dick Martin: travel light, no excess weight, the important thing in life is not having to wear a tie. But loves the work, oddly enough. "Dick could stay out in front of an audience for hours," says Rowan. "He loves it. Me, I'm the one who sweats."

If the two seem a little less than bowled over by their television success, they would have you remember that their price was well up into five figures a week in nightclubs before the *Laugh-In* started. Although they might seem an overnight smash to the television public, the unsurprising truth is that they have been at it for some time. "We sorta snuck up on it," says Rowan.

It was over 15 years ago that they were first introduced by a mutual friend who felt both had a real wit and should work together. Rowan had come originally from carnival people—in fact he was literally born on the road; just outside Beggs, Oklahoma, one day, his mother asked the conductor to stop the train so she could get off and have her baby. He worked for a time at Paramount, but when he got out of the service things had changed at the studio, and he found a job selling cars while he began to assemble material for a comedy act. On his part, Martin was born in Michigan and raised in Detroit. He drifted to the Coast, also interested in doing comedy, and was tending bar in Burbank when the friend introduced him to Rowan.

The story from that point until their first important breakthrough in nightclubs is pretty much the usual. At first they worked for nothing in small joints around the Los Angeles area, until the time came and they got their break.

Heah come de judge, heah come de judge. . . .

Who turned out to be Walter Winchell. The columnist saw them at a club in Miami in the late 1950's. From then on there were a lot of mentions in his column about a couple of guys named Rowan and Martin, whom "Your Correspondent" was fond of calling the funniest team since Olsen and Johnson. And it wasn't long afterward that they began to headline at the big-league nightclubs, and were off to the races.

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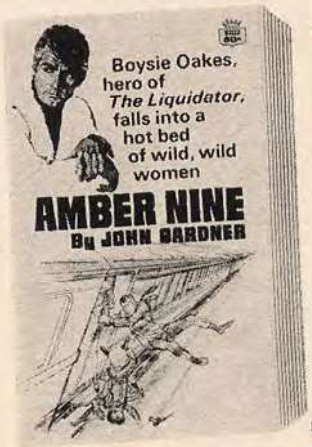

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". . . and my opponent, whose stand is based on emotionalism and hysteria. . . ."

During this time they perfected that relaxed quality which as much as anything else is the stamp of their act. It has spread to become part of the atmosphere surrounding them, which would be unusual enough in the hypercompetitive world of show business, but among comics—who are notorious as the most up-tight people in the world—it is nothing short of phenomenal.

Ver-ry inter-res-ting. . . .

Part of the reason, of course, is in their approach to their material. Most comedy teams have a straight man (as Dean Martin used to be, or Bud Abbott) and one monkey face—Jerry Lewis or Lou Costello or Steve Rossi, say. But Rowan and Martin didn't go the baboon route; though their roles are customarily different, each is cool and relaxed in its own way. Rowan is the urbane one, polite and refined and sometimes slightly pained, but always the intelligent, gentle soul; in contrast to Martin, who plays a kind of easygoing crew-cut satyr, the perennial sophomore with heroic ambitions for his libido, an apprentice lecher who is willing to take on anything and everything—whisky, women—but with a face so open and guileless it looks as though he's never had either. And thus is eminently shockable, as when he responds to Rowan's perfectly straightforward description of how flowers reproduce, with, "That's the most incredible thing I ever heard in *my life!*" The low-key delivery draws the audience in without their realizing it. Instead of being steamrollered, they feel like participants.

All of which, of course, makes it seem even more unlikely that from such ease could come that special frenetic insanity of the *Laugh-In*.

"Oh boy, we're a hit, we're a hit, wheeeee. . . . Now *what're we gonna do?"*

The *Laugh-In* itself is the result of a long and stubborn campaign waged by the two men. "You know," says Rowan, a slight edge creeping into his voice, "we get just a little annoyed when people ask us whose idea it was. It was our idea, that's whose. We just waited until we could do the kind of show we wanted to do." They had done the Dean Martin summer replacement show, the standard summer comedy revue. A stand-up piece at the opening, a guest singer like Nancy Wilson, a sketch, a guest dancer, another sketch, another song—and then the wind-up. But for years the men had had another idea, and after that show they refused to do any more television until they could do it their way. "We had this idea, see," says Rowan. "We went around saying, 'Hey, how about doing a comedy show that doesn't have a singer? Just comedy?' "

Now to the rest of us such an idea might seem straightforward, logical, maybe even a little obvious. But to the buttoned-down robots inside the wall-to-wall maze of television, the notion was nothing short of terrifying, and our heroes didn't get much of anywhere.

Finally the two men went to George Schlatter of George Schlatter-Ed Friendly Productions, who was known to be a funny man ("Schlatter?" says a friend affectionately. "Schlatter is a roaring *nut*"), and said, "Hey, George, what do you think of doing a comedy show where no one ever says something like, 'And now, folks, here's Nancy Wilson'?"

"You mean a *comedy* comedy show?" said Schlatter.

"That's right."

"Oh, man," said Schlatter joyously, "will anyone let you do it?"

NBC thought they were crazy (where would they get enough jokes for a whole hour?); but the *U.N.C.L.E.* show was fading anyway, so they figured what the hell and gave them the go-ahead for one special. But there are comedy shows and comedy shows, and that decision alone was not enough to lead to the particular brand of madness of the *Laugh-In*. So one night Schlatter met Rowan and Martin in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and in the course of their meeting the specific concept of the show was hammered out.

Sockit-to-me, sockit-to-me. . . .

And they did.

For that concept was no accident. You meet Rowan, and he says, "I'm a McLuhan man" ("The medium is the message," remember?), and you think, oh yeah, sure. But funnily enough, he is just that. Because the idea was that the special was not only to be a *comedy* comedy show, but a comedy comedy show for *television*. The concept that evolved recognized television as an electronic medium—a medium ideally suited for quick cuts and odd juxtapositions, in which bits could be made to comment on one another in some crazy way, odd and incongruous bits that would come and go so quickly you would have to look sharp to see them at all. The idea, finally, was to use the medium to its fullest.

And so they abandoned the traditional ideas of comedy format, away from the stand-up patter and unfunny sketches and singers, McLuhan is the man and speed is the watchword, most bits no longer than 45 seconds, two minutes tops, speed, speed, in a strange combination of outdoors and indoors, little kiddie racing cars, a flash glimpse of a grown man spilling over on a child's tricycle that is for some reason insanely funny—anything goes, everything goes, sight gags, one liners, sudden glimpses of astonished guests, Don Adams, Sammy Davis, Jr., Douglas Fairbanks (Douglas *Fair*banks?), it all rushes by you, anything, everything, political, sexual, topical, social, Henry Gibson's enormous flower, Jo Anne Worley's cackle, Ruth Buzzi with the rubber smile and drooping eyes and bugle voice, the unbelievable sight of Tiny Tim, on and on and on, mad, mad and—it all

jelled; somehow miraculously it all jelled. And the *Laugh-In* was born.

> "People said, 'Well, sure, you could do it once on a special, you had three months to work on it. But you could never do it again.' "

Ver-ry inter-res-ting. . . .

There were special requirements, of course, and Schlatter was a great help. A zany with a grass-roots burlesque background, Schlatter was also largely responsible for helping the two comics assemble the unique collection of oddballs and distinctive types, each a solid professional in his own right, that makes the *Laugh-In* cast the unforgettable group that it is. And Schlatter also helped assemble the collection of writers (whom his partner Ed Friendly calls with simple certainty, "The best in the world") to turn out the prodigious amounts of material. Even in an entertainment medium famous for consuming material, the amounts used by the *Laugh-In* are legendary—200, 400, 500 gags and jokes a show; a script running up to 240 pages, almost twice the customary number. Then there are the problems of putting it all together each week.

> "So then people said, 'Well, sure the opening show was great, you had two months to work on that, too, but you couldn't do it for a whole season.' "

If you ask Ed Friendly the sequence in preparing each show, his first reply is strangled silence. "Sequence?" he says finally. "What sequence?" To explain how each show is assembled is a little like trying to describe the preparations for the invasion of Normandy. At any given moment, not only are the writers polishing and correcting the script currently in rehearsal, but also rewriting the show to follow the next week, doing the first draft for two or three after that, and filing other bits and gags for those even further ahead. The scenery and props for each sequence must also be ordered, built, planned, ready for insertion or cutting at a moment's notice. The show is actually taped in two days. On a show that consists of so many bits and pieces as the *Laugh-In*, this is practically insane.

Then, too, there are all the special features, the result of relying so heavily on electronic devices. For instance, it would seem impossible for the *Laugh-In* to have a regular studio audience. Although that was the way they did it at first, it eventually became unworkable. Any regular studio audience would have to sit for eight or nine hours at a stretch. Most viewers wrongly assume, however, that the laughter heard on the show is "canned." Not so. All the men on the crew are watching, as well as the sizable cast (who are the best audience, anyway). And anyone who wants to may wander in; the *Laugh-In* is an open-house show. Thus, anywhere from 75 to 150 people are watching at any one time. It is occasionally necessary to reinforce their laughter for the sound track, but Rowan and Martin mostly use the response they get from whatever people had been there.

> "So I said, 'Yeah, that's a great bit. . . . But can you do it in 45 seconds?' "

The taping session has little continu-

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ity; no studio audience could get any sense of the completed show from watching it. Many of the running gags—Martin repeatedly stepping into an elevator that goes every way but up or down, Don Adams missing an ever-larger golf ball—are all shot at the same time, then later cut into the show in little pieces by a battery of cutters and editors after the footage of tape and film is finished. They are responsible for assembling the show in its final form—that hectic series of quick cuts which are the trademark of the *Laugh-In*.

The boys always shoot about 20 minutes more than they need on the air, which enables them to select and hone down the final product to its strongest form. There are anywhere from 200 to 300 splices and cuts per show—which means an average length of something around 10 seconds each, and should give some idea of the electronic speed of the finished product.

None of the extra taped material is thrown away—it is all stored in a "bank" for future use. This explains the continued appearance of famous guests on show after show. Like the running gags, most of these guest appearances are taped at one shot, then cut up and inserted later in little bits called runners. Each guest is paid when his material appears on the air, and Rowan and Martin are free to use it whenever they wish. No one knows precisely how many feet of tape are in the bank, because no one has ever counted them. But it is one of the real resources of the *Laugh-In*.

But these technical production details do not account for the special spirit of the show. No one connected with *Laugh-In* seems quite able to explain that. The producers, the director, the cast, Rowan and Martin themselves, all speak of "chemistry." It began with that instant when the two men first met Schlatter and seems not to have stopped since. In the *Laugh-In*, there are no prima donnas. There is an atmosphere that makes each member of the cast and staff feel his contribution is welcome—and needed. Despite all the speculation as to who thought of what joke, Rowan and Martin refuse to trace back the origin of any particular gag, to figure out who first cooked it up, or where it originally came from. "It's a collaboration," says Martin firmly. The important thing is to preserve the spirit of free zaniness that makes the show what it is.

> "So now they're saying, 'Sure, maybe you did it for one season, but you can't do it for two years in a row. . . .' "

No one is quite certain what will happen to the *Laugh-In* this season. Some new people may be added, though as of this writing nothing definite had been planned. All of last year's regulars will be back—Henry Gibson, Ruth Buzzi, Goldie Hawn, Tiny Tim and the lot.

The first few shows are expected to be much like the successes of last season. Oh, there may be some minor changes, mostly invisible to the audience: instead of taping on the weekends, the schedule will be arranged to give the cast Saturday and Sunday off so they can live a little bit more like the rest of the human race; and Rowan and Martin themselves will do a series of Friday- or Saturday-night only performances in Las Vegas—not to break in new material but simply to keep the act polished.

But viewers definitely will be seeing the cocktail party sequence again this year, also the laugh-wall—the huge wall with all the windows and shutters and strange openings out of which members of the cast pop to deliver one-line gags—as well as the news section of the show, which proved so consistently funny. But the show, by virtue of being what it is, will not stay the same. Just as it did last year, the show will change as the season goes on and the boys sense what is needed. One thing is sure: *Lucy* (actually *Here's Lucy*, with a new format) and *Gunsmoke* will be back again, and the competition will be keener than ever.

Well, the steamroller is underway now. Rowan and Martin are famous—and rich. Last year their corporation, Romart, Inc., grossed half a million dollars, which has more than tripled in the first half of 1968. Soon there will be a whole series of hats, dolls and other novelties all labeled with the catchphrases of their show; a picture deal is in the offing, and all the rest. But still the two men tend to be wary of the hoopla mill. According to them, their sudden nationwide fame and the resultant requests for publicity are not the kinds of pressure that are difficult to resist. "No, that's not it," says Rowan, while in another corner of the dressing room Martin hands you one of the new novelty things. It is a cardboard tube inserted into another, with a sticker on it that reads "Sockit To Me"; you try to pull the tubes apart but the suction makes it difficult. And you are still trying as Rowan continues: "I'll tell you what's tough. The pressure that says to do the same identical show again this year. That'll be sure death. We gotta keep growin' or we're nowhere."

Finally the tube comes apart with a hollow, cardboardy *pwock*. There is nothing inside. You look at Martin questioningly.

"That's it, baby," he says, and both men chuckle.

Nope. Not up-tight yet, these two.

Ver-ry inter-res-ting. . . .

Could it be they know what they're doing?

—David Shaber

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

MY LIFE WITH THE "BORN FREE" LIONS

[*Continued from page* 56]

frantically sucking my clothing and refusing to let me go. It was necessary for another person to distract her attention with a piece of meat before she would leave me and give me the opportunity to slip away. For two weeks I spent an hour daily in her enclosure until she had grown calmer and less possessive. Then, as a supreme test of my confidence in her, my tent was moved inside her enclosure. For the next three months she slept regularly in it, usually stretched out on the floor alongside my bed and sometimes on it. Although many of the nights were far from resposeful, particularly when Mara decided to share the bed, she never gave me cause for anxiety regarding my personal safety.

Our next addition was Henrietta. Of the same age as Boy and Girl, she was a pathetic creature, all skin and bone and highly nervous. The story goes that she was the sole survivor of a litter of cubs which had been run over by a tractor in one of the Uganda National Parks. She was placed in the Entebbe animal orphanage which now lent her to the company. Our director was not impressed and described her as useless for taking any part in the film.

A few weeks of good feeding worked wonders and she blossomed out into a beautiful young lioness. She was a born clown and full of fun. The Africans named her "Memsahib Makofe" (Lady Clout) as she had the habit of smacking with her forepaws, sometimes none too gently, although she never put out her claws. From being the Cinderella, she became the star performer. Whenever Girl and Mara failed to carry out a difficult scene, Henrietta saved the day.

There was one scene, somewhat fanciful and unnatural, in which Elsa was supposed to appear in camp herding a young elephant. Girl was chosen for the part, together with Eleanor, a three year old cow elephant. In order to get the two accustomed to each other, Eleanor was let into an enclosure where there were two guava trees laden with fruit of which she was inordinately fond. While Eleanor was busy stuffing herself, Girl was introduced. It was plain that she did not much care for the elephant and was nervous of her, although Eleanor herself paid not the slightest attention, being far too preoccupied with the guavas. When replete, Eleanor was led out for a walk, and we managed to induce Girl to follow, albeit reluctantly.

For the shooting of the scene a long wire enclosure was constructed, well camouflaged behind bushes. At one end the cameras were set up and at the other a small holding cage for the lion. In theory, Eleanor would start from the lion end and, attracted by a bunch of bananas, hurry towards the cameras, when Girl would be released and, it was hoped, follow the elephant. But nothing would persuade Girl to follow. The director and producers were all but tearing their hair. The film was costing in the region of $6,000 a day. It was out of the question to use Mara as she might injure Eleanor. There remained only Henrietta, who had not had any contact with Eleanor. She was brought along and secured in the holding cage from which she watched the elephant with interest. As soon as Eleanor was well on the way to the bananas, Henrietta was let loose and without hesitation sped after her and, coming up from behind, hooked a hind leg, almost bringing poor Eleanor to the ground. The take was repeated no less than six times.

Among my special charges apart from Boy and Girl, Mara and Henrietta, there was Ugas, a very fine young lion aged three years, who had been picked up as a small cub near Wajir and after being kept as a pet for a few months by a policeman, was sent to the Nairobi orphanage from which the company had borrowed him for the duration of the film. He was a most friendly and good-natured creature and inclined to be playful. On one occasion Mireille, a Swiss girl handler who had joined us, and I were training Ugas to charge down an enclosure. He was put into a small holding cage at one end while the girl stood by the door of a second cage at the far end with a large piece of meat. I released the eager Ugas, who rushed toward the meat. As soon as he reached Mireille she tossed the meat into the cage, Ugas followed, and was shut in. This arrangement worked perfectly for several days until one morning the director and one of the producers came to watch progress through the wire. Mireille as usual took up her stance by the door of the cage while I released Ugas, but instead of rushing into the cage after the meat he missed the door, ran around and jumped on poor Mireille. I ran to her assistance whereupon Ugas left her and jumped on me. There was nothing vicious about it; it was all in good fun. But for the spectators it seemed as if he was attacking us in earnest and the producer looked quite shaken. After this incident we found it best to take Ugas out on to the plains and let him have a good run until he was tired and then work him; handled in this way he was perfectly easy.

Altogether 24 lions, lionesses and cubs were used in the picture. Apart from cubs, my five lions and to a limited degree Astra and Juba, none of the grown lions could be handled, largely because they were kept permanently confined and given no opportunity to run free on the plains. I am firmly convinced that it is the boredom and frustration of captivity which makes lions dangerous.

Working and living with the lions for the better part of a year, I naturally became exceedingly attached to my charges. The thought of their returning to lifelong captivity in zoos

was utterly abhorrent to me and also to Joy and the Travers. I determined therefore to try by every means in my power to secure the freedom of as many of the lions as possible, in particular Ugas, Mara, Henrietta and Boy and Girl. And to rehabilitate them back to the life for which they were created and which was theirs by right. As the whole story of Elsa and the film is based around the theme of giving a lioness back to the wild, we not unreasonably expected the wholehearted support of the film company to help the lions who had served it so well. In this we were sadly disappointed. With two exceptions, all the lions directly owned by the company were disposed of to zoos and in one case to a private person who had no connection with the film. These amounted to 16 lions, lionesses and cubs. The remaining eight had been taken on loan and on hire; they included Ugas, Mara and Henrietta. Naturally, these had to go back to the owners. Fortunately, Boy and Girl, although owned by the company, were subject to a condition imposed by the original owners, Sgt. Von Ryves and R.S.M. Campbell Graham of the Second Battalion Scots Guards, whereby the company undertook to fly the lions at their own expense to England, to a zoo approved by Messrs. Ryves and Graham, at the end of the film. I wrote to the two soldiers, asking their permission to rehabilitate Boy and Girl. To quote Graham's reply: ". . . After considerable consideration and discussion with Ryves, we have decided to give you our permission to release Boy and Girl. We have been around looking at some of the first-class zoos and we are not impressed. We both wish you luck in this enterprise you are about to take on and hope you will keep us in the picture every now and again up to the time you leave them to themselves. Please pass on to the staff of 'Open Road' our appreciation and say we are both in agreement about the lions' release; also it will save the film unit a considerable amount of money. . . ." Thus, in the end, it remained for two simple soldiers to show the kindness of heart and understanding to prefer freedom for their pets rather than a life of confinement. Some months later, I was given Ugas, largely through the personal intervention of the Minister for Natural Resources and Wildlife.

My lovely Mara and Henrietta, who had given me all their trust and love without reserve and who had so much enjoyed their life of comparative freedom at Naro Moru, were consigned back to an existence of endless captivity, the former to Whipsnade Zoo and the latter to the Entebbe Zoo in Uganda. When they were taken away, I felt as if I had betrayed them and could not bear to see them off.

I might have got Mara but the lady who owned her as a small cub wrote a letter to the press which started an avalanche of criticism. She is a kindly person and her sole concern was for the safety of her former pet, her main argument being that Mara would be far safer in a zoo. Which, of course, is perfectly true, in the same way as it might be argued that a person undergoing a life sentence in prison is safer than the same person out in the world taking his chance in life. But is this justification for the withholding of freedom? Countless thousands of men and women through the ages have fought and died for the cause of freedom simply because they believed that life without it was not worth living. Might not the same apply to Mara and her kind?

The morning the Travers left Naro Moru for England, they called at Simba Camp, where Joy and I were living in tents, to say good-bye, bringing with them Dudu, their DKW four-wheel-drive car, as a contribution towards the rehabilitation of Boy and Girl. It was a most generous gesture, in keeping with their characters. Credit for the worldwide success of *Born Free* as a film must go firstly to the Travers, who by their unfailing patience and affection for the lions coupled with hard work and fine acting, made it possible.

Rehabilitating Boy, Girl and Ugas

On the 25th of April 1965, Boy and Girl, aged 19 months, joyfully jumped into the back of my Land Rover, no doubt believing that they were being taken out for a routine run around the familiar Naro Moru plains where we had made the movie. Little did they know that they were embarking on a new life and freedom. Being together, they endured the journey of 140 miles to the Meru Game Reserve exceedingly well, most of the time lying quietly in the back of the car. But by the time we reached the camp which had been prepared beforehand, they were very exhausted owing to the constant bumping over the rough roads.

The camp had been set up by Giles Remnant who had been my assistant with the film company at Naro Moru and knew Boy and Girl almost as well as I did. He had readily agreed to come and help me as his feelings about the lions were the same as mine. The site chosen was near the foot of a small rocky hill called Mugwongo in the center of the game reserve, surrounded by plains on three sides and on the fourth, by swamps, thorn bushes and palm trees, at an altitude of about 2,000 feet above sea level. The site had been enclosed with strong link-mesh wire netting, nailed to poles six feet in height, divided into a lion enclosure and the camp compound containing the tents. It had been my intention to keep the lions confined at night for the first week or two until they had become accustomed to the new conditions, but Boy and Girl had other ideas. Being tired out, they slept the night through in their enclosure. In the early hours of the morning Girl, followed by Boy, climbed over the netting of their enclosure and came to my tent. They roused me with warm greetings and Boy sat on my chest, so I had to get up and take them for a walk. We then placed thorn branches along the outside of the netting and this proved an efficient barrier, but as the lions showed no inclination to leave the camp after dark, apart from brief excursions to chase away hyenas and jackals, I did not confine them after the second night. Henceforth they were completely free to come and go as they pleased; in fact, they usually slept on the top of my car.

The education of the lions began with early morning walks for three or four hours in order to get them acquainted with the locality and to encourage them to hunt any game encountered on the way; at first, they felt the heat and were driven nearly frantic by the tsetse but there was no lack of keenness. Boy and Girl hunted everything from elephant downwards, including rhino, buffalo, giraffe, eland, zebra, oryx, etc. One morning we came upon a flock of ostriches. Boy planned a stalk, followed by Girl; he made a wide detour and crept up behind the birds while they were watching me, but ostriches are wary creatures. They soon saw him and were off. At first the lions ran wild chasing animals until exhausted. However, they soon learned that it was futile trying to run down the swift zebra and antelope in the open, and that there was nothing to be gained by tackling such creatures as elephant and rhino—apart from the fun of it. Then they began to ignore animals which were aware of their presence and reserved their energy for stalking those which had not been alarmed.

A few days after their arrival they met their first elephant, a large bull. It was stalked with elaborate care until they were a few yards off, then a mild demonstration from the elephant sent them scurrying, but a few moments later they were back and continued the game of harrying the elephant until they were tired. (Today these great creatures are looked upon as part of the landscape and not interfered with.) A rhino which ventured too close to camp received much the same treatment. But in this case it was the rhino who finally decided to seek more peaceful pastures. On another occasion, it was a herd of buffalo which, realizing that they were being threatened by lions, gathered in tight formation and charged. Wisely, Boy and Girl did not wait to contest the issue. But shortly afterward they returned to the fray and singled out a big bull who had lagged behind the herd. They teased him unmercifully for half an hour, easily avoiding his angry rushes.

Daily it could be observed how Boy and Girl developed their inherited knowledge of the wild and gained experience and skill in hunting. Their bodies became hard and muscular and their powers of scent, hearing and sight sharpened. Teaching them to become independent, which entailed killing for food, was made more difficult by the fact that the animals in the area were very well versed in the ways of lion and not easily caught napping. Also there was a lack of smaller game such as warthogs which would have been relatively easy prey.

In order to encourage Boy and Girl to hunt, I cut down their rations to one animal every eight or 10 days. After a "kill," I would drag the carcass well away from the camp. Boy and Girl soon learned to spend their day guarding it from vultures

and that it was fatal to leave it even for a short time. So when they were thirsty they came one at a time to water in the camp while the other stayed with the "kill." From this I went on to make them guard it against jackal and hyena by night, by leaving it at the foot of the hill. It was not until three months had elapsed that Girl made her first kill. A mere baboon but, at least, a beginning. A few nights later she killed a half-grown eland. Next I actually witnessed the killing of a zebra. While out for a walk one evening we came on a small herd of these animals. Girl carried out a very careful stalk, moving only when all heads were down. The moment a head was raised she would freeze until she gained the cover of a fallen tree about 40 yards short of the zebra. Here she crouched motionless while the unsuspecting herd grazed slowly towards her. At 20 paces she made a lightning rush, catching a young male. She brought it down from behind and quickly gripped it by the throat. In two or three minutes the animal was dead. I was most impressed by the efficient manner in which the stalk and kill had been accomplished. So often young and inexperienced lions make a terrible mess of killing.

On another occasion, about 10 p.m., Girl disappeared into the darkness, leaving Boy asleep on the top of my Land Rover. In the course of the night I could hear him calling for his sister. In the morning there was no sign of her. This was most unusual as she never stayed away from her brother for long. I felt quite worried and so did Boy, judging by his plaintive moans and disconsolate expression. We set off together to search, visiting all the usual lying-up places within half a mile of camp. Our calls brought no response and there were no pug marks to be seen. Defeated, we returned to camp. An hour later, Korokoro, a Turkana tribesman who had helped to look after the lions at Naro Moru and who had followed me to the game reserve, reported that he had just seen Girl lying beside the carcass of an eland not far off. Hastening to the scene we found that Girl had killed a full-grown cow eland, an animal more than four times her own weight. There were signs of a very violent struggle around a fallen tree. Girl herself, although very tired, was scarcely marked and had already had her fill of fresh meat. Altogether it was a remarkable achievement. It was odd that none of us, not even Boy, had heard the noise of the struggle during the night. Poor Boy once again had missed the boat, but he lost no time in making up for it on the vast quantity of fresh meat.

A pride of 12 lions, lionesses and cubs became persistent visitors; in particular a big black-maned lion gave me many a sleepless night. It seemed that Mugwongo Hill and my camp were within the territory of the pride which at first resented the presence of strange lions. Another night, I heard fighting and rushed out to find Boy lying on his back with Black Mane standing over him. I chased the intruder away and called up Boy who seemed unhurt and little perturbed. As is said to be the case with wolves, once a young lion makes a gesture of submission to an older and stronger one by lying on his back in a defenseless attitude, he is usually not molested further.

Lions were roaring around the camp every night and a meeting between Boy, Girl and their wild kin was bound to occur and to be a test they would have to face and overcome.

One night the pride of 12 lions came to the camp. Luckily I was alert and managed to get Boy and Girl into the tent compound. A few nights later I was again awakened by growls outside and, on going out, found Boy sitting about 20 yards from a wild lioness. He did not seem in the least concerned. The lioness backed away, most reluctantly, as I approached. Girl was nowhere to be seen. Frightened, she had gone up the hill. Boy followed her, calling, and eventually brought her back to camp. Boy, it seemed, was afraid of lions but not of lionesses. Girl didn't trust any of them.

In August the National Park authorities agreed to let me rehabilitate Ugas. When I went to fetch him at the wild animal orphanage at Nairobi I was warned that he had become dangerous since leaving Naro Moru more than four months ago. However, he seemed extremely pleased to see me and I felt quite confident of being able to handle him. He was in the same enclosure as Mara, who was booked to fly to England in a few days. She also gave me a great welcome, which made it all the more sad to think of her going to lifelong captivity.

The journey back took over 11 hours and was very trying for Ugas, who would not lie still; consequently, by the time we arrived, he was badly grazed about the face and completely exhausted. I put him into the lion enclosure where he rested a whole day and night without stirring. In the morning I set him free. His first reaction was to have a brief squabble with Boy, to let him know that henceforth he was boss. Promptly Girl went to her brother's assistance, after which the three of them settled down under the shade of a tree for the day. In the cool of the evening I took them out for a walk. Ugas, now a huge lion, was just the same friendly and affectionate creature I had known at Naro Moru. He constantly rubbed his great head up against me, moaning softly to let me know how pleased he was to be back in my company.

That night, about 11 p.m., I was sitting in my tent writing while Ugas lay in front of the gate asleep when I heard a noise of lions fighting. I grabbed my rifle and ran to the scene in time to see Ugas and Black Mane disengage. The latter made off at my approach. Ugas came up to me with blood dripping from his mouth. He had a nasty bite above one eye and under the lower jaw. It was most unfortunate that the wild lions should have decided to visit my camp just when Ugas had been set free. They had not worried me for over two months. During the course of the next two days, Ugas's face became much swollen and he seemed in pain. Daily I gave him injections of penicillin which he took without a murmur. Within a week the wounds had almost healed.

A week later Black Mane again started to fight with Ugas. I was out in time to prevent any damage and chased him away. But now Ugas was determined to get his revenge and set off after him. I was equally determined that Ugas should not get involved in a serious fight and followed, carrying a rifle. Boy and Girl, who were not going to miss the fun, came with me. Black Mane kept his distance. At intervals he would roar a challenge, to which Ugas replied in kind and doggedly followed. Finally, after stumbling over lava-strewn plains for hours, I managed to convince Ugas that he had seen Black Mane off and we started back for camp, Ugas leaving many a message, doubtless insulting, on bushes as he passed. Dawn was breaking as we entered camp.

Although Ugas got on very well with Boy and Girl, he would not join up with them and always seemed to prefer my company. When the three lions and I went out for walks and it was time to turn back, Boy and Girl usually found a shady place and stayed out, often for three or four days at a time. I would wait until all three had settled down and were asleep and then try to sneak away unobserved. But invariably, after a short while, I would look back and see Ugas trotting along to catch up. There was something wonderful in possessing the love and trust of such a magnificent creature but there were times when I wished he would show a little more independence. Boy and Girl were so devoted to each other that there was no room for a third in their partnership. It was essential to find another lioness as companion for Ugas and to kill for him. How I regretted the loss of Mara and Henrietta. The former in particular had shown so much aptitude for hunting that she would have made an ideal mate for Ugas.

Once when Boy and Girl had been missing for three days, I set off early in the morning together with Ugas to look for them. We were crossing a little stream when I heard a buffalo snorting and grunting on the opposite side. From the top of the bank I saw it being chased by Boy and Girl and coming in my direction fast. Ugas rushed forward to intercept it and got charged for his pains. The buffalo then continued towards me. Thinking it had not seen me I waved my arms and shouted. It merely accelerated its pace and bore down on me. Fortunately, there was a small tree close by, around which I dodged as it swept past a few inches away. It spun around in its own length and came at me again. Feeling I was getting a little old to risk any more toreador acts, I shot it in the head at less than 10 feet, killing it instantly. A few seconds later, the three lions piled on to it. I was full of remorse at being obliged to kill the buffalo but it was thoroughly angry at being chivied by the lions and no doubt mistook me for another of them.

A few days later I was out with the three lions when they again tackled a buffalo bull. They baited it unmercifully, through and around bushes. Every time it angrily charged one lion, the other two would be on its tail until all concerned were exhausted. Keeping well out of the way, I finally drove it off by shouting.

Of the three lions, Ugas had far and away the best nose. One day, instead of following me, he led the way and soon it was obvious that he was following a scent. Unhurried, with scarcely a pause, he went nearly two miles until we came on the remains of a freshly killed Grant's gazelle. He sat down

and finished off what was left and then again took up the scent until we met Boy and Girl, their stomachs bulging. Evidently they had killed the gazelle early the same morning.

Ugas soon found out that it was only necessary for him to rear up and lean on the wire with his great weight for it to sag and permit easy access into the compound. He availed himself of the knowledge on several occasions and spent nights in my tent, stretched out on the floor alongside my bed. Once Boy and Girl followed him and I had all three lions sleeping beside me. As there was nothing much I could do about it, I let them be and followed their example. They were very well behaved, at least by lion standards; that is to say I was permitted to sleep undisturbed but lions are not particular about where they urinate. They will do it lying, sitting or standing at any time and in any place, although they are most particular about where they defecate and will always move well away from their sleeping places. It is quite possible that their free and easy habits of urination have a definite purpose. Lion urine appears to be an insect repellent.

Girl was nearly 27 months old when she showed signs of coming into season for the first time. There was little to indicate her condition apart from her behavior. She became moody and short-tempered and would wander about calling in a lovelorn manner. Ugas's interest was aroused but his importunities were not well received. Once she went for him with such fury that, startled, he fell over backward into the drinking trough which cooled his ardor for the time being. Even her beloved Boy felt the edge of her temper. Mating did not take place and after three weeks she returned to normal and Ugas lost interest.

By the end of the year 1965, Boy and Girl were two and a quarter years old and Ugas three years and seven months and, as an afterthought, myself a month short of 60. As lionesses go, Girl was small but she made up for lack of weight by extreme agility. Boy was as tall as Ugas although not so heavy. Ugas, by any standard, was a big lion. Boy and Girl as a pair were perfectly capable of looking after themselves and could have been left to their own devices. Ugas was thoroughly at home in the wild but, without a lioness as partner, he was still, to a large extent, dependent on me. Yet, in spite of their size and strength, they were amazingly gentle with me, particularly Girl, who always behaved like a perfect lady. Occasionally, high spirits would get the better of Ugas and Boy and I would find myself on the ground. But they never took advantage of my defenseless recumbent position; in the case of Ugas I could haul myself to my feet by gripping his mane. Nevertheless, I had to be on my guard, especially on cold and wet mornings as there was the danger of being caught off balance and accidentally breaking a limb. I usually carry a rifle, not as protection against my own lions but in case of an encounter with the larger fauna, aggravated by the attentions of the lions, as happened in the case of the buffalo. Also, I found the butt end of the rifle useful in fending off Ugas and Boy when they were inclined to be overplayful. Always I walked alone with the lions, mainly because I had full confidence in them and it was not fair to expect anyone else without the same confidence to accompany me. Also, lions seem to appreciate age and are more likely to play rough with a younger man, and this was noticeable with young Giles Remnant during the four months he was assisting me with Boy and Girl.

Four Cubs Join the Pride

Early in January, 1966, I was offered four little five-month-old lion cubs, a male and three females, by the Bisletis, friends who lived on a large estate near Lake Naivasha. As all my efforts to obtain an adult lioness as companion for Ugas had failed, I decided to accept the offer. The owners would not hear of taking payment, insisting that they were delighted to give their cubs the chance to live out their lives in freedom, the only other alternative being a zoo.

Susua, Suki, Sally and Shaitani arrived at my camp in excellent condition, the first being the male and the name of the last meaning "The Devil"—so called because she was the wildest of the quartet. For the first four days I kept them confined in an enclosure in order to allow Ugas, Boy and Girl to get used to them and make their acquaintance through the wire. The three big lions were much intrigued. The cubs showed not the least nervousness and crowded up against the wire to rub noses, while Ugas made soft moaning sounds, the equivalent of leonine baby talk. Girl sat for hours apparently fascinated but at the same time would snarl at too close contact. Boy, temperamentally the most serene, seemed to accept them at once as part of the family. On the fifth morning I let them out, feeling a little apprehensive about the way Girl might react. But I need not have worried. The cubs went straight up to Ugas to greet him. He looked quite embarrassed, not knowing how to treat the situation. Then, suddenly, he leapt over them and raced off. The cubs went in hot pursuit. The other two joined in the game with surprising gentleness.

From now on the cubs were let out every morning for two or three hours to play until thoroughly tired and then put back in their enclosure to rest through the heat of the day. In the evening, they were given a whisky bottle full of milk each, sucking it through strong rubber teats. Apart from milk, they were given an entire goat carcass twice a week. These would be leapt upon and "killed" in approved lion fashion, one, usually Shaitani, getting a firm hold on the throat and hanging on.

After a week of model conduct which I felt was too good to last, Shaitani, one morning when the cubs were let out, raced for Mugwongo Hill, followed by the other three where they all disappeared among the rocks and vegetation. Soon they emerged on the top of the hill and sat on a large rock where we could see them silhouetted against the sky. Calling my helper, Korokoro, I set off to try to recover them, but by the time we reached the rock they had vanished. We searched until noon and then again in the afternoon until dark without result. I felt extremely worried at the thought of their spending the night out alone; they were far too young to be able to defend themselves against leopards, which I frequently heard on the hill, or even hyenas. I was up before dawn the next morning and rousing Korokoro, we were about to start off to continue the search when suddenly the cubs appeared. They were very thirsty but otherwise it was plain that they had thoroughly enjoyed their adventure. A few days later they disappeared for two nights and after a prolonged search we found them hiding in a deep cleft in a rock which it was impossible for a man to enter. All our efforts to entice them out failed. At length, as the sun was setting, I saw Ugas on the plain below and called to him. He came up and as soon as the cubs saw him at the mouth of the cleft, they rushed out to greet him and after that followed us obediently back to camp.

Since September, Ugas had been suffering from an infection in his right eye which gradually became worse, in spite of prolonged treatment by means of injections of antibiotics including penicillin, acromycin and frequent applications of eye ointments. I believe the trouble was due to a spitting cobra. At one time there was an improvement and the eye returned almost to normal. I thought the battle to save it was won. Then it again deteriorated until it became a dreadful sight, almost twice its normal size, nearly popping out of the head and much discolored. I felt sure Ugas had lost the sight in it. It often caused him much pain which I would try to relieve with cocaine eye drops. Altogether he must have received more than 50 injections. There were times when he was too sore to tolerate another needle and would voice his objection by a low growl. On such occasions I gave him pills concealed in pieces of meat. On one occasion only when he was in pain, did he almost lose his temper with me. As I thrust the needle into his rump, he leapt up with a loud growl and seized my arm in his jaws. Suddenly, he seemed to recollect himself and just as he might have crushed my arm, he gently released it. Not even the skin was broken, only a few small bruises to show for it.

One morning when poor Ugas's eye was at its worst, he was sitting together with the four cubs outside the camp wire when there was a noise over towards the foot of the hill. They all went off to investigate. Thinking the sound might have been made by a wild lion, I collected my rifle and followed. I found the cubs sitting on a large flat rock but there was no sign of Ugas. After sitting with them for a few minutes, I returned to camp. Twenty minutes later there was loud growling and Ugas appeared with blood dripping from his bad eye. He was almost mad with pain and pawing at the air. When he had calmed down a little, I managed to give him an injection of

sernylan which seemed to ease the pain and put him to sleep. I at once sent a radio message to Doctor and Mrs. Harthoorn at Nairobi, both experienced vets who had taken a great personal interest in Ugas's case and had already made several trips from Nairobi to examine him and prescribe treatment. The following day, they flew from Nairobi and carried out a careful examination of the injured eye. It seemed that Ugas had accidentally run a sharp stick into it. As there did not appear to be any hope of saving the eye, we all agreed that it was best to remove it. (They were also sure that he had lost the sight of the eye some time previously.) The Harthoorns performed the operation next morning under a rough shelter I had rigged up over the already unconscious Ugas. It was a heartrending sight to witness what had once been a beautiful tawny shining orb, reduced to a few shreds of bleeding tissue.

In less than three weeks, the wound had completely healed up and the stitches could be taken out. No doubt, the loss of the eye was a serious handicap to Ugas but it was astonishing how little it seemed to interfere with his normal activities. I had seen several lions and lionesses in the wild state with only one eye and, judging by their appearances, they had been able to cope with life adequately.

The arrival of the cubs made it necessary to obtain a regular supply of meat to keep them well-fed during their growing stage as they would not be old enough to kill for themselves until they were about 18 months old, and then only small animals, unless in company with the big lions. As it was not practical to give them meat and deny it to their elders, either my assistant, when I had one, or myself had to go out and shoot zebra. This had to be done outside the boundaries of the game reserve and often entailed a trip of a hundred miles or more over rough tracks and across country.

About a month after the arrival of the cubs, I decided it was time for them to learn to share a "kill" with their elders if they were to be integrated into one pride. I therefore let them out to share a zebra carcass but with a certain amount of anxiety, as I was not at all sure how the big lions would react and whether the cubs possessed the requisite table manners customary for the young when dining with their elders. Once again, I need not have worried. Ugas, as was right, took the first helping while Boy and Girl and the four cubs waited impatiently albeit respectfully. After 15 minutes, the edge taken off his hunger, Ugas had no further objection to the others joining in and allowed the cubs to eat beside him. A lion family on a kill looks and sounds far from peaceful. There is much growling, laying back of ears and snarling but little real violence. A common and curious habit among lions is what might be called a "deadlock." Two will seize on to the same piece of meat with heads touching, side by side, growling fiercely, neither giving way, often for half an hour. Any moment a fight seems imminent. But nearly always, in the end, one will quietly release his grip and move away. On one occasion Ugas and Boy started a deadlock in the back of the caged-in Land Rover. I was really worried as if they had started a fight in such a confined space one or both might have been seriously injured and there would have been little I could have done to intervene. Finally, Boy gave way. On kill nights I left the cubs out as they were perfectly safe in the company of the big lions who would not move away from camp while the meat lasted. In fact, the arrangement suited them well as the cubs took it upon themselves to chase away the vultures with great enthusiasm while the elders could take their ease and slumber.

At the age of seven and a half months, I decided the four lion cubs were big enough to look after themselves at night and keep out of trouble. Henceforth they were never again locked up.

One dark and stormy night there was a tremendous uproar in front of the camp. I rushed out with a rifle but could see nothing in the rain and darkness. Suddenly the four cubs dashed past looking very frightened and disappeared behind the camp. The noise of fighting lions accompanied by much roaring receded towards the hill. Quickly I got my Land Rover and drove around to the opposite side of the hill. With the aid of a spotlight I could see five and a half pairs of eyes (the half being Ugas') glinting in the beam on top of the ridge. Presently I made out Boy and Girl and, judging by the intermittent growling, there was some high leonine drama being enacted. After calling for some time, Ugas came down the hillside unscathed and unperturbed and, with a little persuasion, entered the back of the car and was locked in and taken back to camp. But as soon as he was released he returned to the hill. Next morning, I found that the cause of all the bother was a lioness with two big cubs. Evidently my lions had seen her off.

I now started to encourage the cubs to come out on walks with me but this they would only do if the big lions came as well. It was quite a sight to see my pride of seven lions out together. As the weeks went by, the cubs gained in confidence and took to staying out whole nights, usually together with Boy and Girl. In fact, all the lions steadily became more nocturnal in their habits and seldom spent much time at camp except when hungry. On one occasion they all arrived back in camp with the exception of Girl. As it was unusual for her to be parted from Boy for any length of time, I felt a little anxious about her. Evidently Boy shared my anxiety as he kept on calling for her in a forlorn manner. Picking up my rifle, I set off across a sandy plain to search for her. After walking for half a mile, I came on fresh spoor which looked like hers. I called and was answered by a loud growl from behind a bush 50 yards away. A gaunt and scruffy-looking lion appeared who did not seem at all pleased to see me. In fact, his manner might be described as distinctly offhand. He stood rumbling to himself and flicking his tail about but as I did not give ground he finally moved slowly away. I then noticed a face peering at me from around a bush. It was Girl. She came up to me looking, I am pleased to say, a little ashamed of herself. And no wonder, keeping such disreputable company! She had a nasty bite in one shoulder, doubtless a love token from Scruffy. She followed me back to the camp where her reception from Boy was noticeably frigid.

A few weeks later, after being missing for three days, Boy and Girl appeared one morning with their stomachs bulging. Boy had a wound in his rump which looked as if it had been caused by the horn of some animal. Obviously, they had made a kill. In the afternoon I saw large numbers of vultures about a mile from camp and on investigation found the remains of an oryx. Thirty yards farther on were the remains of a hartebeest. I examined the surrounding ground carefully, expecting to find the spoor of a number of wild lions. But there were the pug marks of only two, unmistakably Boy and Girl. The signs showed that the oryx had been killed some hours before the hartebeest. Probably the hartebeest had blundered accidentally onto the lions while they were feeding on the oryx and had paid for his carelessness with his life. Unfortunately, the vultures had been too long at the carcasses for me to be able to save any meat.

One day early in June I heard the unmistakable sounds of lions mating a few hundred yards from camp. At first I thought it must be Ugas and Girl as the latter had been showing signs of coming in season again. It would have been unwise to investigate on foot so I drove to where I had last heard the sounds but saw nothing owing to the long grass and bush. I waited for perhaps 10 minutes and then again heard the lions quite close. I caught a glimpse of a lioness moving away with Ugas close behind. We followed slowly and could see the backs of the pair over the grass. By standing on the roof of the Land Rover I obtained a better view. The lioness looked like Girl but I was puzzled by her shyness, as when I called her by name she again moved away. I decided not to disturb the happy couple further and we returned to camp where, much to my surprise, I found Boy and Girl. Obviously Ugas had found himself a wild girl friend. For the next three nights the mating continued within earshot of camp. The lion, when performing the mating act, utters a curious whining growl which once heard cannot be forgotten. The lioness also make a characteristic purring noise. Purring before mating is a sure indication of a lioness coming in season.

A fortnight after Ugas had found his friend, I went to look for Boy and Girl who had been missing for three days. About two miles from camp I found them mating for the first time. It was interesting that Girl should have chosen her own brother rather than Ugas or a wild lion. The following morning, when I visited them, Boy and Girl jumped onto the roof of the car and tried to perform the sexual act in this somewhat precarious position. I intended to drive them back to camp but, after going a few yards, Girl jumped down, followed by Boy. The latter placed himself in front of the car and made it plain that he did not wish me to drive away. In fact, when I tried to pass him, he again moved in front and growled. He had never acted in this manner before and I was puzzled at his behavior. At length they settled down in the shade of a bush and I was able to drive away. The romance lasted four days and during this time Boy, who usually allowed himself to be

bullied by Ugas, became exceedingly fierce and Ugas dared not approach the couple. But there was reason to think that, owing to the inexperience of Boy, the mating had not been successful.

Late one afternoon Joy arrived with the news that a big gang of Shifta had raided a Meru village on the Nyambeni Hills, northwest of the game reserve. I was advised to leave the camp and spend the night at Leopard Rock headquarters. As all the lions were in camp busy eating a zebra carcass and would certainly not leave until it was finished on the following day, I was not prepared to abandon them as they would have provided sitting targets for the rifle-armed Shifta. Also, there had been several scares during the past months and I judged it extremely unlikely that they would bother me as there was little of any value in my camp.

All their raids up to then had been directed at trading centers where there were shops and plenty of loot. I might here explain that the Shifta—the word means bandit—had been causing a great deal of trouble in the northeastern parts of Kenya since the country achieved independence. The Shifta consisted of bands of Somali and Boran tribesmen who carried out desultory raids on villages and ambushed convoys and patrols of the security forces, under the guise of fighting for the independence of the Somalis of Kenya and the inclusion of their land into the Republic of Somalia.

Eighteen days after their first romance, Boy and Girl again mated. They were absent for four nights and returned early on the evening of the fifth. Ugas was present and promptly tried to take possession of Girl. There was a fight between him and Boy, the worst yet. I quickly jumped into my Land Rover and drove it between them. Boy had received a bite in a foreleg and Ugas one under the ear. After this, Ugas seemed to accept the situation and made no further attempt to interfere. All going well, Girl would be due to have cubs toward the end of October.

Boy and Girl were now two years and nine months old and a very handsome pair in perfect condition with beautiful shining coats. Boy was well over nine feet long from nose to tail tip, taller than Ugas but not so heavily built, although he would fill out considerably in the course of the next two years.

Girl becomes a mother

In August, the cubs had their first birthday; they now spent most of their time hunting together with Boy and Girl. Girl was their undisputed leader and I felt confident that in a few more months they would form a first-class hunting team. Soon after dawn one morning, I found the spoor of Boy and Girl and the cubs heading towards the river four miles away. After following for a mile, I met the cubs hurrying back and casting nervous glances behind them. They hardly paused to greet me and made for the hill. Some way farther on I met Boy and Girl. They also seemed nervous and kept on looking back but stayed with me. Presently I heard two lions roaring towards the river and drove on to investigate as I thought one of them might be Ugas. They turned out to be Black Mane and Scruffy, both of whom had caused me many sleepless nights in the early days. Scruffy, when last seen, had been in the company of Girl as described earlier. Both of them showed little fear of my car and were staring intently in the direction of the place where I had left Boy and Girl. Looking back the way I had come, I saw Boy and Girl approaching and, perhaps emboldened by my presence, Boy was giving vent to ferocious roars. Suddenly, Black Mane and Scruffy turned and made off at a fast trot. They did not pause until they had crossed the river where a few minutes later I heard them roaring. Either of them might have been more than a match for Boy. Certainly he and Girl would not have stood a chance against the two. Why then did they retreat? I think the answer involved territorial rights. Black Mane and Scruffy knew they were trespassing.

About a week later, Ugas had been missing for two days and I went to look for him. I stopped my car at a little stream and was casting around for spoor when I heard growling and a few moments later two lionesses emerged from the bush closely followed by Ugas who, in turn, was followed by Boy and the four cubs. Next morning, Ugas was seen mating with one of the lionesses while Boy sat rather disconsolate, under a tree a hundred yards away. This went on for the next four days by which time neither Ugas nor Boy had had anything to eat for over a week. Finally, Ugas turned up at camp but not Boy. Whether the latter had taken up where Ugas had left off, is hard to say. The following night there was tremendous roaring close to the camp, Ugas and a wild lion trying to outroar each other. The four "S's" (the cubs were now too big to be called "cubs" any longer) were much frightened and made for the hill. After a pause, I heard the wild lion come running past behind the camp: a few moments later Ugas trotted past after him. There was renewed roaring and I recognized Boy's gruff voice. Back came the wild lion with both Ugas and Boy in pursuit. This was another case of my lions seeing off an intruder.

About this time I had a strong suspicion that the four "S's" had made a kill on their own, probably the young of some animal. All the lions were becoming increasingly nocturnal in their habits which made it more difficult to keep track of their activities and to check on the number of kills made. One night Boy and Girl and the four "S's" killed a young eland and there were several other occasions when, judging by their appearance, they must have killed. Usually on these occasions Ugas was not present, being too preoccupied in his quest for wild lionesses. One morning I happened to be out with him about a mile from camp when suddenly he became alert and following his gaze I saw three rhino slowly approaching. Ugas took up an ambush position while I retired to a strategic situation with my camera. On they came with Ugas crouching tensed to attack. At 15 yards he made his rush. The rhino, startled, turned and ran. Quickly, Ugas caught up with the hindermost, a three-quarters grown calf and reared up on to its back. It began to squeal; promptly the mother turned back and charged Ugas, who very wisely took to his heels. Had the mother not been present, I believe Ugas would have killed it.

Early in September, about 50 days after mating with Boy, Girl showed the first signs of pregnancy by a slight swelling of her teats. Six weeks later the movements of her unborn cubs could be seen plainly when she was lying down. The gestation period of a lioness being about a hundred and eight days, she was due to give birth on or about the 26th of October. I was looking forward with great interest to the event and intended to keep her under close observation near her time. About a week before the cubs were due, I set out to the western boundary of the game reserve to shoot meat for the lions, a distance of about 15 miles. I shot a zebra and then went on to look for another and on the way met three Meru who said they knew where there were some. Leaving my Land Rover and taking a light rifle only, we set off on foot. After an hour's walk, not having seen any zebra, we turned back. While still half a mile from the car we came on a small herd of buffalo. I fired and hit one of the animals in the shoulder. It went off hard hit and leaving a blood trail which we followed cautiously for some 300 yards until it was lost. As we were casting around to pick it up again, the buffalo, who had been waiting for us behind a tuft of long grass, suddenly charged from a few feet away. I put up my rifle to shoot and as I pressed the trigger, the head of the buffalo hit the muzzle of the gun and jerked it up, the bullet passing harmlessly over its back. The buffalo hit me in the ribs on my left side, knocking me to the ground. It then tried to hook me with its horns, fortunately without success although it gave me a black eye and trampled on a foot in the process. It then left me and went and lay down about 40 feet away. One of the Meru crept up and picking up my rifle handed it to me and helped me to my feet. The buffalo, hearing the clatter of the rifle bolt as I reloaded, got up, and looked as if it was going to have another go at me. But, much to my relief, this was its last effort and it collapsed and died. I was in a lot of pain and could scarcely breathe but with the help of the Meru I managed to stagger the half mile to the car where, after a short rest, I felt slightly better and determined to return and secure the buffalo meat, which I had gone through so much woe to obtain. So I drove to the scene, rather to the disappointment of the three Meru who were expecting to have a whole buffalo to themselves, and after collecting the meat made my slow and painful way back to camp across country and over bumpy tracks. Luckily, there was a small walkie-talkie radio set in camp with which I got in touch with Charles Moore, the warden at the Game Reserve Headquarters at Leopard Rock

Camp who arrived a few hours later together with Joy. Next morning I was flown to Nairobi hospital where X rays disclosed a few fractured ribs and a small bone broken in the foot.

I can remember several occasions in the past when I have earnestly advised young, aspiring big game hunters never to venture out after dangerous animals inadequately armed, and then I go and do just this and, to add to my folly, leave my heavy double-barreled rifle in the car. By which the reader will quite rightly gather that I am better at giving advice than taking it. It was particularly annoying being knocked out just when Girl was due to have her cubs. Fortunately, a young Indian, Arun Shama, was able to take charge of my camp during my fortnight's absence and Charles Moore kindly provided meat for the lions.

According to Arun Shama, Girl appeared at camp on the evening of October 24th looking as if her time was very near and after eating a little meat went off towards Mugwongo Hill. She was not seen the next day but returned on the evening of the 26th obviously having given birth. After a large meal she disappeared towards the hill. Early next morning, Arun Shama and Korokoro followed up her tracks to the top of the northern spur of the hill where they started to call for her. Almost immediately she appeared from behind a low rock, and took the meat and water they had brought for her. With the most remarkable trust and good nature Girl permitted the two men, who were taking a considerable risk, to approach within a few feet of the birthplace until they saw two little cubs. Both male, easily distinguishable as the bigger one was light colored and the smaller much darker.

On the 2nd of November, having returned from the hospital, I climbed up the hill (with a certain amount of grunting and groaning as my ribs were still sore) and saw the place where Girl had given birth. Later she moved the cubs into the confusion of rocks and vegetation and I could not locate her new hiding place, but the following morning, with the help of Arun and Korokoro, I found the cubs under a flat rock where they were completely sheltered from the weather and well hidden. They were in excellent condition and their eyes were open. Although as yet unable to focus objects clearly, they immediately became aware of my presence and wrinkled their noses in snarls. During the next month, Girl moved the cubs five times about the hill, always choosing sheltered places under overhanging rocks. Frequently, she left them on their own for a whole day, causing me to worry about their safety. In the evening, if she was dilatory about returning to her young, I would set off calling her to resume her maternal duties and literally shame her into following.

I am not sure exactly when the four "S's" discovered that Girl had cubs but a few days after my return, I found them lying-up within a few yards of the latest hiding place. They seemed quite fascinated by the babies and obviously longed to make contact, but Girl would have none of it and would drive them away fiercely if they attempted to approach too close. She had, however, no objection to my presence and even permitted me to touch the cubs. The only other creature who was allowed the same privilege was the proud father, Boy, who showed surprisingly little interest in his sons. Then, one evening when I went to visit the lair, I found it empty. The next morning we searched all likely hiding places in the vicinity without success. On our way back to camp late in the morning we found Girl within 200 yards of camp with one cub only. She seemed much agitated and kept looking towards the hill; she would go in the direction for a few hundred yards and then come back, loath to leave the cub. For the next three days we carried out an intensive search of the hill and every likely-looking place within half a mile of its foot but never found any trace of the missing cub. Almost certainly it must have been taken, probably by a leopard, while Girl was carrying one and before she had had time to return for the other. It was the larger and more venturesome of the two which had gone. I had been strongly tempted to bring the two little cubs into the safety of the camp, but it would have defeated the object of letting them grow up wild and might have interfered with the exercise of Girl's mother instincts. What happened was a tragedy all too common in the wild, particularly with a first litter. It was sad to think that the surviving cub, whom we called Sam, would not have his brother to play with.

For the next week Girl kept Sam within a radius of 500 yards from camp, moving the lair several times and on two occasions bringing Sam into camp. She now permitted the other lions to play with him and it was touching to see how gentle they all were, Ugas even allowing the black tuft on the end of his tail to be stalked and "killed." In particular, the four "S's" seemed devoted to the little cub and would spend hours playing with him. Often when Girl moved the hiding place, it was impossible to locate the cub unless she was present. Left alone, Sam would creep under cover and remain motionless without making a sound for hours on end, even when hungry, until his mother returned and called him by a low moaning sound, when he would at once answer and come out of hiding.

Who is Lord of this Land?

One morning I went to visit Joy at her camp, leaving Girl and her son sleeping under the shade of a tree nearby the compound. When I returned in the evening, Sam was missing although his mother and all the other lions were present. After some persuasion, she got up and set off with Arun and myself following, expecting her to lead us to Sam's lair. But after walking in a somewhat aimless manner for a mile, it became evident that Girl had no intention of taking us to her cub, and, in fact, her manner was strange. She would go a short distance and then throw herself on the ground purring loudly, usually an indication that she was coming in season. This was most disturbing and quite unnatural behavior when nursing a cub. Already it was too dark to follow her farther and we returned to camp filled with foreboding. For the next three days, in spite of prolonged search, there was no trace of Girl or of Sam. On the fourth night Girl appeared at camp alone and on examining her it was evident that she had not suckled the cub for a long time and there appeared to be little milk in her teats. I felt convinced that she had abandoned or lost Sam, particularly as she had claw marks on a shoulder which suggested that she had been in contact with a wild lion. During the night she again disappeared and as there had been rain washing out all spoor, it was impossible to tell in what direction she had gone. I searched all morning without result and just as I was sitting down to a late breakfast, Korokoro said that he could hear Sam calling behind the camp. Arun and I went out and were met by Boy and Girl who gave us an exuberant welcome; a little way behind was Sam. He was a pathetic sight, he looked as if he had not had a meal for days and was scarcely able to stand from weakness. At this point Ugas appeared coming from the direction of camp. Promptly Boy went for him in a very determined manner and there was a tremendous fight, both standing on their hind legs and swiping at each other with either paw and claws extended. Any one of the blows might have removed half the face of a mere human being. I told Arun to run back to camp and fetch the Land Rover, intending to drive it between the fighting lions. But by the time it arrived the fight was over and there was surprisingly little damage on either side, although Boy, for once, had seen Ugas off. I had never seen him in such an aggressive mood before. Also, the possessive manner in which he rejoined Girl and sat down beside her, in the shade of a tree, confirmed my suspicion that she was coming into season.

The sound of battle had frightened Sam and he was nowhere to be seen. Followed by Arun, I started to look for him and as we were passing close to the tree where Boy and Girl were lying, the former got up with a growl and without warning went for Arun and clawed him. Fortunately, I happened to be carrying a long stick and was able to beat Boy off before any serious damage could be done. I told Arun to get back into the car quickly while I faced Boy who then came at me. I hit him across the nose, making him pause, but only for a moment before he renewed the attack. "This is it!" I thought, and struck him with all my might between the ears which seemed to bring him to his senses for he turned away and went back to his sister. Poor old Boy, he had never behaved like this before. It was simply that he was worked up over Girl's condition and his fight with Ugas and I should have had more sense than to go near him at such a time. Half an hour later he came up to me and rubbed his great head against me as if in apology.

Fortunately, Arun was not badly clawed but as a precaution I sent him off to a mission hospital 40 miles away to get penicillin and anti-tetanus injections. He returned the same evening.

The incident taught me that even with my own lions, it was not safe to go near them when they were sexually aroused, particularly in the presence of possible rivals—although, on the first occasion when Boy and Girl mated I was standing beside them.

It was now obvious that if little Sam were to survive, I would have to adopt him as his mother was incapable of feeding him. Also she seemed to be losing interest in him. In fact, there had been a marked decline of interest since the loss of the other cub. I found Sam without difficulty asleep under a bush and brought him to camp. Within an hour he had taken his first bottle of milk, sucked through a rubber teat. Thereafter there was no difficulty in feeding him. I used an ordinary baby's bottle filled with diluted Ideal condensed milk, a teaspoon of Farex and a couple of drops of "Abedec" given five times a day or whenever Sam wanted it. In a few days he began to put on weight and gained in energy.

During the day, whenever his mother appeared and called for him I would hand him over to her care but keep a careful watch on her movements until I was satisfied she intended spending the day lying-up close to camp. On these occasions the four "S's" were usually in attendance and even if Girl left, I could safely leave Sam in their charge. At night he slept in an open box beside my bed and would not stir till daybreak unless he heard the lions outside the wire when he would rush out to greet them. When the big lions roared, Sam would join in the chorus with a voice surprisingly powerful for his size. In a short time all of us were under his spell. Joy made special visits just to see him and I could tell that she longed to take him over.

It was my intention to allow Sam as much contact as possible with the rest of the lions and as soon as he was big enough to keep up with them, to set him free, which I thought might be possible when he was six months old. Meanwhile, I started to take him out for walks in the mornings.

Three nights before Christmas Sam was as usual asleep in his box beside my bed. About 3 a.m. I was waked by the rattling of the compound wire behind my sleeping hut. Thinking it might be one of my lions trying to get in, I got out of bed, noticing that Sam's box was empty and went to the back door of the hut. In the light of my torch, I saw a lion inside the compound, reared up against the wire, trying to get out. He had Sam in his jaws.

At first I thought it was Boy who had forced his way in and was trying to carry Sam out: I shouted at him. The lion turned with a growl. It was Black Mane! I dived back into the hut to get my rifle and as I returned, the lion forced his way out, dropping Sam, who lay gasping in a spreading pool of blood. As I picked him up, he died, bitten through the neck. It was unbelievable that an adult lion should kill and carry off a little cub.

There was a lot of roaring going on. I could identify the voices of Ugas and Boy and Black Mane and his friend Scruffy. I got out my Land Rover and drove towards the sounds. First, I came on Scruffy, close to camp and drove at him; he escaped across a gully. Next, I heard more roaring near the hill and discovered Black Mane and Girl together; they were mating! As I approached Black Mane started to run. I chased him and gave him a good buffet in the rump with the fender of the car before he disappeared into the darkness. Just as dawn was breaking there was further roaring on the opposite side of the hill and on reaching there I found Girl together with Black Mane and Scruffy. The former did not tarry but Scruffy, perhaps taking advantage of the situation, mated with Girl, who it seemed was distributing her favors equally. Between matings, she actually came and sat on the roof of the Land Rover. I might have taken some interesting photographs but felt too sick at heart at Sam's death to think of using my camera.

Back at camp, investigation revealed that Black Mane had come over the wire netting at the back of the compound, gone through the store hut and picked up Sam close to the back door of my sleeping hut. No doubt Sam, hearing him outside, had gone out to greet him as he always did with my lions.

Twenty-five days after Sam's death, Girl again mated with Boy. On this occasion the romance lasted five days and during this time Boy was almost unapproachable, particularly if Ugas happened to be in the vicinity. But as soon as the period of mating was over, Boy reverted to his good-natured self. It is interesting to note that Girl was not affected in the same way and retained her friendliness throughout the period.

When I got back to my camp after an absence of several weeks, I found that Girl was obviously very near her time. Next morning I had to go off to shoot meat for the lions and when I returned, my old cook told me that Girl had gone off toward the hill. It rained heavily all that night but cleared in the morning when I went out to look for Girl, feeling sure that she had given birth. Of course all spoor had been washed away by the rain, but I searched her favorite places without finding a trace of her.

Sometime after midnight I heard her roaring at the back of the camp and got up to look for her, but she had gone away without touching any of the meat. Shama, Korokoro and I spent the morning searching for her in a northerly direction without success. Next day (the 10th of May), I searched to the west and found her close to the place where she had given birth to her first litter last October. She had two little cubs, both females; they must have been born during the early hours of the 9th. They had certainly been deluged with heavy rain, but nevertheless looked in fine shape and so they do today, as I write the last lines of my book.

Originally it was the intention to leave the lions to their own devices as soon as it was felt that they had become capable of fending for themselves. This stage has now been reached and the experiment of rehabilitation fulfilled, in so far as the lions kill for themselves animals three or four times their own weight. They battle successfully against wild lions to maintain their territorial rights. They mate with wild lions. In fact, in every respect they are living the lives of their wild kind. Yet in spite of their independence, they remain friendly and trusting towards man. Why should it be otherwise? They have never been ill-treated by man.

I cannot look upon my lions as so much material for a scientific experiment. To me they are living beings with their individual characters and personalities and my friends whom I am under an obligation to care for. It is something remarkable that creatures which are traditionally man's enemies and among the strongest and fiercest on earth, can through kindness and understanding respond with unbounded trust and affection while leading their normal lives.

It is my hope that I may be permitted to continue my association with them indefinitely and perhaps share a little of my experience with other people. Not only for personal reasons but also because the relationship existing between us is unique and not to be found anywhere else in the world. It is a valuable asset to the Meru National Park which handled properly could prove a tremendous attraction to visitors from all countries, as well as providing a field for continued scientific study into lion behavior and the better understanding of our fellow wild creatures.

Often I am asked why I have committed myself to the lions. There is no material gain for me in the project. In spite of financial assistance from the Elsa Trust, it is rapidly using up my slender resources. The answer lies in my great regard for these noble animals. I cannot bear to see these highly intelligent and sensitive creatures treated as so much merchandise, shipped here and there over the world, mothers parted from offspring, brothers from sisters, friend from friend, regardless of their feelings and happiness. For what? To provide profit for dealers and entertainment for humanity. They too are living beings with emotions akin to ours. If I can bring happiness and fulfillment for a span into the lives of a few and perhaps set the pattern for future rehabilitations, it will have been worthwhile.

Lions in the wild lead hazardous lives; a false move or ill-judgment in attack or defense may lead to serious injury or death from the horns and hooves of their prey or teeth and claws of their own kind. But it is their life, unchanged for millions of years, long before the ancestors of man learned to walk upright.

This night I bring my story to an end. If it has the good fortune to interest any who may read it, they can rest assured that whatever accrues from this tale will go to aid my friends the lions.

According to Korokoro, the lion's roar translated into English goes: WHO IS LORD OF THIS LAND? . . . Who is lord of this land? . . . I am! . . . I am! . . . I am! . . . I am! . . .

—George Adamson

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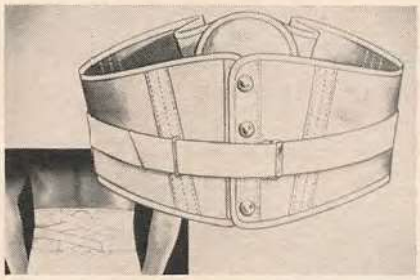

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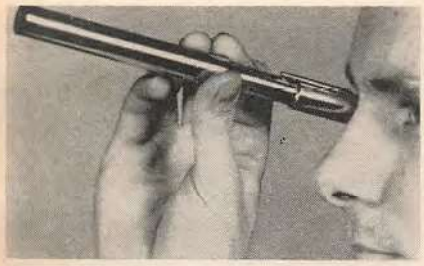

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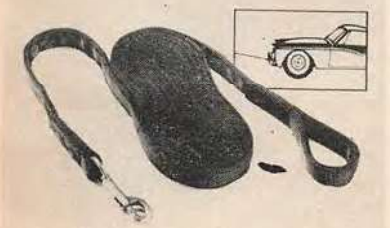

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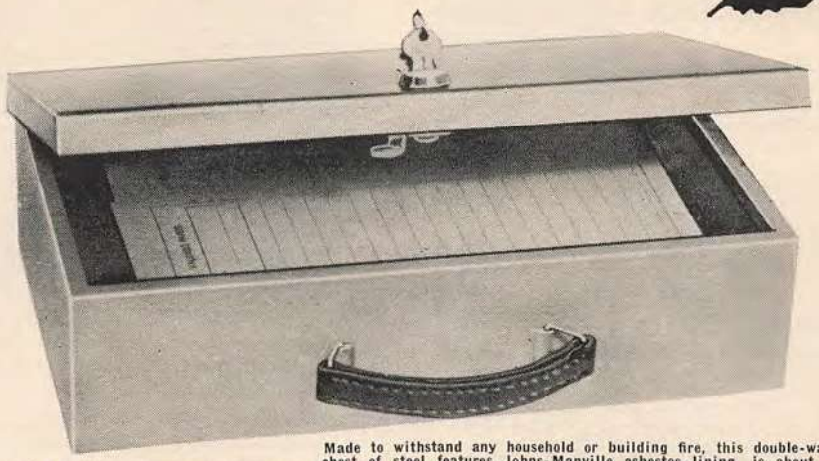

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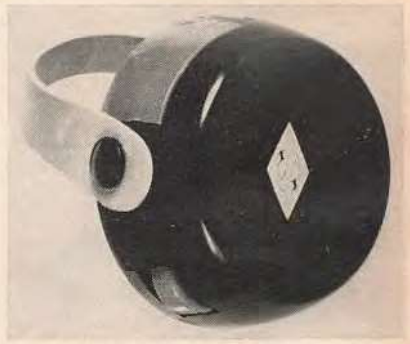

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BY JOHN DuBARRY

strange but true

Only Santa Claus is supposed to be able to enter a house by the chimney. Yet the Koryaks, a people of northeast Siberia, invented the system and employed it as the sole means of getting in and out of their houses. The unique Koryak dwelling, in use until 75 years ago, saved a lot of snow shoveling. It started partly underground as a shallow pit 30 feet in diameter, in which was set a 15-foot-high structure of log walls and flat roof. The whole thing was then earth banked until it resembled a mound. Surrounding a three-foot-square hole in the roof was a slanting timber barrier shaped like the upper part of a funnel or an umbrella turned upside down. This deflected drifting snow from the roof hole—which was the Koryak's doorway, window and chimney combined. To enter, he climbed the enveloping snow over the barrier edge, slid down to the hole, and lowered himself on a vertical post notched with footholds. European visitors likened the entering of a Koryak house to a descent into hell—smoke, sparks, hot air assailed you from the hearth fire burning almost directly below. And if your fur-mittened hands lost their grip on the post, you were likely to end in the soup—a fish or reindeer stew usually simmering in a huge pot. Although the chimney-entered houses kept inhabitants warm and safe in subzero storms, the Koryaks themselves were glad to give up the Santa Claus bit when Russians civilized them into regular log cabins . . . even if it meant shoveling snow from doorways when necessary.

A diamond is a hi-fi fan's best friend for reasons little known to users of the modern phonograph needle. As the half-mile-long groove of a 12-inch LP record slides past the needle tip at a speed ranging from 100 down to 35-feet-per minute, the needle may be shaken as much as 15,000 times per second to reproduce the highest tones. The round needle tip, measuring one thousandth of an inch across, rides on two tiny areas at its sides in the V-shaped groove. The pressure on those areas from a six-gram, or one-fifth-ounce, tone arm is about equivalent to 12½ tons pressing on one square inch. This enormous but very brief pressure is partly absorbed by plasticity or momentary "give" in the record. The friction generates heat believed to reach 1,800° F. at the needle point. Besides being hard and wear-resistant, a diamond is a good heat conductor, and by leading heat away from the record surface "cools it" to let the hi-fi fan enjoy his music.

The two biggest crowds in history recorded within the past quarter-century had one thing in common—both assembled at watering places. In every other way, they couldn't have been more different. To Allahabad from all over India journeyed devout Hindus early in 1954 to bathe in the sacred Ganges River. Some 4,000,000 persons jammed a stretch of riverfront—350 died in the crush—that Hindus consider the holiest spot on earth because their creator-god Brahma rested there. On the opposite side of the globe, the second biggest crowd one summer evening filled the boardwalk and beach of Coney Island, hot dog and amusement hub of the world. Gathering there on July 3, 1947, to watch a U.S. Army air show and pre-Fourth fireworks, 2,000,000 New Yorkers found mostly standing room only. As the tide came in, front-row spectators, unable to move back, took off shoes and stockings and stood in the water. Luckily, not a single injury was reported.

Putting the shot, a track-and-field fixture today, once took a bizarre form inside British prisons as a method of refined torture. Mid-19th-century English athletes had begun "putting the stone" —originally a Gaelic strength test—with small cannonballs; the iron spheres gave prison officials an idea. In jail yards they ranked hard-labor convicts side by side, a pace apart, each with a 24-pound cannonball at his feet. At the command of a drillmaster, "shot drill" started. The men squatted, rose with the ball held chest-high, stepped left, squatted to put the ball down, rose, stepped right . . . to repeat with the next ball. For an hour and a quarter daily the balls progressed slowly and endlessly across jail yards that any shot-putter could have spanned with one or two good heaves. This unsporting workout so cruelly exhausted the toughest convicts that it was banned finally as inhumane.

The orthodox histories of World War II fail to record one triumph of psychological warfare that helped boost Chinese morale against the invading Japanese. When a Japanese puppet bank, set up in Peking, issued new paper money, the authorities didn't notice that the "ancient Chinese scholar" depicted thereon by a Chinese engraver held his hands a bit oddly. But the populace saw that the sage was inconspicuously making an obscene gesture—poking right forefinger through the circled thumb-and-forefinger of his left hand. It launched a wave of Chinese laughter against the Japanese that never quite died down.

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